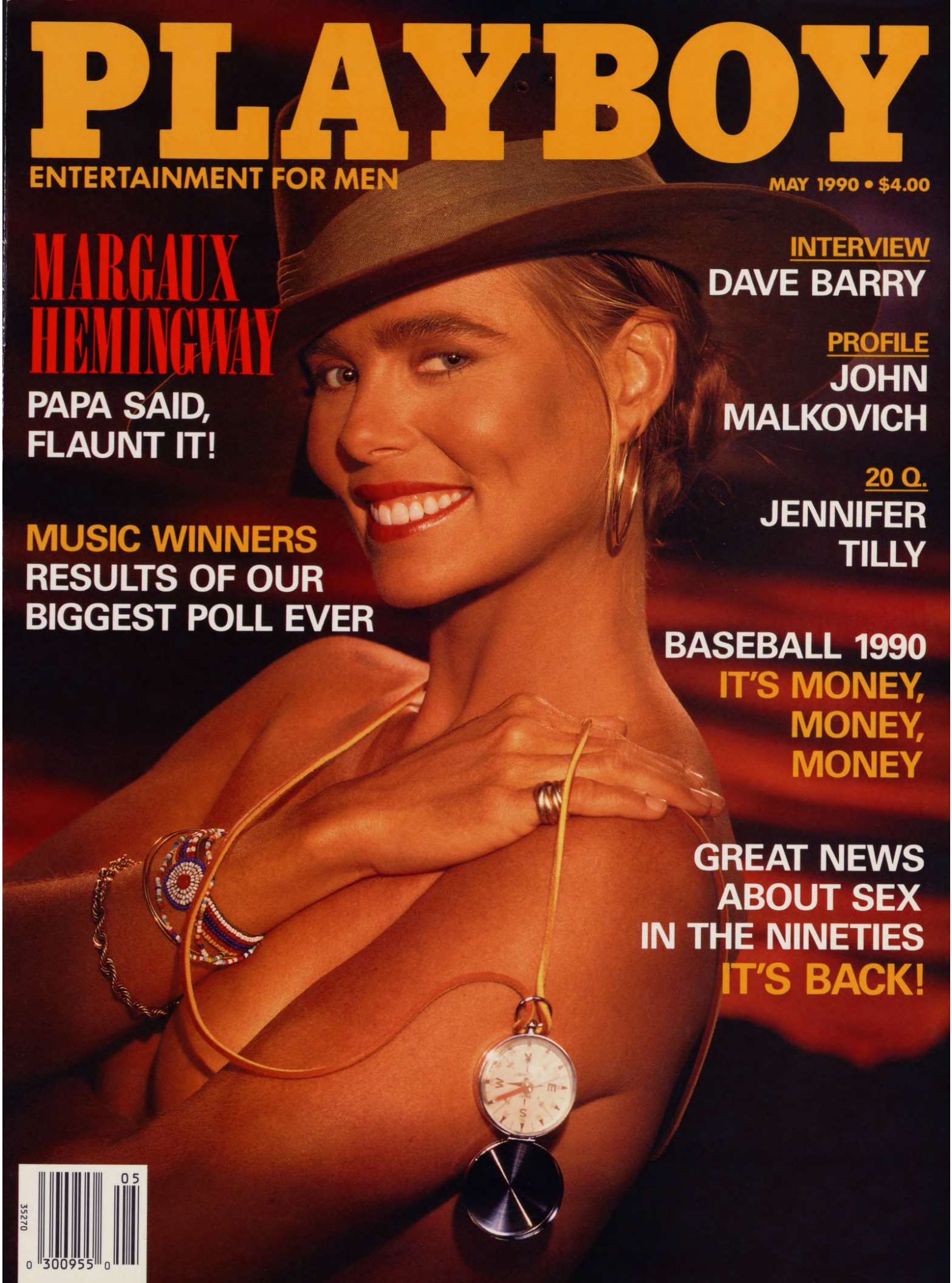

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
MAY 1990 • $4.00
MARGAUX HEMINGWAY
PAPA SAID, FLAUNT IT!
INTERVIEW
DAVE BARRY
PROFILE
JOHN MALKOVICH
20 Q.
JENNIFER TILLY
MUSIC WINNERS
RESULTS OF OUR BIGGEST POLL EVER
BASEBALL 1990
IT'S MONEY, MONEY, MONEY
GREAT NEWS ABOUT SEX IN THE NINETIES
IT'S BACK!
05
35270
0 300955 0

Come to where the flavor is.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Lights Kings & 100's & Menthol Lights Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine—Kings Box: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—Menthol Lights 100's Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© 1990 Sanofi Beauty Products, Inc.

GREY FLANNEL suits any body

Macy's

PLAYBILL

WE KNEW IMMEDIATELY that there was something about the Nineties we liked. Dictators out, walls down, McDonald's in Moscow. . . . But our millennial joy was not complete until we received **Michael Kelly's** report from the front lines of love titled *Sex Is Back!* Kelly traveled our great land to document the phenomenon and, happily, found our citizens locked in passionate clinches. Not a moment too soon, we say. Let the celebrations commence!

While we're on the topic of great comebacks, we want to draw special attention to cover girl and literary scion **Margaux Hemingway.** In *Papa's Girl*, Margaux pens the story of her struggle to overcome personal problems and shows off her new top condition for Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag. Papa** would have been proud of his granddaughter.

Another sort of literary phenomenon is the focus of *A Man's Guide to Heaving-Bosom Women's Fiction*, put together by Articles Editor **John Rezek,** with help from **Paul Engleman** and **Catherine Fredman.** They probe the female psyche by dissecting those lusty romance novels and analyzing the more intimate scenes—as literary motif, of course. They also provide invaluable advice on how to rip a bodice.

Dave Barry—that's Mr. Pulitzer Prize–winning newspaper columnist to you, Bub—has almost singlehandedly returned the word humorist to the lexicon. In a funny *Playboy Interview*, Barry proves that he's as hilarious with the spoken word as he is with the written, guiding us through childbirth, giving us a tour of his private scum pond and rhapsodizing on the glories of beer. **Fred Bernstein** was Barry's questioner and straight man.

Nobody has ever accused actor **John Malkovich** of being much of a cutup. In his movies—such as *Empire of the Sun* and *Dangerous Liaisons*—he tends to play psychologically complex *provocateurs.* We sent **Joe Morgenstern** to Morocco to catch up with Malkovich on location for **Bernardo Bertolucci's** *The Sheltering Sky.* Read all about it in *Life, Art and Malkovich.* Contributing Editor **David Rensin** had an easier time of it posing *20 Questions* to actress **Jennifer Tilly,** lately of *The Fabulous Baker Boys.*

While we're considering things thespian, we should mention **Donald E. Westlake's** fiction offering in this issue, *A Midsummer Daydream* (**Pat Andrea** did the accompanying painting). In the story, the author's leading man—Dortmunder—is once again in a fix, this time accused of stealing the box-office receipts from a performance of a Shakespeare play. Check out the no-holds-Bard search for the perpetrator. You'll also be able to catch Dortmunder in a theater near you this spring in *Why Me?*, starring Christopher Lambert and Christopher Lloyd.

As we go to press, the talks between baseball owners and players are stuttering, so we're not even sure there will *be* a 1990 season. In the spirit of optimism, however, we present *Playboy's 1990 Baseball Preview*, by Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook.** If the strike sticks, substitute Cook's picks for the final standings.

Our thanks to all the music fans who made our 1990 Playboy Music Poll one of our biggest ever (more than 15,000 ballots were returned). Hats off to Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** and Editorial Assistant **Helen Frangoulis** for putting it all together. The inimitable **David Levine** pays graphic tribute to the winners.

As you know, *Playboy* photographers go to great lengths to provide you with shots of the world's most beautiful women. But they don't usually risk jail for it. That fate faced **Patrick Magaud,** who shot our aptly named *Living Dangerously* pictorial, which features a distinctly French undressing of pretty girls in public places. A bit *too* public in the mind of one gendarme, who hauled Magaud and the model in to the precinct house. Both avoided prosecution, however, when the director of the Parisian police interceded in their behalf. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité, nudité forever!*

Rounding out our May offerings are Playmate Tina Bockrath, who has set her sights (and ours) on becoming the next Marilyn Monroe, and a fashion layout, *The Big Easy*, featuring clothes for the hot times ahead. **Beth Bischoff** was the photographer. Here's hoping that all *your* leading indicators are on the rise, as well.

MORGENSTERN

FREYTAG, HEMINGWAY

BERNSTEIN

KELLY

RENSIN

WESTLAKE

ANDREA

COOK

LEVINE

MAGAUD

BISCHOFF

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY 1990, VOLUME 37, NUMBER 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, & AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $26 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGE TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007.

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN, 40% ALC./VOL., DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, BOTTLED BY W.A. GILBEY LTD., FRANKFORT, KY. © 1996 JIM BEAM BRANDS CO.

The lighter was Sandoz, the jewelry Cartier, and a martini was the perfect accessory.

It was a game really. From her handbag the woman would reveal her silver Chaumet cigarette case. Slowly she'd roll a cigarette through her fingers giving her escort just enough time to reach inside his breast pocket for his gold Sandoz lighter. Then, just as the tip of the cigarette would part her lips, he'd strike the lighter illuminating her face for the entire room to see.

This game was played out in restaurants, ballrooms and clubs every night. And all the players were carefully selected long before the evening began. What cigarette case would suit the mood? What lighter would spark the flame? What necklace or ring would catch just a glint of the fire and send it racing back across the room?

The right accessory could say everything about you. No disposable items here. Make-up cases, pens, watches, everything that could help describe a person were beautifully finished down to the last detail. This attitude even spilled over into the drink one held. Most likely a martini.

But not just any martini. "A martini very dry with a dash of bitters," "A martini sweet, no olive," "A dry Gibson, stirred."

Today, personal accessories are making a comeback. Fountain pens cling to lapel pockets, timeless watches tick from wrists and elegant jewelry once again adorns necklines.

Even the martini is back. And the gin that made them then still makes them now. Gilbey's. A very tasteful accessory.

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

EVER-COOL BREWS BIG EDGE IN TASTE.

A new brewing breakthrough gives Miller Sharp's a decisive edge in taste in a non-alcoholic brew.

The breakthrough lies in a unique new brewing process.

Most non-alcoholic malt beverages start out as regular beer, and then the alcohol is removed. Unfortunately, so is a good deal of the taste.

Sharp's, on the other hand, is the result of Miller's brewing breakthrough, Ever-Cool™

During brewing, the temperature remains lower, so alcohol production is minimized. What is produced is a great beer taste.

Try Miller Sharp's. The breakthrough taste that lets you keep your edge™

© 1990 Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI

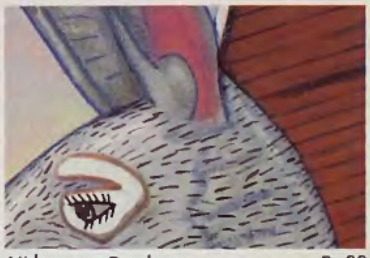
PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 5—may 1990

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS	37
MEN	ASA BABER	39
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	43
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		45
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		49
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: JUST SAY NOTHING, NORIEGA—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	59
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVE BARRY—candid conversation		61
A MAN'S GUIDE TO HEAVING-BOSOM WOMEN'S FICTION		72
LIVING DANGEROUSLY—pictorial		78
A MIDSUMMER DAYDREAM—fiction	DONALD E. WESTLAKE	88
THE BIG EASY—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	90
PLAYBOY MUSIC 1990—survey		96
GENTLEMEN PREFER TINA—playboy's playmate of the month		102
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		114
LIFE, ART AND MALKOVICH—playboy profile	JOE MORGENSTERN	116
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		118
SEX IS BACK!—article	MICHAEL KELLY	122
PAPA'S GIRL—pictorial	text by MARGAUX HEMINGWAY	126
20 QUESTIONS: JENNIFER TILLY		138
PLAYBOY'S 1990 BASEBALL PREVIEW—sports	KEVIN COOK	140
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		181

Papa's Girl P. 126



Midsummer Daydream P. 88

Texas Beauty P. 102

Oh, Nuts! P. 118

COVER STORY

Margaux Hemingway, sexy granddaughter of legendary writer Ernest, embarks on a new adventure in life with a sizzling *Playboy* pictorial shot in sunny Belize. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to Clint Wheat of A La Mode Agency/Los Angeles for hair and make-up and to the Rabbit for his great sense of direction.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS FOR PLAYBOY IS RANDY GOSS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET, BENNO FRIEDMAN (2), CHUCK GALLYON, ANDREW GOLDMAN (2), RON MESAROS, LONI SPECTER; P. 13 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 22 JON GARDEY; P. 26 ROUBEN HOVHANNESSIAN; P. 28 HENNY GARFUNKEL, RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS; P. 30 JAMES SCHNEPF; P. 50 U.P.I./BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS; P. 56 A.P./WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, REUTERS/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS; P. 73 GOLDMAN; P. 74 RICHARD IZUI; P. 75 IZUI, POMPEO POSAR; P. 96 PHIL JONES, PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC. (2); P. 97 WILLIAM FIESTERMAN/© WILL VINTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC. (2); P. 117 MICHAEL WEINSTEIN; PP. 178–179 GOLDMAN; PP. 184–185 GOLDMAN (2); P. 186 FRANCIS GIACOBETTI, IZUI P. 75 PURPLE LIZARD COWBOY BOOTS FROM ALCALA WESTERN WEAR. PP. 126–135 AIRLINE TICKETS FROM MAYA AIRWAYS, HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS BY THE BELIZEAN HOTEL, AMBERGRIS CAYE ISLAND, BELIZE. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 15 PATER SATO; P. 18 JOHN BREAKEY; P. 30 PAUL MOCH; P. 33 MARY JONES; P. 37 GREG PETAN; P. 39 KEVIN POPE; P. 43 JORGE COLOMBO; P. 45 DENNIS MUKAI; P. 52 DAN YACCARINO; P. 55 EVERETT PECK; P. 100 JACK GREGORY; P. 101 ® REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND COPYRIGHT PROPRIETOR THEREIN; © MUSIDOR B.V. 1989/TM TRADEMARK OWNER AND COPYRIGHT PROPRIETOR THEREIN; © PROMOTOUR U.S. INC. 1989; P. 184 NICK BACKES, WILLIAM CONE, DENNIS MAGDICH; P. 185 MARY ANN ENRIQUEZ, ABBE SENNETT, JOHN SCHMELZER; P. 186 LEROY NEIMAN, RAFAL OLBINSKI. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. CBS/COLUMBIA HOUSE BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17; BMG CD CLUB BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN ALL DOMESTIC COPIES. SUBSCRIBER SERVICE INFORMATION ON PAGE 348. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Splash!

Playboy again makes the biggest splash of the swimsuit season, with an all-new special edition devoted to the most beautiful women under the sun. Bathing Beauties is a sizzling, nonstop parade of sexy women in and out of the sexiest swimwear you've ever seen anywhere. Take the plunge, it's at your newsstand now.

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order for $10.00 per copy plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order made payable to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09013, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add $3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted. Or order by phone by calling toll-free: 1-800-345-6066.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

NOW THE BEST OF PLAYBOY IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

PLAYMATE ON-THE-AIR
Miss May, Tina Bockrath, reveals her turn-ons, turn-offs and much more. And you can leave her a message!

THE PARTY JOKE LINE
Join the party and hear the hot comedy that's made PLAYBOY famous. Or leave us your joke and earn $25 if selected.

PLAYBOY ADVISOR ON-THE-AIR
Hear our Playmates present our expert answers, or record your own Advisor message.

THE PLAYBOY MAILBOX
Tell us how you feel about the women of PLAYBOY, music, sports and more.

CALL THE PLAYBOY HOTLINE TODAY

1-900-740-3311

Hear the best of PLAYBOY and receive an autographed Playmate photo and letter - FREE!

A product of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Only $2 a minute.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* PHILLIP COOPER, ED WALKER *associate editors;* **FORUM:** TERESA GROSCH *associate editor;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN *senior editor;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN *associate editors;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor;* WENDY GRAY *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* LAURIE ROGERS *assistant editor;* MARY ZION *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, CAROLYN BROWNE, BARI NASH, REMA SMITH, DEBORAH WEISS *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, DAN JENKINS, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*, SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* BRUCE HANSEN *associate director;* JOSEPH PACZEK, ERIC SHROPSHIRE *assistant directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *junior director;* ANN SEIDL *senior keyline and paste-up artist;* BILL BENWAY, PAUL CHAN *art assistants;* BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor;* POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer;* STEVE CONWAY *assistant photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* STEVE LEVITT *color lab supervisor;* JOHN GOSS *business manager*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
JAMES SPANFELLER *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* MARIA MANDIS *manager;* RITA JOHNSON *assistant manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE HOCKNEY *assistants*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* ROBERT O'DONNELL *retail marketing and sales director;* STEVE M. COHEN *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JEFFREY D. MORGAN *associate ad director;* STEVE MEISNER *midwest manager;* JOHN PEASLEY *new york sales director*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager;* LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *editorial services manager;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

TO CELEBRATE ITS
100TH ANNIVERSARY,
THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE
PROTECTION OF BIRDS PRESENTS

NOBLE BIRDS

PORCELAIN SCULPTURE COLLECTION

Twelve of the world's most majestic birds exquisitely handcrafted in fine hand-painted porcelain. Created by the world-renowned bird artist George McMonigle.

The awesome power and breathtaking beauty of the noble birds of prey. Forever captured in a powerful new sculpture collection celebrating the 100th anniversary of The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

The Bald Eagle. Golden Eagle. Peregrine Falcon. Twelve breathtaking sculptures in all. Individually cast in fine porcelain. And hand-painted in nature's own colors.

The handsome wood display is included at no additional charge. To acquire this exceptional collection, please mail the attached order form by May 31, 1990.

Priced at $75 per sculpture.

This beautiful display is shown smaller than actual size of 22″ high, 19″ wide, 10″ deep.

The Golden Eagle. Shown smaller than actual size of approximately 6″ in height.

ORDER FORM Please mail by May 31, 1990.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds
c/o The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for Noble Birds of the World, a collection of twelve exquisite bird sculptures, crafted of fine imported porcelain and individually painted by hand.

I need send no payment now. I will receive my sculptures at the rate of one every other month and will be billed for each in 2 equal monthly installments of $37.50* beginning prior to shipment. The custom-designed handsome wood display is included at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

12214-28

© 1990 FM

What is sexy?
JŌVAN
MUSK
FOR MEN
AFTERSHAVE / COLOGNE
4 FL OZ / 118.4 ML
JŌVAN
MUSK
FOR WOMEN
COLOGNE CONCENTRATE SPRAY
2 FL OZ / 59.1 ML
EVENING EDITION
Jōvan Musk
What sexy is.
©1989 Quintessence

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PLAYBOY OR PLAYBOY?

I suspect that you put your B on backward on the February *Playboy* cover to attract attention.

I know that you view many boobs, but I doubt that your Art Director and your printer made that one accidentally.

Jack H. Cornwell
Pryor, Oklahoma

We were just trying to make our Russian guests feel a little more at home, Jack. Their Cyrillic alphabet has a special look when it comes to Яs and Иs. We didn't have one of those in the Playboy *logo, so we turned a Я to our advantage.*

In Poland, there is a saying, *Niewiarygodna a piekna* ("Unbelievable but beautiful"). This applies to Polish-born model Bogna, who graces your February cover. She is truly one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Evan Kwiatkowski
Golden, Colorado

WOMEN OF RUSSIA

I would like you to pass along to the young women from Russia who appear in the February issue of *Playboy* a word of my appreciation, and that word is *da*!

Jim Parsons
Rapid City, South Dakota

Glasnost never meant much to me until I eyeballed *The Women of Russia* pictorial in the February *Playboy*. And I thought all Russian women looked like Mrs. Leonid Brezhnev.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Not since Terri Welles (Playmate of the Year 1981) has anybody *really* impressed me. Then, suddenly, your February issue hit me with a double whammy: cover girl Bogna and Russia's Natasha Berka. Who would have thought that when Gorbachev lifted the iron curtain, the view would be so beautiful? In my opinion, you should take full advantage of *glasnost* and make these Soviet cuties your first of many centerfolds to come.

Richard G. Hall
Battle Creek, Michigan

You may be pleasantly surprised soon, Comrade Richard.

OUR CHAIRMAN, C.E.O.

I recently watched cable TV's *McLaughlin* program on which *Playboy*'s Chairman and C.E.O., Christie Hefner, was interviewed. I was really impressed.

Miss Hefner is not only beautiful and charming but superintelligent, with a good sense of humor. Her answers to the questions presented to her were direct and showed that she is in touch not only with the attitudes of *Playboy*'s readers but also with today's problems of the world. The future of *Playboy* is obviously in very capable hands.

Gregory Hill
Lewiston, Idaho

Quite by chance, I watched the *McLaughlin* show when Christie Hefner was being interviewed. Once I started listening to what she had to say, I couldn't change the channel. She was remarkable in many ways—too many to start naming.

I'm sure Mr. Hefner must feel extremely confident knowing what capable hands his business is in.

Marvin L. Merritt III
Bangor, Maine

EDDIE MURPHY

Eddie Murphy states in his February *Playboy Interview* that what happened to the Jewish people in the Holocaust was not as horrible as what has been done to the blacks in this country. I think Murphy has shown what little knowledge he really has of a people's plight against racism. He also claims that only blacks were stripped of their culture. The annals of history and 6,000,000 spirits scream out to Eddie Murphy to keep his mouth shut about things he obviously knows little about. We do not harbor hate and prejudice against people when we are given our right to do as we

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY 1990, VOLUME 37, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $26 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $39 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $39 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6–8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: PERKINS, FOX & PERKINS, 3205 OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD, SUITE 100, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405.

You'll find the most helpful shopping information in the 116 page Crutchfield catalog.

FREE Stereo Catalog

Refer to the Crutchfield catalog before buying your next car stereo, home stereo, or video product:

- 116 pages of helpful articles, consumer tips, charts, and installation guides.
- Color photos, complete descriptions and technical specifications on hundreds of the finest brand name products.

You get more value shopping at Crutchfield:

- Toll-free product advice, ordering, and customer service.
- 24 hour shipping.
- Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.
- Full 30-day return privileges.
- Discount prices on Sony, Pioneer, JVC, Jensen, Proton, Advent, Clarion, Kenwood, AR, Infinity, Bose, and many more!

Call or send this coupon now for your FREE Catalog

800-336-5566

Be sure to mention *Playboy* when calling

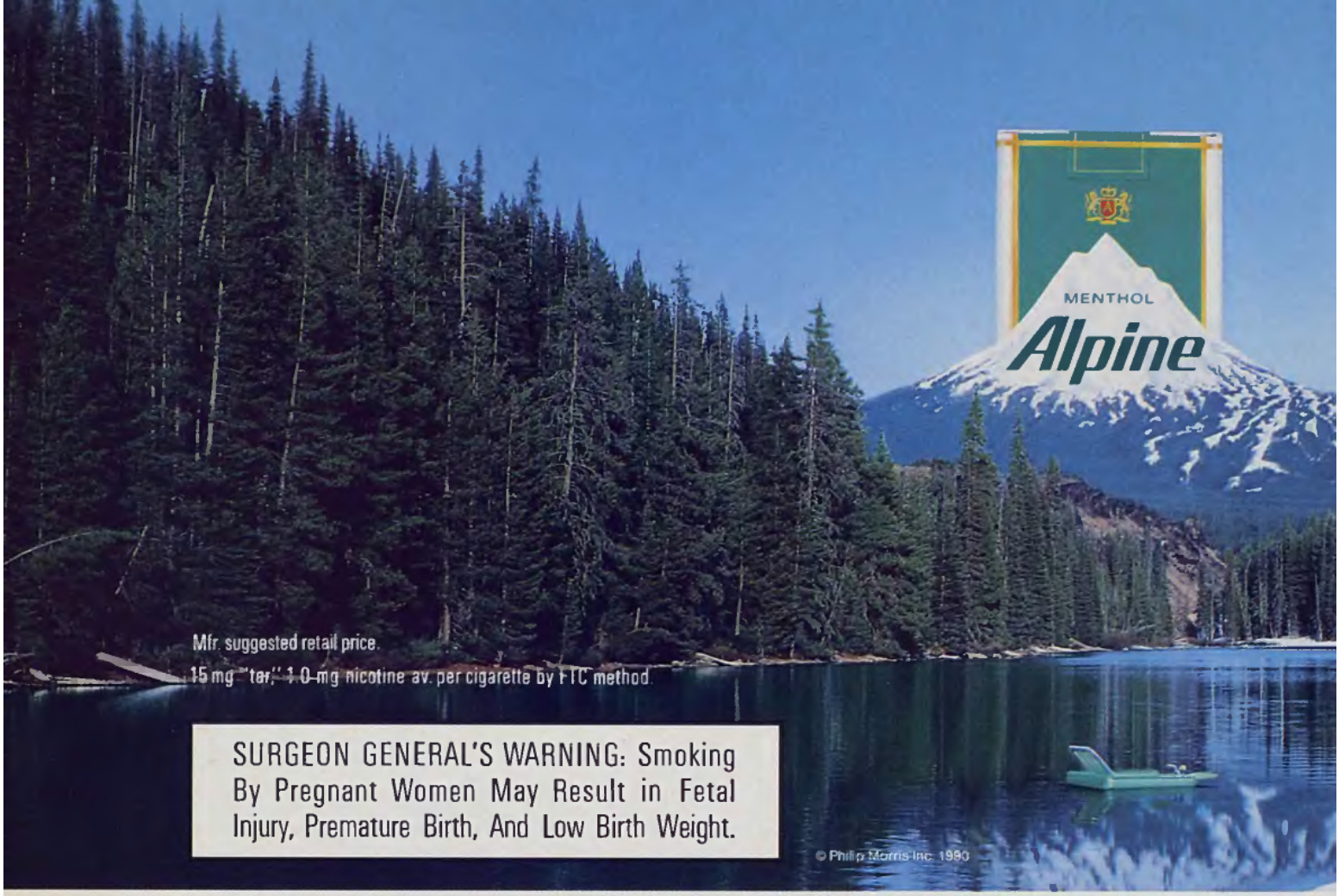
Name

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

Optional – Are you in the market for:
☐ PC products ☐ fax/copiers
☐ security products

CRUTCHFIELD
1 Crutchfield Park, Dept. PL, Charlottesville, VA 22906


MENTHOL
Alpine
Mfr. suggested retail price.
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

please. Remarks such as Murphy's are what keep racism alive and kicking in this brutal society. Think before you speak, Eddie.

Russell Rothberg
New York, New York

If the word fuck were deleted from Eddie Murphy's vocabulary, he would be mute—and probably unemployed. A telling commentary on contemporary taste.

Ed Rist
Dundee, Florida

Since Eddie Murphy is a reasonably talented man, I've always given him the benefit of the doubt, but David Rensin's interview (*Playboy*, February) with Mr. Box Office confirms my worst assumptions about him. He is, without a doubt, the most dangerously misogynistic moron in the history of cinema. In his interview, he refers to women as bitches, can't believe it when one won't screw him and gets angry when they won't clean off his dinner table (while he smugly sticks wads of gum onto his desk). His comments are those of an ultra-*macho* jerk who has gotten too rich too soon and clearly thinks that he is God's gift to the world. In short, he's an asshole. Thank God for Spike Lee.

Nick J. Digilio
Chicago, Illinois

Regarding your February *Playboy Interview*: Eddie Murphy, I'd just like to say, you have looks, fame, money and talent. Why descend to the vernacular? I know a disheveled Nebraska pig farmer with better class.

Dorman Nelson
Granada Hills, California

I was pleasantly surprised by the interview with Eddie Murphy (*Playboy*, February). Mr. Profanity proves himself a thoughtful, articulate man. He does, however, possess one gaping flaw: Like many other Hollywood stars, he equates success with money, not with quality of work. He views Sylvester Stallone, Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase as successful men because of the money they make. Sure, these guys are wealthy, but what about the body of work they've produced?

I hope Murphy redefines his idea of success in the coming decade.

Patrick Fuller
Turlock, California

After reading the *Playboy Interview* with Eddie Murphy, I think it's obvious that Murphy is, and probably always will be, just another middle-class punk from Brooklyn. He's coarse. He's violent. His attitude toward women is from another century. It's simply amazing that such a beguiling screen presence can be so obnoxious and shallow in real life.

Vic Oberhaus
Liberty Center, Ohio

Well, it's about time! After reading pseudo interviews of Eddie Murphy for the past few years, I had been waiting with great anticipation for his *Playboy Interview*. This definitely is the interview that says it all.

All of the others have just rehashed what we already know about Eddie. Even the *Rolling Stone* interview didn't unveil him the way that his fans have wanted someone to. Barbara Walters in two live interviews couldn't get the Box Office King to come clean the way David Rensin did. Please make sure that in five years, when Eddie's ready to roar again, you are there first to save us from everyone else's squeak.

David Allen
Tacoma, Washington

B.C. BEAUTY

How come no one mentioned that February Playmate Pamela Anderson is on the cover of the October 1989 issue? Am I out here all alone?

Donald E. Fleetwood
Duarte, California

Not really, Donald. We just wanted to test those sharp eyes.

You guys have finally let the cat out of the bag. Now every American male is going to know how every red-blooded Canadian male keeps warm on those cold winter nights.

REFRESH FOR LESS

So many Canadian women have graced the pages of *Playboy* in recent years that we may not be able to keep this great national resource to ourselves. In the past decade, there have been three Canadian Playmates of the Year, starting with the late Dorothy Stratten, followed by Shannon Tweed and, most recently, Kimberley Conrad Hefner. In addition, the first two Playmates of 1990 have been from Ontario and British Columbia.

Will *Playboy* let us keep *some* of our national treasures?

Richard J. Giles
Scarborough, Ontario

It's unbelievable that only two months into 1990 you already found the Playmate of the Decade. I'm referring, of course, to Pamela Anderson, who is without a doubt the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You state that she is from Vancouver, but nothing will convince me that she didn't just step down from Mount Olympus.

Joseph W. Vlossak
Washington, New Jersey

Pamela Anderson (*Playboy*, February)—a true classic beauty! From those bedroom eyes to that soft blonde hair—gorgeous! After noticing her terrific smile in her Data Sheet photos, I was disappointed not to see it captured in her layout. I certainly hope you can give me one more picture, *with*

that wonderful smile.

Jeff Medford
Chattanooga, Tennessee

The lovely Pamela Anderson, February's Playmate of the Month, is a stunning beauty. However, in all the images captured by the photographers' cameras, one mesmerizing attribute—her smile—has been overlooked.

Larry Bieker
Hoxie, Kansas

Miss February is exceptionally electrifying, to say the least. I noticed one detail regarding this beauty—her birthday. Pamela entered our world on July 1, 1967. That was Canada's centennial birthday. I believe the gift suits the occasion, don't you?

Robert J. Charron
Windsor, Ontario

ADVENTURE IN BELIZE

I'd just returned from a three-week adventure through coastal Mexico, Guatemala and Belize and was beginning to feel the letdown of being back in the rat-race again. Then I came upon James R. Petersen's article *Jim & Harry's Totally OK Adventure in Belize* (*Playboy*, February). Wonderful! After reading it, I felt as if I were back on Caye Caulker, diving the Barrier Reef or petting my shark pal at the Hol Chan marine preserve near San Pedro. Thank you for a delightful recapitulation of a truly fascinating and beautiful trip.

Sam Farmer
Lawrence, Kansas

ASA ADMIRED

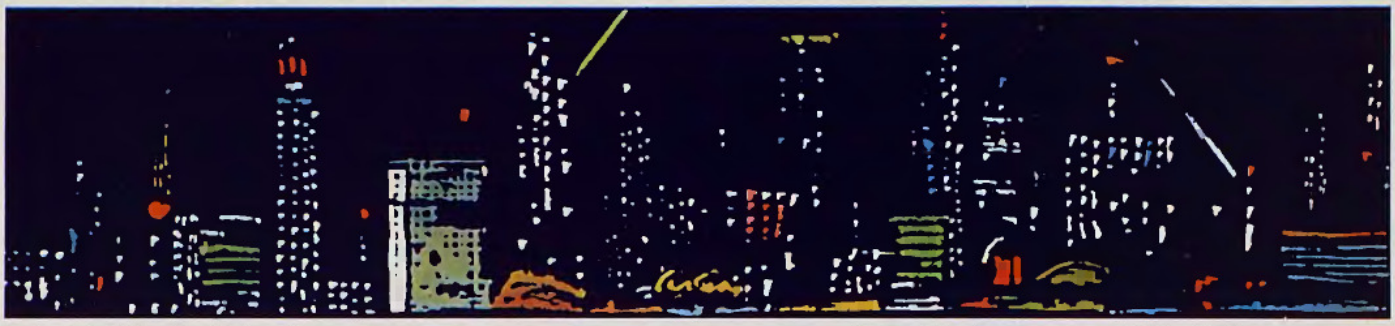
I'd like to commend Asa Baber for continuing to deal with the subject of divorced fathers in his *Men* column. I'd also like to congratulate the editors for allowing Asa to address the issue of male bashing, which is so prevalent in the entertainment industry today. It's reassuring to know there is a magazine on our side that isn't going to sit idle and allow such biased criticism to continue unnoticed.

Gordon Basista, Director
Public Relations
Fathers United of Indiana, Inc.
Merrillville, Indiana

Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.
Crown Royal

© 1986 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



METALMANIA

We recently visited a multimedia party the announced theme of which was "Heavy Metal as the Style of the Nineties." Our hosts, billed on the invitation as The New Underground, rallied around artist James Warhola, whose late uncle (drop the last A) had been known to throw a party or two himself.

The party site was a huge loft in Lower Manhattan's Tribeca area. As we arrived, a video crew outside was rehearsing 50 scantily clad (leather jackets, lace tops) heavy-metal *femmes fatales* in a kind of *Rockettes of Sodom and Gomorrah* revue. So far, so good for metal, we thought.

Inside, the environment embraced various pop-cultural nuances: science fiction, Marvel Comics and punk with postnuclear shadings. Among the ubiquitous videos being shown was *How to Litter*, an ironic offering from Warhola. While an unidentified heavy-metal band repeatedly broke the sound barrier, we scanned the futuristic paintings of Warhola and the street art of Rico Fonseca, drank beer, introduced ourselves to various lingerie models and watched the markedly lowbrow comedy videos. Our favorite? Comedian Wayno Draino from Bayonne, riding a surfboard on the roof of a car doing 55 on the Jersey Turnpike. No, he's not a stunt man. We also saw noted North African party animal Malcolm Forbes, swamped by vampirish partygoers and characteristically clinging to his motorcycle helmet as if it were a talisman.

A few beers later, we talked to comics "Big" Dick Donovan and "Little Alka" Seltzer, but we were interrupted by an irate Draino, who had thrown up during his live act. On our way out, we mused to a young thing near the door that this new metal movement bore the imprint of the Sixties. "Aw, man," she whined, "why you gotta drag in the Sixties?" It was time to go.

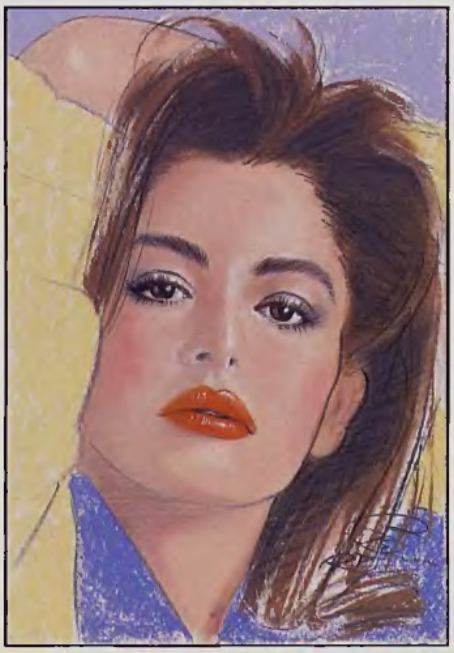
BEATING THE LAW

Few people have the nerve to punch out a lawyer—and who can blame them? The attorney in question would almost certainly sue. But Machelle Parks of Cincinnati has found a way to wreak vengeance on a lawyer. She requested permission to sock opposing counsel as part of a legal settlement.

At stake is $50,000 supposedly owed Parks as part of an over-all settlement in a wrongful-death lawsuit. When defense attorney Tom Alexander told his client not to pay, Parks advised her attorney, Dale Friend, that she would settle for taking a poke at Alexander. A deal was struck: In return for overlooking the disputed payment, Parks and her mother each get to punch Alexander once. Friend and his partner, Nick Nichols, also get one shot each. The rules require a good clean hit, above the belt, with no blunt instruments and no running start. Last time we checked, no punches had been thrown.

THE OUTHOUSE EFFECT

Here's a piece of news you didn't know you should worry about: Our atmosphere is slowly being eaten away by the gaseous emissions of cattle. There is nothing lower in this world than a fart joke, and we would never resort to publishing one. But this is no joke. Really.



According to Florentin Krause of the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory in California, cows produce a lot of methane in relation to the amount of protein they produce. And methane is a far more potent greenhouse-effect-causing gas than carbon dioxide. What to do? Eat pork instead. Not only do pigs require ten to 30 percent as much grain to produce the same amount of protein, they turn only 1.3 percent of that grain into the atmosphere-threatening methane gas, as opposed to a five to nine percent conversion rate for cattle.

How big a threat is this rampant barnyard cheese cutting? Krause estimates that cattle's emissions account for as much as five percent of the global-warming effect. But, what is worse, they never even say "Excuse me."

HU KNOWS WATT?

Everybody's heard Abbott and Costello's famous "Who's on First?" routine. Recently, we heard a new version with a political twist. Its authors, Aaron Freeman and Rob Kolson, are currently performing in *Aaron Freeman's Do the White Thing*, a satirical two-man show at Chicago's Organic Theater. We sniff a new classic. For your edification, here's a transcription.

Kolson says, "When you look at the leaders of these socialist countries and you see the reforms they're instituting, you start to wonder who's a capitalist."

Freeman: "No, no. Hu's a Communist."

"Who's a Communist?"

"Right."

"Who?"

"Yeah. Hu Yaobang. He was a reformer in the Chinese party but definitely a Communist."

"What?"

"No, Watt's a capitalist."

"Somebody who believes in the principles of the free-enterprise system?"

"No, no. James Watt. Former Secretary of the Interior, a private consultant now,

TAKE ANY 8 CDs FOR

Linda Ronstadt—Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind. Don't Know Much; plus many more. (Elektra) 389-874

Billy Joel—Storm Front. That's Not Her Style; We Didn't Start The Fire; more. (Columbia) 387-902

Basia-London, Warsaw, New York. Best Friends; etc. (Epic) 401-752

Terence Trent D'Arby—Neither Fish Nor Flesh. It Feels So Good To Love Someone Like You; more. (Columbia) 389-726

The Kinks—UK Live (MCA) 403-303

Volvod—Nothingface (Mechanic) 402-982

The Fixx—One Thing Leads To Another (MCA) 402-974

Dave Grusin—The Fabulous Baker Boys Soundtrack (GRP) 402-958

Club Nouveau—Under A Nouveau Groove (Warner Bros.) 402-479

Faster Pussycat—Wake Me When It's Over (Elektra) 401-786

Dionne Warwick—Greatest Hits (1979-1990) (Arista) 401-679

Loverboy—Big Ones (Columbia) 401-661

Pat Benatar—Best Shots (Chrysalis) 401-646

Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos (CBS Master) 401-604

Best Of The Canadian Brass (CBS Masterworks) 401-596

Survivor—Greatest Hits (Scott Brothers) 401-521

Next Of Kin—Orig. Sound Track (Columbia) 401-323

Ace Frehley—Trouble Walkin' (Al/Megaforce Worldwi) 401-299

Don McLean—For The Memories Volume 1 & 2 (Gold Castle) 401-224

Joan Baez—Speaking Of Dreams (Gold Castle) 401-216

Bruce Willis—If It Don't Kill You, It Just Makes You Stronger (Motown) 401-182

Chicago—Greatest Hits 1982-1989 (Reprise) 401-166

The Front (Columbia) 400-903

Bros—The Time (Epic) 400-895

Belinda Carlisle—Runaway Horses (MCA) 400-788

Reba McEntire—Live (MCA) 400-739

Joe Satriani—Flying In A Blue Dream (Relativity) 400-655

Georgia Satellites—In The Land Of Salvation And Sin (Elektra) 400-598

Brahms: Violin Concerto; **Bruch**: Concerto No.1. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg; Edo De Waart and Minnesota Orch.(Angel) 400-135

Lee Rittenour—Color Rit (GRP) 400-051

Michel Camilo—On Fire (Epic) 389-999

Jack Bruce—A Question Of Time (Epic) 389-981

Chunky A—Large And In Charge (MCA) 402-875

Jody Watley—You Wanna Dance With Me? (MCA) 402-610

George Clinton—The Cinderella Theory (Paisley Park) 387-134

Dave Edmunds—Closer To The Flame (Capitol) 387-126

Barry White—The Man Is Back! (A&M) 388-843

Britny Fox—Boys In Heat (Columbia) 388-421

Gold & Platinum Volume Six (Realm) 388-355

Rickie Lee Jones—Flying Cowboys (Geffen) 388-199

Jethro Tull—Rock Island (Chrysalis) 388-157

10 Years After—About Time (Chrysalis) 388-140

Neil Young—Freedom (Reprise) 388-132

Lou Gramm—Long Hard Look (Atlantic) 388-108

The Best Of Tim Curry (A&M) 388-926

George Harrison—Best Of Dark Horse 1976-1989 (Dark Horse) 402-594

Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys (Warner Bros.) 386-086

Jefferson Airplane (Epic) 385-906

Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (Atlantic) 385-724

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384-115

Tin Machine (EMI) 383-976

Cher—Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 383-893

Batman—Original Soundtrack (Warner Bros.) 383-885

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383-802

Beastie Boys—Paul's Boutique (Capitol) 383-786

Michael Bolton—Soul Provider (Columbia) 383-083

SDS Band—Diamonds In The Raw (Tabu) 389-973

Joe Cocker—One Night Of Sin (Capitol) 387-064

Randy Travis—No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) 389-767

Dwight Yoakem—Just Lookin' For A Hit (Reprise) 389-718

Biz Markie—The Biz Never Sleeps (Cold Chillin') 389-585

Quincy Jones (Qwest) 389-577

Mark Knopfler—Last Exit To Brooklyn (Warner Bros.) 389-536

Big Daddy Kane—It's A Big Daddy Thing (Cold Chillin') 389-460

Molly Hatchet—Lightning Strikes Twice (Capitol) 389-346

Bob Dylan—Oh Mercy (Columbia) 389-262

Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly—Silky Soul (Warner Bros.) 389-098

Barbra Streisand—A Collection: Greatest Hits... And More (Columbia) 401-141

L.L. Cool J—Walking With A Panther (Def Jam / Columbia) 381-988

Branford Marsalis—Trio Jeepy (Columbia) 381-830

Eagles—Live (Elektra) 400-713

Joe Cocker—Mad Dogs And Englishmen (A&M) 389-783

Tommy Bolin—The Ultimate... (Geffen) 389-486/399-485

The Band—To Kingdom Come ... (Capitol) 388-181

The Best Of The Dregs—Divided We Stand (Arista) 386-979

The Coasters Greatest Hits (Atco) 384-370

Best Of Cher (EMI) 381-509

The Best Of Canned Heat (EMI) 380-832

Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger (Chess) 379-677

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—So Far (Atlantic) 378-745

Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 378-406

Billy Ocean—Greatest Hits (Jive/RCA) 400-879

Clarence Clemons—A Night With Mr. C (Columbia) 383-067

Liza Minnelli—Results (Epic) 382-333

Soundgarden—Louder Than Love (A&M) 388-868

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia Special Prod.) 377-945

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376-657

Jerry Lee Lewis—18 Original Sun Greatest Hits (Rhino) 369-108

The Very Best of Poco (Epic) 367-623

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits (Motown) 367-565

Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark (Asylum) 367-102

Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die (Island) 364-935

Van Morrison—Saint Dominic's Preview (Warner Bros.) 364-927

Alice Cooper—Billion Dollar Babies (Warner Bros.) 363-531

Little Feat—Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 363-515

Bob Dylan—Highway 61 Revisited (Columbia) 362-285

Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood. Title cuts plus Without You; T.n.T.; etc. (Elektra) 387-944

Tracy Chapman—Crossroads. Freedom Now; Material World; Bridges; etc. (Elektra) 387-951

The Beach Boys—Still Cruisin' (Capitol) 387-092

Whitesnake—Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 387-027

Billy Squier—Hear And Now (Capitol) 383-760

Jackson Browne—World In Motion (Elektra) 383-752

Milli Vanilli—Girl You Know It's True. (Arista) 379-610

Rolling Stones—Steel Wheels. Mixed Emotions; Sad, Sad, Sad; etc. (Rolling Stones Rec.) 387-738

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl. (It's Just) The Way That You Love Me; etc. (Virgin) 374-637

Aerosmith—Pump. Love In An Elevator; Janie's Got A Gun; Young Lust; My Girl; more. (Geffen) 388-009

Jason & The Scorchers—Thunder And Fire (A&M) 389-080

Diving For Pearls (Epic) 389-031

Bobby Brown—Dance ... Ya Know It (MCA) 402-602

Loudness—Soldier Of Fortune (Atco) 388-062

Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master) 387-829

Lenny Kravitz—Let Love Rule (Virgin) 401-893

Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383-547

Bonham—The Disregard Of Timekeeping (WTG) 383-497

Kenny G—Kenny G Live (Arista) 401-505

Harry Connick,Jr. When Harry Met Sally—Music From The Motion Picture (Columbia) 386-821

Robert Palmer—Addictions, Volume One (Island) 400-937

Stevie Nicks—The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 381-103

XYZ (Enigma) 402-024

DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince—And In This Corner (Jive/RCA) 400-838

ONLY 1¢ plus shipping and handling with membership

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

Paul Simon—Negotiations And Love Songs (Warner Bros.) 400-721

Gloria Estefan—Cuts Both Ways (Epic) 382-341

Jody Watley—Larger Than Life (MCA) 381-061

Jeff Beck (Epic) 380-303

Steve Reich: Different Trains - Kronos Quartet / Electric Counterpoint - Pat Metheny(Nonesuch) 380-071

Warrant—Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich (Columbia) 379-644

Skid Row (Atlantic) 379-602

Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 379-594

Hooters—Zig-Zag (Columbia) 379-396

Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357-616/397-612

Yes—Close To The Edge (Atlantic) 351-965

Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351-924

Aretha Franklin—30 Greatest Hits (Atlantic) 350-793/390-799

Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-652

Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-645

Buddy Holly—From The Orig. Master Tapes (MCA) 348-110

Jethro Tull—Aqualung (Chrysalis) 345-157

Best Of Procol Harum (A&M) 344-457

The Byrds—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 342-501

Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic) 341-313

A Decade Of Steely Dan (MCA) 341-073

Best Of Kansas (CBS Assoc.) 327-742

The Jackson 5—Greatest Hits (Motown) 327-148

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380-915

The Best Of Luther Vandross—The Best Of Love (Epic) 400-473/390-476

Grateful Dead—Built To Last. Foolish Heart; Picasso Moon; more. (Arista) 388-025

Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever. (MCA) 382-184

Janet Jackson—Rhythm Nation 1814. Miss You Much; plus more. (A&M) 388-918

Soul II Soul—Keep On Movin'. Back To Life; Holdin' On; Feel Free; plus more. (Virgin) 386-037

Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320-911

Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319-541

The Babys—The Babys Anthology (Chrysalis) 312-256

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308-049

The Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic) 306-969

James Taylor—Sweet Baby James (Warner Bros.) 292-284

Best Of The Grateful Dead (Warner Bros.) 291-633

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291-278

Jim Croce—Photographs & Memories: His Greatest Hits (Saja) 246-868

Melissa Etheridge—Brave And Crazy (Island) 388-090

Portrait Of Vladimir Horowitz—Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, etc. (CBS Master.) 378-604

Cyndi Lauper—A Night To Remember (Epic) 377-887

Debbie Gibson—Electric Youth (Atlantic) 377-275

Guns N' Roses—GN'R Lies (Geffen) 376-087

Taylor Dayne—Can't Fight Fate (Arista) 388-017

Elton John—Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 387-993

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—One Bright Day (Virgin) 386-987

Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214

Journey's Greatest Hits(Columbia) 375-279

.38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375-139

U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374-017

Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti in Concert (CBS Master.) 373-548

Living Colour—Vivid (Epic) 370-833

Van Halen—OU812 (Warner Bros.) 369-371

REO Speedwagon—Greatest Hits (Epic) 387-672

Pretenders—The Singles (Sire) 362-541

The Police—Every Breath You Take... The Singles (A&M) 348-318

Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi & Puccini Arias (CBS Master.) 343-269

The Cars—Greatest Hits (Elektra) 339-903

Foreigner—Records (Atlantic) 318-055

Pat Metheny Group—Letter From Home (Geffen) 383-901

On The Cutting Edge

Transvision Vamp—Velveteen (UNI) 402-420

Paul Carrack—Groove Approved (Chrysalis) 401-257

Kate Bush—The Sensual World (Columbia) 401-232

Camouflage—Methods Of Silence (Atlantic) 400-929

Erasure—Wild! (Reprise/Sire) 400-820

The Psychedelic Furs—Book Of Days (Columbia) 400-689

Exene Cervenka—Old Wives' Tales (Rhino) 400-622

The Alarm—Change (I.R.S.) 400-465

Indigo Girls—Strange Fire (Epic) 400-333

David Byrne—Rei Momo (Sire) 389-494

The Residents—The King And Eye (Enigma) 400-036

Young MC—Stone Cold Rhymin' (Delicious Vinyl) 400-085

Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI) 389-205

Thompson Twins—Big Trash (Warner Bros.) 389-114

Sugarcubes—Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week (Elektra) 388-900

Big Audio Dynamite—Megatop Phoenix (Columbia) 388-215

Squeeze—Frank (A&M) 388-058

Chris Isaak—Heart Shaped World (Reprise) 386-144

Joe Strummer—Earthquake Weather (Epic) 400-010

Nick Lowe—Basher: The Best Of Nick Lowe (Columbia) 400-002

Vitamin Z—Sharp Stone Rain (Geffen) 389-601

Ian McCulloch—Candleland (Sire/Reprise) 389-593

Max Q (Atlantic) 400-077

R.E.M.—Green (Warner Bros.) 375-162

Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music—Street Life (Reprise) 384-230

Bodeans—Home (Reprise/Slash) 384-206

The Call—Let The Day Begin (MCA) 384-156

The B-52's—Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 383-877

Peter Gabriel—Passion (Geffen) 383-810

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions—1984-1989 (Capitol) 383-778

Pixies—Doolittle (Elektra) 382-887

The The—Mind Bomb (Epic) 382-382

The Cure—Disintegration (Elektra) 382-093

10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo (Elektra) 382-077

China Crisis—The Diary of a Hollow Horse (A&M) 381-897

Rush—Presto (Atlantic) 401-695

The age of CD sound is here—and you have a practical way to find the CDs you want. As your introduction to the Club, you may take any 8 CDs for 1¢. Just mail the application, together with your check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for your first 8 CDs, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling). And in exchange, you simply agree to buy 6 more CDs (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and you may cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month...plus new hits and old favorites from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $12.98 to $15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

Extra Bonus Offer: As a special offer to new members, take one additional CD right now for only $6.95. This discount purchase entitles you to choose an extra CD as a bonus FREE. Just indicate your choices in the coupon, and you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 8 introductory CDs—a total of 10 in all!

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

© 1990 CBS Records Inc.

COLUMBIA HOUSE: Terre Haute, IN 47811

COLUMBIA HOUSE, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave. 195/S90
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 Compact Discs listed here. I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for the 8 CDs indicated, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling). I agree to buy six more selections at regular Club prices in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢ (write in numbers below):

My main musical interest is (check one): *(But I may always choose from any category)*

☐ **Hard Rock** *Rolling Stones, Rush*	☐ **Soft Rock** *Richard Marx, Gloria Estefan*	☐ **Modern Rock** *Kate Bush, B-52's*	☐ **Pop** *Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow*	☐ **Heavy Metal** *Motley Crue, Whitesnake*
☐ **Black Music** *Luther Vandross, Bobby Brown*	☐ **Jazz** *Grover Washington Jr., Kenny G*	☐ **Country** *Reba McEntire, Randy Travis*	☐ **Classical** *Vladimir Horowitz, Plácido Domingo*	☐ **Easy Listening** *Roy Connif, Johnny Mathis*

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Print First Name) (Initial) (Last Name)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

4K8/8F
4K9/RN

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** also send me this CD for which I will enclose an additional $6.95.

...and I'm entitled to this extra CD FREE!

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Everything points to a Big Bang, no question about it. It's the details of what happened afterward that we can't get straight."—DR. ALAN DRESSLER, astrophysicist at Washington's Carnegie Institution

CITYSCAPES

In a nationwide survey, the city named by men as having the most attractive women: Los Angeles; the city picked by women as having the most attractive men: L.A.

•

The city Americans named as having the best arts, entertainment and night life: New York; the best food: New York, San Francisco and New Orleans; the friendliest people: Atlanta; the fewest social problems: Seattle.

•

The city named the most attractive: San Francisco.

•

Cities viewed as the best: Seattle, San Francisco, Boston, New York and San Diego.

•

Cities viewed as the worst: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit.

GO WHERE, YOUNG MAN?

Number of residents who moved from California in 1987, 224,000; in 1988, 283,000.

•

Number of Californians who immigrated to Arizona in 1988, 23,000; to Oregon and Texas, 21,000 each; to Nevada, 17,000; to Florida, 15,000; to Colorado, 14,000; to New York and Illinois, 13,000 each; to Washington, D.C., 8600.

FACTS OF LIFE

Months in which the most babies are born: August and September.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The average cost of running for election to the Senate is $4,000,000; to the House of Representatives, $390,000.

Months in which the fewest babies are born: April and May.

•

Cost of food for a baby in his first year, $855; cost of diapers, $570; cost of day care: $2184; cost of medicine, $396.

•

Annual cost of caring for a baby in 1958, $800; today, $5774.

BOOKING IT

Amount the average American household spends on books in a year: $57.17.

•

Average yearly household expenditure on books: in Austin, Texas, $195.86; in Madison, Wisconsin, $175.70; in San Jose, California, $164.25; in Boston, $158.19; in San Francisco, $136.95; in Washington, D.C., $109.43; in Seattle, $106.91.

•

Average number of bookstores per 10,000 American households: 1.24.

•

Highest number of bookstores per 10,000 households: 2.43 in San Francisco; 2.21 in Austin; 1.95 in Madison; 1.8 in Washington, D.C.; 1.67 in Boston; 1.58 in Seattle; 1.53 in San Jose.

•

City where the most money is spent on books: New York ($283,200,000 per year).

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Number of cards and letters mailed world-wide in a year: 202.1 billion.

•

Number mailed in the United States, 82.6 billion (41 percent of world total); in Japan, 17 billion; in the Soviet Union, eight billion; in West Germany, 7.9 billion.

•

Cost of mailing a letter in West Germany, 54 cents; in Japan, 44 cents; in Canada, 32 cents; in the U.S., 25 cents.

definitely a capitalist."

"Huh?"

"Watt."

"What?"

"Right."

"Who?"

"No, not Hu. Watt. Watt's a capitalist. Hu's a Communist."

"That's what I'm trying to find out. Because if today's Communist leaders believe in decentralized government and a market economy, then what's a capitalist?"

"Exactly."

"Exactly what?"

"Yes."

"No, listen. If we're not sure how to define capitalism, how do we know what's a capitalist?"

"Sununu."

"Who knew?"

"No, Hu didn't know. Sununu knew."

"No, no, no."

"Yes, yes, yes. Sununu knew. He should know, he's Bush's Chief of Staff."

"Sununu knows what?"

"Oh, sure. They're close personal friends."

"Who is?"

"No, Watt."

"What?"

"Right."

"Who's right?"

"No, he's a Communist. He's definitely left."

"Who's left of what?"

"Now you got it!"

"Wait."

"Oh, he's still being held hostage in Lebanon!"

"Who?"

"No, Waite."

"Wait for what?"

"No! Waite for Iranian arms, maybe. They'd never trade Terry Waite for James Watt. Get outa here. . . ."

LOVE STORY

We're not sure what to make of this personal ad we saw in *The Austin Chronicle*. A poetic reverie or just someone being ostentatious in Austin, Texas? You be the judge:

"LOVE IN THE REAL WORLD: He stands in the street, dressed in a gray cowboy tuxedo, with black boots, a black hat and a big white corsage, buying roses from one of those street-corner ice-chest flower vendors. It seems to be taking a long time, and there is an earnestness about the way he is talking to the flower guy that I can't figure out. I'm thinking there is no punch line, until the light changes and I drive past the old pickup idling on the other side of the road, the young-looking blonde inside watching expectantly out the back as her man dodges traffic on his return to her. It is Christmas Eve, and the writing on the truck reads JUST MARRIED, and below that ERNEST LOVES DORIS. God, I hope it works."

So do we.

Block Party.

Cold-Filtered.™ Never heat-pasteurized.
Miller Genuine Draft. Put a six-pack on ice and
a party is just around the corner. Tap Into The Cold.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY REMINDS YOU TO PLEASE:
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK.

© 1989 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

ETERNITY

FOR MEN

Calvin Klein

COLOGNE

© 1989 Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corp. and
Calvin Klein Industries Inc.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SOMETIME NEAR the end of this century, the U.S. has been renamed Gilead. Racist religious zealots and male supremacists are in charge. Women know their place, and the few who are still fertile are forcibly recruited to bear children for the elite. That's the eerie premise of ***The Handmaid's Tale*** (Cinecom), first a scalding best seller by Margaret Atwood, now a psychosexual movie shocker full of deadly implications. Starring Natasha Richardson (Vanessa Redgrave's talented daughter) in a strong, subjective performance as Kate, the movie is sharply focused on a widowed female prisoner who has lost her own child and has been ordered to conceive a baby with the elite Commander (Robert Duvall, who vividly projects the evils of sexism). His wife, Serena Joy (Faye Dunaway, mean and smiling), is a former televangelist, ferociously envious of Kate. The beleaguered heroine's only allies are the guard (Aidan Quinn) enlisted to hurry along her pregnancy and the flip "gender traitor" (Elizabeth McGovern), who's condemned to whoredom because, she admits, "I like girls." Victoria Tennant also stands out as Aunt Lydia, the bitchy blonde supervisor of handmaids. While Richardson's character initially seems to be a passive victim, she shows ferocity when her moment of bloody vengeance finally comes. Clearly a hard-sell, *Handmaid's Tale* boasts a screenplay by England's Harold Pinter, direction by German-born Volker Schlondorff (his first feature film in English, though he won a 1979 foreign-language Oscar for *The Tin Drum*). Their special touch adds cool eroticism, intelligence and intensity to a politically pessimistic movie that needs all the help it can get. ¥¥¥¥

•

The highly personal films made by writer-director Henry Jaglom are an acquired taste, a bit like quality time spent with an interesting friend who has had too much psychoanalysis. ***New Year's Day*** (Rainbow) stars Jaglom as a man very much like himself, named Drew, who arrives in New York from L.A. on a red-eye flight one New Year's morn, expecting to start life anew and reclaim the apartment he has sublet to three young women still in residence. There seems to be a holiday open house in progress, and *New Year's Day* merely tunes in while everyone natters about "coming to terms" or "finding another level" of life itself. A voice-over actress (Maggie Jakobson) takes the lead as a spontaneous, magnetic personality the movie camera seems to love, and she's allegedly putting *her* life together by moving to L.A. It's both funny and familiar, with Gwen Welles, Melanie Winter, David Duchovny and film maker Milos Forman (moonlighting as a womanizer called Lazlo), among others,

McGovern, Richardson tell *Tale*.

A frightening look at the future, plus a batch of thinking man's movies.

working the rooms as if Jaglom had just called up and invited them to drop over and do as they damn please. Hand it to Henry—his bizarre, self-indulgent home movie is more structured than you may think, even tantalizing at times, and too risky to be dull. ¥¥¥

•

Germany's portly, appealing Marianne Sagebrecht is still enticing to watch in ***Rosalie Goes Shopping*** (Four Seasons), co-authored, co-produced and directed by the same Percy Adlon who launched her American career in *Sugarbaby* and *Bagdad Cafe*. Sagebrecht has fewer opportunities as Rosalie, a housewife in Stuttgart, Arkansas, married to a crop-spraying pilot (Brad Davis) and specializing in scams to outwit her creditors. A born consumer, reared on Reaganomics, Rosalie reasons, "If you're a hundred thousand dollars in debt, it's your problem; if you're a million in debt, it's the bank's." Adlon paints a pretty, pastel world of middle America that ought to be Sagebrecht's oyster, and she does what she can. So does Judge Reinhold as a harried priest whose only chore is to suffer through her confessions. Unfortunately, there's too little wit or substance in the picture to make all the wickedness work. ¥¥

•

Writer-director David Hare's intriguing ***Strapless*** (Miramax) winds up with Blair Brown, Bridget Fonda and a host of other women at a fashion show. They're modeling bare-shouldered black gowns that appear to be held up by little more than a wish and sheer feminine will power. But the title's strained symbolism is merely a clue to Hare's real concern about women (which he demonstrated as author of the play and film *Plenty*). Brown is now Hare's favorite leading lady, off screen and on. Cool and self-possessed in *Strapless*, she engagingly plays an American doctor treating cancer cases in London until she meets an enigmatic ladies' man (Bruno Ganz) who plies her with gifts and offers of marriage. Meanwhile, her wayward sister, the designer (Fonda), has carelessly got herself pregnant. When Brown's husband disappears, as is his custom, the doctor discovers strengths in herself that she never knew were there. It takes Mr. Wrong to set her right, and *Strapless* leaves that idea on simmer in an arresting, cerebral romantic drama you may well argue over but won't soon forget. ¥¥¥½

•

While he has been described as the Italian Woody Allen, comparisons only hint at the method in the madness of co-author-director-star Maurizio Nichetti. His dual role in ***The Icicle Thief*** (Aries) calls upon Nichetti to play the lead actor in a neorealist spoof that he, as its director, is also promoting on a TV talk show. Movies, TV and life itself get all mixed up, with Nichetti as Antonio—the underprivileged movie father—frequently changing places with Nichetti the director. A viewer may not quite know *where* he is. Certainly not when Antonio's wife (Caterina Sylos Labini) shows up playing Carmen in a commercial, or when a gorgeous blonde TV model (Heidi Komarek) drops off the screen to reappear in his kitchen. Trying to figure where *Icicle Thief* draws the line between reality and surreality could drive a person crazy, but it's easy to wallow in Nichetti's crackpot inventiveness. ¥¥¥

•

Tom Berenger's role as a horny but rather inept private eye in ***Love at Large*** (Orion) involves him with five strikingly attractive women. Anne Archer is the mysterious beauty who hires him to follow her lover. Ann Magnuson is his suspicious ex-roommate, who employs Elizabeth Perkins, another sleuth, to track Berenger's movements. The case of mistaken identity on which he's wasting time leads him to Annette O'Toole and Kate Capshaw, as the comely wives of a bigamist (Ted Levine) whose misbehavior should be irrelevant. Of course, romance, not relevance, is the issue for writer-director Alan Rudolph, whose convoluted comedy is stylish, airy and original even when it's somewhat off the rails. Not great, but a nice try. ¥¥½

•

Great white hunters stride through ***In the Blood*** (White Mountain), an unnerving and controversial documentary by producer-director George Butler (who made the

The Buckingham Wine Company, Lake Success, N.Y. ©1989. 43% Alc. by Vol.

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies

The uncommonly smooth Scots Whisky

LIVE A CUTTY ABOVE.

To send a gift of Cutty Sark anywhere in the USA, where legal, dial 1-800-238-4373.

The ultimate in sound...

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

WHITESNAKE: Slip Of The Tongue	01147
PRINCE: Batman	60344
MILES DAVIS: Amandla	60246
CHICAGO: Greatest Hits	63363
BON JOVI: New Jersey	00516

01048

63678

14742

64116

DEBBIE GIBSON: Electric Youth	00827
RICKIE LEE JONES: Flying Cowboys	94110
DR. JOHN: In A Sentimental Mood	42500
NANCI GRIFFITH: Storms	44599
MOVIES GO TO THE OPERA	14806
DIZZY GILLESPIE SYMPHONY SESSIONS	44022
PAUL SIMON: Graceland	72315
DIANA ROSS/SUPREMES 20 Greatest Hits	63867
JAZZ CLASSICS 13 All-Time Favorites	10460
CHICK COREA: Compact Jazz	63895
BETTE MIDLER: Beaches/Soundtrack	00793
SCORPIONS Best of Rockers N' Ballads	63492
RESTLESS HEART: Fast Movin' Train	10802
MAZE: Silky Soul	44397
RUSH: Presto	64202
BANG TANGO: Psycho Cafe	23728
LED ZEPPELIN IV (RUNES)	12014
PLATTERS: Encore of Hits	01129

01114

73406

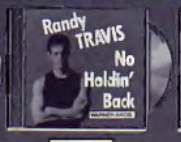
25211

64362

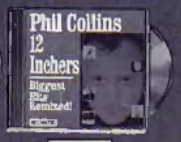
DIONNE WARWICK: Greatest Hits	00667
KISS: Hot In The Shade	53475
THE BEACH BOYS: Made In U.S.A. 25 Classic Hits	64143
ERASURE: Wild!	82038
GUNS N' ROSES: GN'R Lies	00805
GLENN MILLER ORCH. In The Digital Mood	43293
DOOBIE BROTHERS: Cycles	73187
KITARO: Astral Voyage	43063
THE CURE: Disintegration	01109
45's ON CD, Vol. 1 Original Hits From 1956-59	50044
NEIL YOUNG: Freedom	54012
CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG Greatest Hits (So Far)	30230
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP Big Daddy	80064
BEST OF STEELY DAN: Decade	54135
J. R. BAKER EveryBody's Favorite Synthesizer	44611
ANDERSON, BRUFORD, WAKEMAN, HOWE	01115

73660

54067



34766



44300

MADONNA: Like A Prayer	01029
MOODY BLUES: Greatest Hits	34284
PAT METHENY: Letter From Home	50395
MÖTLEY CRÜE: Dr. Feelgood	33978
LENNY KRAVITZ: Let Love Rule	54439
PIXIES: Doolittle	01108
MARCUS ROBERTS The Truth Is Spoken Here	53387
EXPOSÉ: What You Don't Know	00937
GEORGE BENSON: Tenderly	10762
UB40: Labour Of Love II	10624
VIRGIL FOX: The Digital Fox	62884
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS: Flood	14772
STYX: 14 Classics	14822
STEVE REICH Different Trains/Kronos Pat Metheny	01013
BY REQUEST John Williams/Boston Pops	25360

44573

64505

42874

23362

SOUNDGARDEN: Louder Than Love	54337
LYNYRD SKYNYRD'S INNYRDS	01150
PARTON, RONSTADT, HARRIS: Trio	14804
MILLION DOLLAR MEMORIES, Vol. 1 20 Hits Of The '50s & '60s	20773
VAN HALEN 1	14620
ROD STEWART: Greatest Hits	33779
REBA McENTIRE: Reba Live	44602
R.E.M.: Green	00715
MELISSA ETHERIDGE Brave And Crazy	10503
10,000 MANIACS: Blind Man's Zoo	30236
DAVE GRUSIN: Collection	00929
HEIFETZ: Decca Masters, Vol. 1	00604
ELTON JOHN: Sleeping With The Past	10469
METALLICA: And Justice For All	00478
POCO: Legacy	54060
KEITH WHITLEY I Wonder Do You Think Of Me	33768

73413

42496

72190

33653

L.A. GUNS: Cocked & Loaded	64121
DUKE ELLINGTON ORCH. Digital Duke	63356
PAVAROTTI: Volare	25102
DIRTY DANCING/Soundtrack	82522
STEVIE NICKS The Other Side Of The Mirror	70946
FLEETWOOD MAC: Greatest Hits	00796
DON DIXON: EEE	10588
VANGELIS: Direct	00470
JAMES BROWN: The CD of JB	43431
MICHAEL MONROE: Not Fakin' It	60017
THE JUDDS: River Of Time	01027
TCHAIKOVSKY, 1812 OVERTURE Solti/Chicago Sym.	25179
LIONEL RICHIE: The Composer	24700
YES: Fragile	53807
WHITNEY HOUSTON: Whitney	52854
JAMES GALWAY: Greatest Hits	73233

The ultimate in savings...

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

...with nothing more to buy ever!

SKIDROW	01038
TINA TURNER: Foreign Affair	32900
VOIVOD: Nothingface	43463
RICHARD MARX: Repeat Offender	01118
GREAT WHITE: Twice Shy	01100
FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS The Raw And The Cooked	01068
DIANE SCHUUR: Collection	63591

64278

52221

53940

72386

SALTY DOG: Every Dog Has Its Day	54543
IAN McCULLOCH: Candleland	62220
BELINDA CARLISLE Runaway Horses	73667
DEF LEPPARD: Hysteria	00927
GEORGE STRAIT Beyond The Blue Neon	01025
JERMAIN JACKSON Don't Take It Personal	43344
BEST OF ERIC CLAPTON Time Pieces	23385
ALLMAN BROTHERS: Eat A Peach	63353
U2: Rattle And Hum	00596
OCEANS: Ridin' The Tide	33577

63942

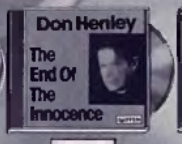
01112

00790

00933

GEORGE HARRISON Best Of Dark Horse	80307
TRAVELING WILBURYS, Vol. 1	00711
ROY ORBISON: Mystery Girl	00842
MICHAEL PENN: March	83798
20 GREAT LOVE SONGS OF THE '50s & '60s	20768
D.J. JAZZY JEFF/FRESH PRINCE And In This Corner	01020
DURAN DURAN: Decade	73573
GRATEFUL DEAD: Built To Last	72230
GUNS N' ROSES Appetite For Destruction	70348
HANK WILLIAMS, JR. Greatest Hits, Vol. 3	00840
BARRY MANILOW LIVE ON BROADWAY	24805
THE SILENCERS: A Blues For Buddah	41756
SUPERTRAMP: 14 Classics	04891
ENYA: Watermark	01041

33911



01064

53959

44319

NORRINGTON, BEETHOVEN SYM. #9	00467
FATTBURGER: Time Will Tell	72231
EDIE BRICKELL Shooting Rubber Bands At The Stars	00789
TALKING HEADS: Naked	53810

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You get 50%-off bonus savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices...right with your very first purchase...unlike other clubs that first make you buy 4, 6, or even more.

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one selection at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98)...and take up to one full year to do it. Then, you can choose another 3 CDs Free! That's 8 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your membership agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

BMG Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194. CD654A

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club/P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which, I can choose another 3 CDs FREE! That's 8 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP/SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐ MR.
☐ MRS.
☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

Telephone (Area Code)

Signature

Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

ZEU23 AS

Easton: They say it his way.

OFF CAMERA

He is officially known as The Henry Higgins of Hollywood, Inc., and **Robert Easton** (a.k.a. "the dialect doctor"), at the age of 59, has coached virtually every media star from A (Ann-Margret) to Z (Daphne Zuniga). He started life in Milwaukee with a persistent stammer, moved to Texas, slowed down his speech and became an exceptionally articulate radio Quiz Kid until 1945. "That was my old-age retirement at fourteen," recalls Easton. Since then, he has played more than 1000 roles while teaching dialect and diction to a host of big names who all but fill his full-page ad in *Variety*. He played a business tycoon in *Working Girl*, simultaneously teaching a Staten Island accent to Melanie Griffith and Joan Cusack, both Oscar nominees that year. Well-versed in almost 50 dialects that he ad-libs in mid-conversation, Easton also helps his clients overcome accents, as he did with strong man Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Red Heat*. "It's typically Austrian to substitute a B for a P. Arnold would say, 'Ve are going into the willage looting and blundering.'" Easton coached Mel Gibson for the upcoming *Bird on a Wire*, in which Gibson hides out under various assumed identities as a Southerner, an Australian and a gay hairdresser. Easton also helped Tom Cruise pick up the speech rhythms of Massapequa, Long Island, to portray Ron Kovic in *Born on the Fourth of July*. Even top mimics consult Easton. "Last week, Lily Tomlin called from Dallas—she's adding a couple of characters, a man from Boston and a woman from New Orleans, to her one-woman show and asked for help on the dialects." One of Easton's favorite clients is Robert Wagner, whom he coached for TV's *Hart to Hart*. "Every time we meet, we still use the line we worked on. I say, 'Are you *really* Swiss?' And he says, 'If I vas any more Sviss, I vould be a cuckoo clock.'"

1977 weight-lifting epic *Pumping Iron*). How one reacts to *In the Blood* may be entirely a question of cultural conditioning. The movie argues that big-game hunting is somehow akin to conservation, and it includes some striking old footage of Theodore Roosevelt stalking game on the Dark Continent. The movie ends with Butler's 13-year-old son Tyssen, who doubles as narrator, bagging his first water buffalo and smearing his face with the animal's blood in the timeless today-you-are-a-man tradition. Anyone who buys that will probably relish the rest of it, but blood sport just ain't my bag. ¥¥

•

Remaking ***Lord of the Flies*** (Columbia) mainly adds American accents and extravagantly colorful scenery to the William Golding classic. The original film, made in 1963 by director Peter Brook, closely followed Golding's novel about shipwrecked English schoolboys going savage on a tropical island. Director Harry Hook's Americanized version is imperfect—too much happens too quickly to be altogether believable—but the tale remains harsh and compelling. Among the best of the crowd here is Paul Balthazar Getty (grandson of *the* late billionaire J. Paul Getty) as the marooned cadet who tries to preserve civilized values. ¥¥¥

•

A 1954 Cadillac convertible has the title role in ***Coupe de Ville*** (Universal), director Joe Roth's breezy family comedy about three semi-estranged brothers transporting a vintage car from Detroit to Florida. The car is a birthday gift for their mother (Rita Taggart) from their father (Alan Arkin). Getting the boys together, it turns out, is an emotional coup more important to Dad than the Coupe de Ville. Of course, the Caddy endures fire, accident and other damage en route, while the guys—Patrick Dempsey, Daniel Stern and Arye Gross—play an ongoing game of getting to know you. Annabeth Gish adds love interest as the college girlfriend Gross finds shacked up with another guy in Florida. The best thing about the movie is Dempsey's bumptious, volatile stint as the wayward youngest brother. ¥¥¥

•

Described as a black comedy from a novel by Charles Willeford, the orgy of violence called ***Miami Blues*** (Orion) is memorable mainly for Alec Baldwin's hot performance as a criminal psychopath. The movie—directed with cuttingly clean skill by George Armitage, who also adapted it—is a star-of-tomorrow showcase for the smiling, gruff, blue-eyed Baldwin, playing a congenital thief and murderer you can't help liking until he starts to explode in fury. Opposite Baldwin, Fred Ward appears to advantage as a determined detective who has problems with his false teeth. Jennifer Jason Leigh also does her thing with flair as a dim-witted young prostitute who ostensibly believes her late killer beau had his good side. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Blue Steel (Reviewed 4/90) A troubled lady cop (Jamie Lee Curtis) meets a Wall Street pyscho (Ron Silver). ¥¥½
Born on the Fourth of July (3/90) Tom Cruise in Kovic's modern classic. ¥¥¥½
Camille Claudel (2/90) Isabelle Adjani's long-winded ode to the sculptress. ¥¥½
The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (4/90) Raunch in a restaurant. ¥¥½
Coupe de Ville (See review) Going places in a Cadillac convertible. ¥¥¥
Driving Miss Daisy (2/90) Freeman, also at the wheel, and Tandy superb. ¥¥¥¥
Enemies, a Love Story (3/90) By Mazursky out of Singer, polygamy in New York post-Holocaust. ¥¥¥¥½
A Flame in My Heart (4/90) In French with sex, nudity and complexity. ¥½
Glory (3/90) Great battles and grand black actors in a Civil War epic. ¥¥
The Handmaid's Tale (See review) No choice at all for the chosen ones. ¥¥¥¥
Henry V (1/90) Taking a chance on the Bard, Branagh triumphs. ¥¥¥½
The Icicle Thief (See review) An Italian comedy with a sunny, surreal edge. ¥¥¥
In the Blood (See review) An ode to the joy of hunting big game. ¥¥
The Laserman (4/90) Chinese-American in a high-tech whodunit of sorts. ¥¥½
Lord of the Flies (See review) Remake of the classic, still a chiller. ¥¥¥
Love at Large (See review) Ladies' man Berenger playing who's who. ¥¥½
Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed (4/90) Cleaning lady meets French tycoon. ¥¥¥
Men Don't Leave (4/90) Jessica Lange as a feisty young widow. ¥¥¥
Miami Blues (See review) Clean, mean fun and baaad Baldwin. ¥¥
Mountains of the Moon (3/90) Enthralling saga of a search for the Nile. ¥¥¥¥
Music Box (2/90) Lange again, excellent as a Chicago lawyer with a Nazi father in her closet. ¥¥¥½
My Left Foot (12/89) A coup by Daniel Day-Lewis as an Irish genius. ¥¥¥¥
New Year's Day (See review) Private party hosted by director Jaglom. ¥¥¥
The Plot Against Harry (4/90) A Jewish gangster just out of jail—made ages ago but well worth a look. ¥¥¥
Rosalie Goes Shopping (See review) *Fraulein* Sagebrecht on a spree. ¥¥
Strapless (See review) Women learn, the hard way, to do their own thing. ¥¥¥½
The Tall Guy (9/89) Re-edited since our September review, still farfetched but funnier. ¥¥½
The War of the Roses (3/90) Turner and Douglas in a lethal marital farce. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

This is a smoke stain from one cigarette. If you think it looks disgusting here, imagine how it looks on your teeth.

A single cigarette. That's all it takes. It's a problem you'd be stuck with if you were using a regular, or even a tartar control toothpaste.

But with Topol smoker's toothpaste, not only can you fight plaque and tartar. You can also brush away the smoking stains.

Which makes Topol a habit every smoker should have.

Nothing Removes Smoking Stains Better Than Topol.

© 1990 Dep Corporation.

VIDEO

STILL WATERS RUNS DEEP

Before he tackled *The Birth of a Nation*, D. W. Griffith apprenticed on crude but lively low-budget flicks. Similarly, before **John Waters** could enter the commercial mainstream with 1988's *Hairspray* or his new "musical-comedy love story" *Cry-Baby* (at left), he had to give us an obese transvestite munching dog waste. To each his own, we say. So let's remember Waters' weird old days—all on video.

Mondo Trasho (1969): Ponderously overlong first feature redeemed by an inventive sound track and title sequence in which an executioner chops the heads off live chickens. Waters edited the silent b & w film on his kitchen table. And it shows.

Multiple Maniacs (1970): A classic. From the "Cavalcade of Perversions" to Divine's tragic rape by giant lobster, something to offend everyone. Tenderest moment: Divine getting sodomized with a rosary, intercut with a re-enactment of the Crucifixion. Martin Scorsese, eat your heart out.

Pink Flamingos (1972): The one and only. Filmed on a shoestring budget in an abandoned trailer park, the story follows two families vying for the title of "filthiest people alive." Edith Massey is unforgettable as the retarded egg lady, and Divine's legendary dog-doo nosh almost pales beside the chicken-fuck sequence. A must for the entire family.

Female Trouble (1974): Scathing social satire in the guise of shock humor. Waters' most difficult film to endure is also the purest expression of his themes: aberrant behavior, suburbia and eye make-up.

Desperate Living (1977): Waters' funniest. Ducking a murder rap, a deranged heiress and her obese maid flee to the monarchy of Queen Carlotta. No Divine in this one, but Jean Hill is uproarious as the maid. Best line? Sicko policeman French-kissing the heiress: "I wish I could stick my whole head in your mouth and have you suck out my eyeballs!"

Polyester (1981): Humiliated by her philandering husband, sluttish daughter and crazed son, Francine Fishpaw (Divine) seeks redemption in the arms of stud puppet Tab Hunter. Fairly mild effort; improves with repeated viewing. Sublime line: "Bobo's dead, and I've had a miscarriage. But I've discovered macramé!" (Ask your video retailer if he still carries Odorama cards. You don't want to miss scent number two.) —DAVID LEFKOWITZ

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Duel: Steven Spielberg's hair-raising first feature (based on Richard Matheson's *Playboy* story and telecast in 1971) stars Dennis Weaver as a motorist pursued by a mysterious truck driver.

Murmur of the Heart: Another 1971 landmark, Louis Malle's coming-of-age French comedy features a boy (Benoit Ferreux), his worldly mom (Lea Massari) and movie-dom's cheekiest case of incest to date.

Séance on a Wet Afternoon: Memorable, eerie 1964 spook show about a mad medium and a kidnaping stars Richard Attenborough and Oscar nominee Kim Stanley. Don't miss it.

The Stunt Man: Lost in the shuffle a decade ago (1980), this picture stars Peter O'Toole at his best as a demented movie director on location. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Cut!: With Azden's VE-100 Video Editor, the cutting-room floor stays clean—and so do your tapes. Complete with fade-in/fade-out capability, it works with all VCRs with wireless infrared remote and can make as many as 200 cuts in one tape.

TV Orientation: Just when you thought the Japanese and the Koreans had taken over the U.S. video market, here come the *Chinese*. Seen at recent international trade shows are 19-inch color TVs made under the Kaige Electronics label. Are they destined for your living room? Stay tuned.

—MAURY LEVY

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEEL LIKE ROOTING	***Field of Dreams*** (baseball as metaphor for ethereal father/son reconciliation; Kevin Costner stars); ***Fear Strikes Out*** (1957 biopic with Tony Perkins as Jimmy Piersall, who took mental illness high and inside); ***Bang the Drum Slowly*** (seminal De Niro weeper, newly priced for sale).
FEELING SHOWBIZZY	***Bloodhounds of Broadway*** (feisty Runyon redux; Madonna and Randy Quaid dance cheek to geek); ***The Big Picture*** (Kevin Bacon as hot-shot film director who makes a masterflop); ***The Music Teacher*** (opera singer quits the stage to tutor young hopefuls, then we find out why).
FEELING EMBATTLED	***Casualties of War*** (chaste 'Nam newcomer Michael J. Fox defies plundering sarge Sean Penn); ***Romero*** (Raul Julia as El Salvador's martyred archbishop); ***Johnny Handsome*** (deformed thug Mickey Rourke suffers slings, etc., gets makeover, gets Ellen Barkin, remains thug).
FEELING ELECTRIFIED	***Shocker*** (dead-guy-who-don't-die slasher survives the chair and keeps on killin'); ***Young Einstein*** (feral-haired Aussie comic Yahoo Serious posits relativity and rock and roll); ***Neon Empire*** (or how the Mob built Vegas; Ray Sharkey and Martin Landau fuel fear and loathing).

GUEST SHOT

When former Herman's Hermit (and current VH-1 featured host) **Peter Noone** was a wee lad in England, he saw a lot of movies with his dad—"And *those* are the videos I rent now. Like *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *The African Queen* and Buster Keaton in anything. But war and cowboy movies were *the* thing for English boys back then, with all-American heroes like John Wayne and Gary Cooper." Noone, who's now recording solo, is also a pushover for movie musicals such as *Oliver!* and *Girl Crazy*. And although he tries to sneak in other personal faves (*Bang the Drum Slowly*, *Weeds*), he admits that the family VCR *really* belongs to his daughter. "She's the big renter in the family. *Lady and the Tramp* and *Cinderella* are on a *lot*." —LAURA FISSINGER

SHORT TAKES

Strangest War Video: *Ducks Under Siege*; **Most Desperate Video:** *Dance for Your Life*; **Most Inviting Vid Title:** *All American Hussy*; **Least Inviting Vid Title:** *Rick's, Your Place for Fantasy*; **Most Compelling How-to Video:** *How to Make Carcase Joints*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Marbleized Paper, Crayons with Paint and Other Resists*; **Best "Let's Not" Video:** *Let's Go Skate*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *A Video Guide to Metallic Cartridge Reloading.*

SUZUKI.
The ride you've been waiting for.™

When riding is the end, not the means.

The new Suzuki VX800. Remember when you rode a motorcycle purely for the fun of it? If not, the new Suzuki VX800 will help refresh your memory.

The VX800 blends classic looks with contemporary technology. Smooth, beautiful lines flow from fuel tank to tail section. A traditional upright seating position provides across-the-board riding comfort.

And at the heart, a slender, powerful 805cc V-twin delivers high torque over a broad range. While the low maintenance shaft drive smoothly transmits power to the premium Metzeler rear tire.

The new Suzuki VX800. Now getting there can be much more than half the fun.

The VX800 is available in April, 1990. For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. At Suzuki, we want every ride you take to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Ride smart and never under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Know your equipment before you use it by reading your owner's manual. We also recommend you take a riding skills course. For the one nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

ATLANTIC RECORDS made Ruth Brown a star and she made Atlantic a record company—and now Atlantic has brought her into the compact-disc age with a lengthy two-disc set, ***Miss Rhythm (Greatest Hits and More)***, that anthologizes the hits, the misses and the never-released songs of an extraordinarily creative period from 1949 to 1961. Almost all the cuts have enormous charm—and educational value—as nifty examples of where rock and roll originated. Although Brown's phrasing becomes more sophisticated over the years, it is her exuberance that is the essential quality here, and that is never lacking.

Led by John Easdale, Dramarama captures that pure Sixties feeling of suspicion that everything you are told is going on is just a distraction from what is really going on. From there, the influences of early Bob Dylan and the Byrds, plus a touch of Led Zeppelin, flow naturally on ***Stuck in Wonderamaland*** (Chameleon). Easdale's lyrics strike a balance between vision and free association, so that even a song about watching reruns late at night resonates not with the usual irony and self-deprecation but with culture-wide inanity. I also like to chant along with the title cut.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Deborah Harry is a sexpot in her 40s who has known international stardom and tough times—as a chick singer, a waitress at Max's, a pop punkette, a star whose moment slipped away as life partner Chris Stein fought and defeated a life-threatening illness. Although the Harry-Stein songs aren't as edgy as others, her pseudo-tough irony is intact on ***Def, Dumb and Blonde*** (Sire)—especially on its riskier CD version. On *I Want That Man*, Harry plays the forward-looking sexpot as wickedly as ever; on *End of the Run*, she mourns her moment as if *Sunset Boulevard* were still ahead of her; and in between, she lusts after a bicycle messenger, tries on some pop and samba and wonders how she got into this comic book.

Exene Cervenka is a sexpot in her 30s whose roots—punk band X—went kerflooey some time after she split with life partner John Doe. Cervenka goes for roots and poetry on her solo debut, ***Old Wives' Tales*** (Rhino). Too often, her protest-tinged sincerity cries out for a nasty jolt of junk guitar, but sisterly tales such as *She Wanted* and *White Trash Wife* give form to the kind of natural feminist sympathies rock-and-roll sexpots—who are kept busy protecting their asses—rarely have time for.

Wendy James is a sexpot in her 20s who shares a band called Transvision Vamp with life partner Nick Christian Sayer. On

Queen Ruth.

Sexpots sizzle
while Ruth
Brown gets down.

Velveteen (Uni/MCA), the second TV album, she sings Sayer-penned junk-rock songs about being in it for the sex—*Baby I Don't Care* says it, *I Want Your Love* codes it, and so forth—as if she'd never heard that killer riff before in her life. Rarely has music produced more convincing soft-core porn. Enjoy it while you can—she could change her tune before you know it.

DAVE MARSH

Bluegrass sounds as ancient as the Appalachians, but Bill Monroe consciously constructed it in the late Thirties out of Appalachian folk songs. Now the beautiful synthesis he crafted can be heard at its greatest on ***Bluegrass 1950–1958*** (from West Germany's Bear Family, the world's premiere reissue label, but most readily accessible through Down Home Music at 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94530). Monroe's singing and mandolin work are breath-taking, the material, whether ancient or newly composed, is fine and the sidemen include such stalwarts as Vassar Clements, Jimmy Martin, Sonny Osborne, Owen Bradley and Carter Stanley. This four-CD boxed set isn't cheap, but there's not a wasted note on it.

Meanwhile, back in the Nineties, Joan Jett, confronted with a contemporary-radio scene that makes the Romanian aristocracy look avant-garde, fights fire with fire: ***The Hit List*** (Blackheart/CBS) is an album of rock classics, songs previously made famous by everybody from Roy Orbison to the Sex Pistols. But as the *segue* from Roy's *Love Hurts* to the Pistols' *Pretty Vacant* shows, Jett's retrenchment is a peculiarly smooth one. Such surprising choices as ZZ Top's *Tush*, the Chambers Brothers' *Time Has Come Today* and Jimi Hendrix' *Up from the Skies* serve the purpose of defining the style of Joan Jett.

VIC GARBARINI

Hardly anyone got excited about ***The Jimi Hendrix Concerts*** (Reprise), a collection of some of the master's last and finest live performances, when it was first released on vinyl in 1982. But now reissued on one CD with a bonus track (*Foxey Lady*), this record reminds me of rock's great transcendental qualities. Hendrix' playing here recalls the best jazz. Like Charlie Parker, Hendrix

GUEST SHOT

Paula Poundstone *is a fast-on-her-feet comic who pops up regularly on "Late Night with David Letterman," among other hot venues. We asked her to pick a record she likes and talk about it. Here is Poundstone's opinion of Tracy Chapman's second LP, "Crossroads."*

"A friend of mine said that *Crossroads* was basically the same LP as Chapman's first one. It could almost *be* the same album and I could *still* listen to it, because Tracy's debut was truly brilliant. But it's *not* the same album at all. True, Tracy's not doing anything terribly differently—but what she has to say musically and lyrically is so valid that it could still be worth hearing a million times. *Subcity*, *Be Careful of My Heart* and *All That You Have Is Your Soul* are my favorites here. The subtlety of her musical style wears well over time, but it's just as important to me that she and I share a lot ideologically. Hey, it's hard *not* to share Tracy's views—she's *right*. And it doesn't matter that we grew up under such different circumstances—she makes me want to know about that world. I hope artists like Tracy Chapman can be catalysts for activism."

SUZUKI
The ride you've been waiting for.™

Ours is more comfortable.

Katana 750. For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. The Katana models are engineered for experienced riders. Please ride them with care. At Suzuki, we want every ride you take to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Ride smart and never under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Know your equipment before you use it by reading your owner's manual. We also recommend you take a riding skills course. For the one nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ruth Brown *Miss Rhythm (Greatest Hits and More)*	7	8	8	8	9
Deborah Harry *Def, Dumb and Blonde*	7	6	5	4	6
Jimi Hendrix *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts*	7	10	9	9	10
Joan Jett *The Hit List*	6	6	6	7	8
Vinnie James *All American Boy*	7	7	8	8	7

IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE BLUES DEPARTMENT: G.O.P. National Committee chairman **Lee Atwater** is recording a blues album, with **B. B. King** as one of his guest stars. Since all proceeds go to charity, we'll try to be charitable.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bruce Springsteen** is allowing producer **Rob Stone** to use his cover of **Woody Guthrie's** *I Ain't Got No Home* for a short film about a homeless man called *The Sidewalk Motel*. . . . **Cyndi Lauper** will star in *Paradise Paved*, a comedy-thriller for producer **Aaron Russo**. . . . After her concert tour, **Madonna** will star in *Blessing in Disguise*, her first project for her own film-production company. **Warren Beatty** will coproduce and, we hear, may even appear in the movie. . . . Latest word on the **Josephine Baker** movie bio is that **Irene Cara** has the lead. . . . Another famous name will participate in **Oliver Stone's Jim Morrison** movie. **Paula Abdul** has been hired to coach actor **Val Kilmer** on some of Morrison's moves.

NEWSBREAKS: Pay-per-view concerts don't come close to a **Mike Tyson** fight in terms of viewers, but the **Stones** show this past winter beat out all previous rock shows. . . . **Todd Rundgren** has been commissioned by producer **Joe Papp** to write a musical about Buddha (believe it!). . . . **Billy Joel** has made a special ten-minute audio tape of *We Didn't Start the Fire* for Scholastic Inc. Forty thousand copies of the cassette will be distributed to junior and senior high schools across the country, along with a lesson plan for teachers. . . . **Glenn Frey** and **Jimmy Buffett** are writing a musical called *Rules of the Road*. **Larry L. King**, who wrote *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, is writing the book. Could this be Broadway bound? . . . Up for the first annual Ralph J. Gleason Music Books award, along with **Dylan** and **Brian Epstein** biographies, was something called *The Real Frank Zappa Book*. Way to go, Frank! . . . **Ric Ocasek** has completed a book of poems and photographs and is now in the studio working on an album. Ocasek says he wants to tour with the finished album, but don't expect anything from the **Cars**. Says Ric, "There is no more Cars." . . . **Little Eva, Carole King's** former baby sitter, whose *Loco-Motion* was a 1962 hit, has a new record contract and has written her autobiography. There is even some movie talk going around. Who would Eva like to see play her as a teen? **Tempestt Bledsoe**. . . . Dylan is in the studio cutting tracks, possibly for his next album, with the likes of **Stevie Ray** and **Jimmie Vaughan**. . . . **Aerosmith's** three-night stand in Boston this past winter collected 20 tons of food for the city's hungry. The band offered backstage passes to people who brought in the number of cans that matched the call numbers of their favorite radio station. Eight hundred fans took them up on the offer and the musicians stayed around to shake hands with all of them. . . . Some rock fans saw **John Lee Hooker** for the first time when he played guitar on the Stones' pay-per-view concert, but musician fans in the know, **Ry Cooder, Bonnie Raitt** and **Robert Cray**, taped a TV special with Hooker to air this spring. . . . There's a hot new band from Finland called **Havana Black**. The lead singer's name is **Guts**. The band's manager, **Alan Niven**, also manages **Guns n' Roses**. Once you have Guts *and* **Slash**, isn't it time to rest on your laurels? . . . Finally, **Ted Nugent** is marching to the beat of his own drum once again. His hunting song, *Fred Bear—American Hunter's Theme Song*, has sold 20,000 copies through his mail-order business. Who said all catalog business was upscale?

—BARBARA NELLIS

flies around a melody, well, like a bird. And like Coltrane, his radiant genius bends and stretches the music into an aural Möbius strip. Hendrix was always an intuitive artist, not a high-tech craftsman like so many of today's speed demons, who race blindly up and down scales as if they were paid by the note. Nowhere is his brilliance more apparent than on the tracks where he works within the deceptively simple matrix of the blues—particularly on *Hear My Train a Comin'*, perhaps the most sublimely impassioned eight minutes of rock and roll I've ever heard. After a decade of carrying a battered tape of those four tracks around the globe with me, I remain delighted and awed by their contents. Now it is time to go digital.

NELSON GEORGE

My bet is that in the Nineties, African-American artists will finally exercise the freedom to exit the record-industry-constructed box called black music. Tracy Chapman and Living Colour opened the doors, and the latest product of this new environment is Vinnie James, a Harlem-born singer-songwriter who now resides in Orange County, California, where he composes rocking guitar-based songs of protest and pride. Since a couple of tunes on ***All American Boy*** (Cypress) feature James on acoustic guitar, the impulse to compare him to Tracy Chapman is obvious. But backed by a mainstream rock-and-roll combo on *Freedom Cried*, *All American Boy* and *Landslide*, he reminds me of John Cougar Mellencamp. James essays topics both obvious (pollution in *Here Goes Tomorrow*) and unexpected (Native American exploitation in *Hey Geronimo*) with the same passion. Numbing at times and a bit short on humor, James still hits the mark more times than not. The acoustical *Black Money* is one of the best lyrical descriptions of drug abuse I've heard.

In the late, not-so-lamented Eighties, New York Teddy Riley inspired a genre called new jack swing. The phrase has come to describe a certain range of beats, keyboard riffs and sampling associated with it. Bobby Brown, Keith Sweat and Al B. Sure! are among those who've benefited from the new-jack-swing approach. But it can be as much a strait jacket as a creative force. On Jeff Redd's debut, ***A Quiet Storm*** (Uptown/MCA), the young vocalist struggles with the new jack swing's zipper. Instead of being energetic dance music, the product has been stifled by calculation. Redd is caught in the conundrum of making a fashionable record while trying to showcase his real talents. And those talents are apparent on *Love High*, which gives good play to Redd's passionate low tenor. *I Like Your Love (I Like It)* blends some new jack elements with a strong rhythm-and-blues hook. Redd's problem is that if his new jack swinging misses, his richer material may get lost as well.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

SPRING is the perfect season for Tom Robbins' new novel, ***Skinny Legs and All*** (Bantam)—a book filled with youthful erotic energy, boundless fanciful imagination and a playful sense of humor about even the most profound matters. Robbins leapfrogs from fertility rites to the meaning of art, from Middle Eastern politics to the origins of religion with comic ease and dazzling verbal prestidigitation.

Plot summaries never do Robbins justice, but the main plot of *Skinny Legs and All* concerns a young artist named Ellen Cherry who goes to New York City from Colonial Pines, Virginia, and ends up a hostess at Isaac & Ishmael's, a restaurant opened by an Arab and a Jew across from the United Nations as an eccentric gesture toward Middle Eastern peace. On Super Bowl Sunday, she and the rest of an S.R.O. crowd mysteriously experience a series of philosophical epiphanies as a teenage belly dancer who calls herself Salome does the Dance of the Seven Veils, skinny legs and all. A few of the numerous subplots concern Ellen's uncle Buddy, a Baptist televangelist who plots to bomb the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem; a minimalist street performer named Turn Around Norman, whose performance is to rotate 360 degrees in the course of a day without ever perceptibly moving; and Spoon, Can o' Beans, Dirty Sock, Painted Stick and Conch Shell, an extraordinary group of objects that talk, travel around the world and complain that humans are suffering from "neuromuscular chauvinism."

Robbins keeps this lively multi-ring circus parading along with nonstop laughter. He also weaves plenty of metaphorical mazes into the narrative for those who are so inclined. But primarily, this story is just flat-out funny and fabulous (to use the word accurately, for a change).

Another new novel with a freshness apropos of spring is Philip Roth's ***Deception*** (Simon & Schuster). In previous books, Roth expended his spirit in a waste of same—obsessively grinding and regrinding skeleton keys in an attempt to unlock the secrets of his psyche. In this sensuous, intimate record of the conversations between a middle-aged Jewish writer and his younger English lover (and, later, between him and his wife), those secrets emerge effortlessly, subtly. Written entirely in lucid, evocative dialog, this book needs no stage directions. Roth enables us to hear the inflections, sense the pauses, experience the emotions with uncanny immediacy.

The adulterous love affair in *Deception* is fascinating because the lovers so thoroughly enjoy each other as they bask in heightened conversational banter and sexual excitement in a tiny walk-up flat in London's Notting Hill. There is a sweetness, a tenderness to this novel that appears to reflect a new plateau in Roth's writing (and that same quality echoes the best youthful romantic touches in the title story of his first book, *Goodbye Columbus*).

Robbins' new *Skinny Legs and All*.

The Dance of the Seven Veils, Philip Roth's latest and a trip to brewski heaven.

In her long and prolific career, Joyce Carol Oates has written well in many genres and grappled admirably with various themes. But ***Because It's Bitter, and Because It's My Heart*** (Dutton), her 20th novel, is, in my view, her finest achievement. In this book, Iris Courtney, a white woman, and Jinx Fairchild, a black man, are linked by a childhood secret: Jinx killed a boy in a fight to protect Iris, and she, the only witness to the killing, remained silent. Growing up in the pre–civil rights Fifties, each of them is strangely haunted by the bond of guilty knowledge they share. The parallel lives, separate and unequal, of white families and black families in that era are portrayed with a sensitivity that says more about race relations in America than do bookshelves full of sociology texts. Oates's novel is powerful because it re-creates with empathy and honesty a pivotal time in our collective experience.

Chief of Staff of the Army throughout World War Two, Nobel laureate and twice selected Man of the Year by *Time*, General George C. Marshall doesn't seem like a man who'd recede in American memory. Until recently, however, Marshall has been pushed to the side on the stage of history by the colorful figures of Patton and MacArthur. Now Ed Cray has written the comprehensive, masterful biography that Marshall deserves in ***General of the Army*** (Norton). As a soldier, Marshall fought in World War One as an aide to General Pershing and was the brilliant military strategist and planner behind the Allied victory in World War Two. As Secretary of State under Truman, he was the architect of the European Recovery Act, better known as the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt a shattered postwar Europe. Cray gives us insights into the private man as well as an understanding of his crucial roles in an extraordinary period in world history. This portrait of the man Winston Churchill called "the greatest Roman of them all" is rich and readable.

BOOK BAG

The Great Beer Trek (Stephen Greene), by Stephen Morris: A trip to brewski heaven. Beer history, beer folklore, a virtual *Who's Who* of breweries and enough hopped-up information to make your mouth water. More than even Norm Peterson ever wanted to know about suds!

Adventuring in the Caribbean (Sierra Club), by Carrol B. Fleming: An easy-to-understand profile of 40 islands.

The Bugs Bunny Golden Jubilee (Henry Holt), by Joe Adamson: The "wascally wabbit" is 50 years old and this illustrated filmography is chockablock with information on Warner Bros.' talented top toon.

Slang! (Pocket), by Paul Dickson: A way-cool, categorized dictionary of American lingoes. Like, totally for the language freaks. You could look it up, dude.

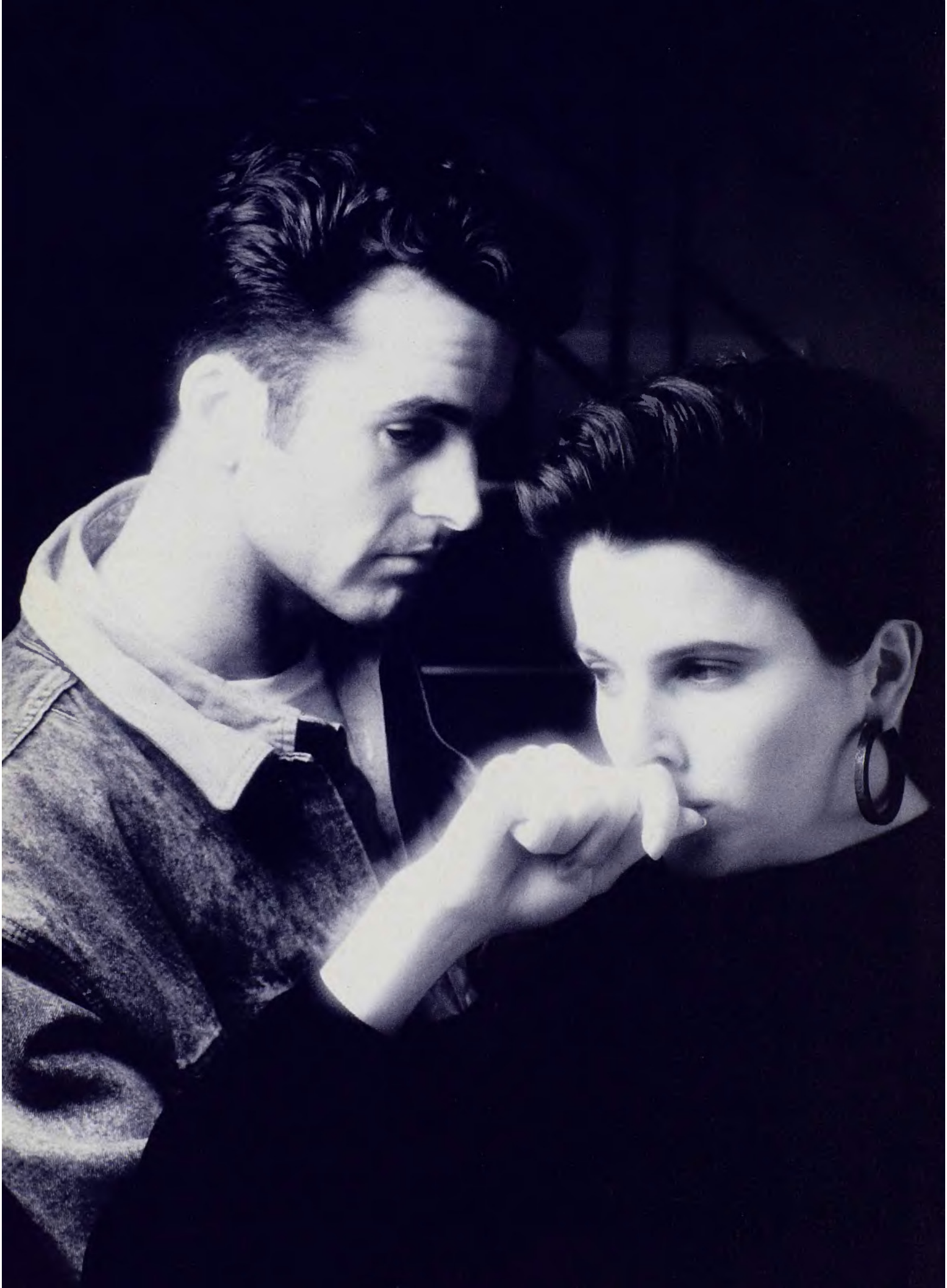
The Democratic Forest (Doubleday), by William Eggleston: One hundred and fifty brilliant photographic images of the South and other, more worldly locales.

Save Our Planet: 750 Everyday Ways You Can Help Clean Up the Earth (Dell), by Diane MacEachern: What the *Whole Earth Catalog* was to the Sixties and the Seventies, this book should be for the rest of this decade and into the next century.

The Sports Afield Treasury of Fly Fishing (NLB), edited by Tom Paugh: Reading this selection of 50 articles on fly-fishing, culled from the 100-year history of *Sports Afield* magazine, is almost as good as slipping into the waders and angling a fast-running trout stream yourself.

Closed Circuit History (Mage), by Ardeshir Mohassess: This visceral collection of sketches from Iran's leading caricaturist and graphic artist (and frequent *Playboy* illustrator) is a striking portrait of a country and a people in turmoil.

Hype and Glory (Villard), by William Goldman: The hilarious memoir of a man whose wish comes true when he is a judge at both the Cannes Film Festival and the Miss America pageant in the same year.



© 1990, Outboard Marine Corporation. All rights reserved.

Some Of The Best Relationships Are On The Rocks.

I'm not sure when it began. At first it was the little things. Having to ask for a kiss. Looks of exasperation over small, petty mistakes.

Then it got even rougher. Small arguments developed out of almost everything. Slowly a barrier was forming between us. Conversations had a chill to them that was beginning to become visible even to our friends. I knew that if I didn't do something our relationship could be in trouble.

So I surprised her, and myself, by doing something totally unexpected. I bought a boat. And a Johnson® outboard. And a two-man tent.

She acted as if it were the first spontaneous thing I'd done in years. And I guess it was.

We loaded the boat, motored to a remote location, and set up camp. There were no televisions or phones to interrupt. Just the wide open sky and water, and for the first time in a long time, an open dialogue.

We laughed like we haven't laughed in years. And we both felt like staying there forever. But coming back again and again will be no problem.

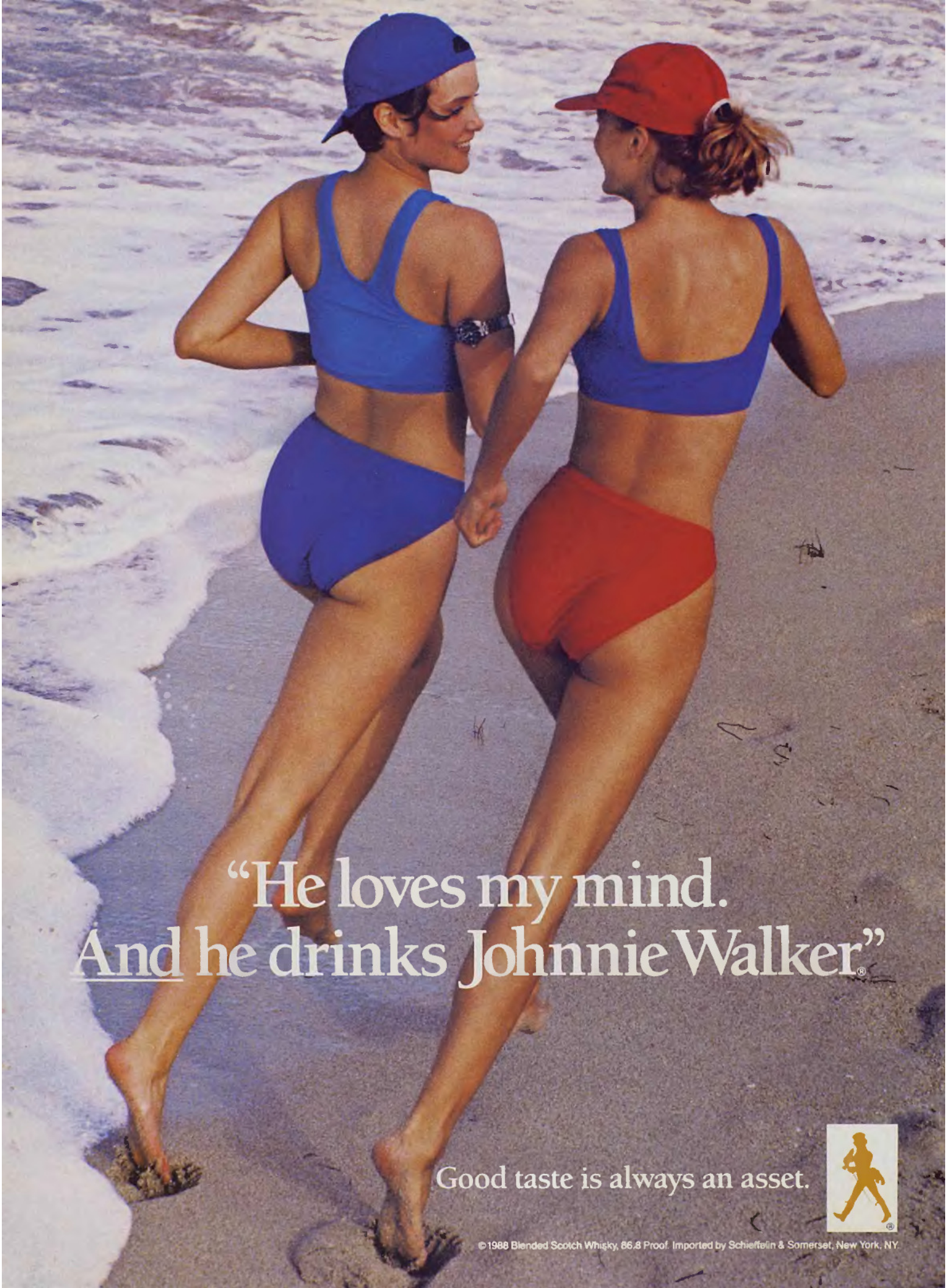
Because my outboard is a Johnson, the most dependable engine you can buy. So I can count on weekends like this for years and years and years.

Now when I see friends of mine going through the same thing we did, I tell them to get away and spend some time on the rocks. They just look at me like I'm crazy.

I guess you just have to be there.

OMC Johnson®
Nothing Beats The Experience.

For the name of the nearest Johnson dealer, call 1-800-255-2550.


"He loves my mind.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker®"
Good taste is always an asset.
©1988 Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset, New York, NY.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

You could call a golf tournament or a bowl game the Adolf Hitler Child Abuse Classic and I bet that for enough money, some TV network would air it.

This was the state of corporate sponsorship in sports when I last looked, which was a few hours ago, as an advertiser was stitching a logo onto an athlete's jockstrap.

The legacy of the Eighties is that we began to live in the tasteful world of the U.S.F.&G. Sugar Bowl and the K mart Greater Greensboro Open.

As greed kicked in, very few executives in charge of sports gave the slightest thought to image, taste or historical preservation. Money mattered. Nothing else.

Did this do anything to *uplift* the games people play? No. It only dragged them spiritually downward and along the way fostered a growing number of competitors who are now more spoiled and less dedicated than ever.

Television can be blamed for not caring whether or not an event has class. All the networks have ever wanted is something they can wrap commercials around.

Advertisers can be blamed for not having a shred of dignity or subtlety in their souls. If it sells products, who cares how many streets are overrun with bumpkins who consider John Madden an intellectual and wear mouse caps to supermarkets?

This is nothing new in American society. There's a sucker born every commercial minute, as Brent Musburger's agent might say, or as the movie *Batman* proves.

What *was* new and disappointing in the Eighties was the alarming number of sports organizations and commissioners, such as His Lordship Deane Beman of the P.G.A. Tour, who couldn't wait to jump gingerly into the corporate cesspool and go breast-stroking through the logos.

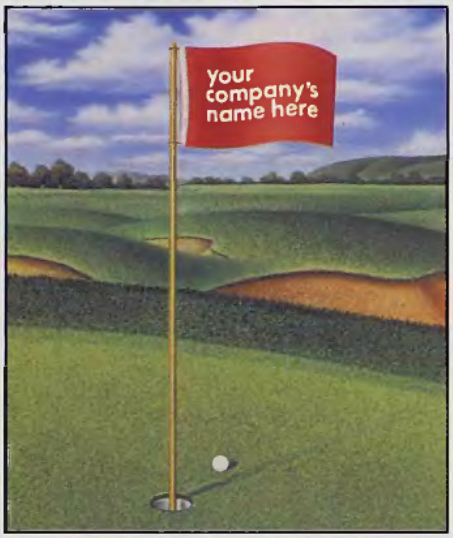
Here is where the real blame lies for what can only be called a depressing epidemic. Grand images and time-honored traditions were quickly discarded for dollars only, and nobody seemed to care except a few screaming psychotics like me, who have been labeled troublemakers.

They saw the future and it was jock-sniffing C.E.O.s throwing money into the air. I saw the future and it was boring.

I still try hard not to know what U.S.F.&G. stands for, unless it's Uninteresting Sponsorship Fools & Gofers.

Beman is an amazing study. Each year, he somehow defends his title as The Great Manipulator.

He forced a corporate logo on almost every cowering golf-tournament organization on the pro tour—their numbers are legion, not to forget spineless—while managing to keep his own pet event, The Players Championship in Ponte Vedra, Florida, free of a contaminating corporate name, because he knew full well that its image would be cheapened and demeaned.



THE LOGO JAM

Since this tournament is supposed to be the show window of Beman's tour, it should, in all fairness, be known as the A.T.&T. Chrysler Nissan Shearson Lehman Hutton Honda Nestlé U.S.F.&G. Deposit Guaranty M.C.I. K mart G.T.E. Southwestern Bell Kemper Beatrice Bell-South Hardee's Federal Express N.E.C. Bank of Boston Centel JC Penney Nabisco Players Championship.

Was that as good for you as it was for me?

I admire Beman in a way because he has no shame—none. He honestly can't understand why, in this land of opportunity, a sportswriter wouldn't sell his by-line: "By Tandy 1000's Steve Hershey of Nabisco's *USA Today* staff."

Something like that.

But let's leave the touring pros to their sick affairs with nincompoop C.E.O.s and go on to something more discouraging. Like, how dare the fine old Sugar Bowl allow itself to become the U.S.F.&G. Sugar Bowl? How dare the fine old Orange Bowl allow itself to become the Federal Express Orange Bowl? How dare the fine old Cotton Bowl allow itself to become the Mobil Cotton Bowl? How dare the fine old Gator Bowl allow itself to become the Mazda Gator Bowl? And how dare the fine old Sun Bowl allow itself to become the John Hancock Bowl?

More important, how dare our nation's sports editors allow these names to appear in print, except in those isolated cases in which they choose to defend an organization's right to call itself something idiotic if it feels like it?

Watching the bowl games this year, I couldn't help squealing every time I caught a glimpse of one of those corporate patches on a player's jersey. Was Darian Hagan representing Colorado or Federal Express? Was Craig Erickson representing the University of Miami or U.S.F.&G.? Happily, Notre Dame didn't wear those patches in the Orange Bowl—I hope that's why they won.

But it was the beloved Cotton Bowl in Dallas that achieved a new low in bad taste. As far as I could tell, Mobil was playing Mobil.

The end zones weren't painted with the orange and white of Tennessee at one end and the red and white of Arkansas at the other. That would have been carrying on too much of a tradition, and Mobil wouldn't have been getting its money's worth.

So both end zones were decorated in Mobil blue and they read MOBIL COTTON BOWL, and in case you missed that, the center of the playing field read MOBIL COTTON BOWL CLASSIC.

I call on Notre Dame to put an end to this silly business, for Notre Dame is the only school with the muscle to do it.

All the news is not dreary on this subject. It has recently come to my attention that a few newspapers, including the prestigious *Washington Post*, have decided to do their readers a service and stop attaching these corporate names to sports events.

High time, I say. And if this trend sweeps the country, it will be a far better world with a simple Sugar Bowl in the sports stories we read and a U.S.F.&G. in the mouth of a TV sports shill, where it belongs.

New: Sports scores by Playboy. *Dial* ***1-900-740-5500*** *for up-to-the-minute scores and information about man's second-favorite leisure activity; 75 cents per minute.*

For people who like to smoke...

LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES

Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

MEN

By ASA BABER

Where were you on October 3, 1989? That was a Tuesday, remember? That was also the day that an attempted coup in Panama against General Manuel Antonio Noriega fell apart at the seams.

To put it bluntly, George Bush and his advisors acted like wimps on that difficult day. They stood by and did nothing as a pro-American coup developed in Panama. The Panamanian military officers who opposed Noriega made their first moves successfully, capturing the general, offering to turn him over to U.S. custody, controlling his headquarters for several hours and waiting for the blessing and succor of the President of the U.S.A.

In any conventional script, that coup would have received our support. Our dirty work was being done for us. The people of Panama were putting their own house in order. Had Bush moved on it, Noriega's mug shot from a Florida jail would have been nationally distributed by mid-October 1989.

But it did not happen. George Bush and his advisors played Hamlet. They refused to commit their support to the rebellion and the coup failed. Rumor has it that as many as 30 of the insurgent Panamanian officers and soldiers were executed immediately. That was bad news for the United States. After all, military coups to get rid of leaders we do not like are supposed to be a superpower specialty. In countries such as Panama, we buy the allegiance of key military officers early in their careers, so that we can call in our chips when we need them. (For example, Manuel Antonio Noriega was first recruited and paid by U.S. intelligence in the late Fifties while studying at a military academy in Peru.)

The mistakes made during the abortive coup of October third were potentially disastrous for Bush's domestic political future. As our President, he appeared ineffective in one of his first big tests. Even worse, as a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency, he seemed to have scant understanding of the signals being sent to him by his own intelligence people in Panama. To many foreign-policy insiders, October third marked the day when Bush truly screwed the pooch.

The President's image as a leader was placed under tough scrutiny. There were some cutting questions. Senator George Mitchell began to talk pointedly about Bush's timid foreign policy. Other politicians joined in with similar critiques. In psychological terms, the President was in

THE PRESIDENT'S MANHOOD

danger of appearing emasculated. His Administration stood at a crossroads, victimized by its own inflated rhetoric about Noriega and the drug war. Bush had staked his manhood on success in that area, and he was losing.

The cold fact is that the President had chosen to put his duel with Noriega at the top of the national agenda. He was writing a Western that cast himself as the sheriff and Noriega as the bad guy. But because of his own blundering, Bush's script was turning sour, and the villain seemed to be winning. Bush had set up the confrontation, but at high noon in October, he stayed home while Noriega strutted the streets.

As a result, many Americans, looking at the movie that they had been told to watch, were beginning to wonder if the country were in the hands of another Jimmy Carter. In Bush, did we have a basically nice but timid guy? And if so, what did that mean for our future? Images of recent American ineffectiveness flashed through our minds: the hostages in the Middle East, the bombings in Lebanon, the shattered fuselage of Pan American flight 103, the crack houses in our cities—and now another image heaped onto our aching psyches, the specter of Tony Cojones, dope dealer *extraordinaire*, a man who could thumb his nose with impunity at a preppie American President and get away with it.

No, that image was too much for all the President's men. Operation Just Cause was inevitable once the Bush Administration fumbled the October coup. As a people, we were primed for war. Bush wanted to show us that he was a man, not a mouse. We wanted timely proof that he would deliver on his promises to eliminate Noriega and save us from drugs and darkness and dictators. It was a primitive—and dangerous—transaction between the President and the American people.

Dangerous? How so?

Because we ran out of options and we ran out of flexibility and time. Because our sense of domestic discomfort and our need for Presidential reassurance overcame any hope of patient, hidden, subversive warfare against Noriega and company. The American invasion of Panama was a brash instrument that cost much money and many American and Panamanian lives. It reinforced our image in most of Latin America as a strictly colonial power. And it showed us to be, once again, impatient and excessive as a nation. Instead of letting the Panamanians appear to get rid of Noriega themselves and institute their own reforms, we did it for them. We played Big Daddy and Uncle Sugar in our own hemisphere once again. We fulfilled certain domestic political needs, but at what price? Only time will tell, but time is not generally kind to blatantly colonial actions.

It was high noon again, and the sheriff had to deliver this time or turn in his star. He did deliver, and then he denied any political motivations for the invasion. "I didn't do something for a political reason," President Bush said. "That's not the reason I do that. . . . We're not going to try to furbish a political image. That's ridiculous."

Yes, sir, Mr. President. Whatever you say. But you know and I know that it is no more ridiculous to charge you with domestic political considerations in the invasion of Panama than it is to send out some 25,000 brave troops to capture one scum-bag drug dealer-and hood. There were other ways to do that, and you know most of them. But they would have taken a little more time, and in the interim, you would have had to let the nation endure some doubts about your own decision-making capabilities.

But, Mr. President, when you are choosing between war and peace, and when there is no *immediate* military threat to the U.S.A., isn't that part of your job?

©1990 Bugle Boy Industries, Inc.

BUGLE BOY® MEN'S

A COMPLETE LINE OF CASUAL CLOTHING FOR MEN.

Artist Woody Jackson
created a cash cow.

He also prefers
Christian Brothers Brandy.

Creator, Holy Cow Inc.
T-shirts, caps, cutouts, etc.
Last year's sales: $1,800,000.

the Christian Brothers®
When you know better.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BRANDY. 40% ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF)
© 1990, CB VINEYARDS, MENLO PARK, CA.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

IT'S NOW, IT'S TRENDY, IT'S CODEPENDENCY!

Hundreds of people were milling in the lobby of the 92nd Street Y in Manhattan. Several women were hysterical. "There are no more tickets! It's sold out!" whined a woman in a major mink to the crowd at large. "I must have a ticket right now!" A blonde in a boa was waving money in the air; others were begging at the box office.

All to see "Blue No More: Women Combat Love Addiction," a panel with Erica Jong, Gloria Steinem, Raoul Felder, Suzanne Somers and Judy Collins.

After plugging her new book, Erica opened the panel discussion with the question "How do you feel about the term codependency?" And the multitudes of women and the sprinkling of men in the vast auditorium audibly sighed and settled themselves, rapt and ready.

Codependency is a very happening concept. Nobody knows precisely what it means. The term comes from those 12-step programs: Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Overeaters Anonymous, Gamblers Anonymous, Sexaholics Anonymous. It describes mates or family members of addicts or recovering addicts—the people who put up with and/or love addicted people. If you belong to Al-Anon or A.C.O.A. (Adult Children of Alcoholics), which are also 12-step programs, chances are good that you consider yourself codependent.

You consider yourself addicted to a relationship that is bad for you, that undermines you. You realize that instead of putting yourself and your happiness first, you give over all power to someone else, that what they think and feel is more important than what you think and feel. Your entire being is involved in taking care of someone else, worrying about what he thinks of you, how he treats you, how you can make him treat you better. Right now, everyone in the world seems to think that he is codependent and that he comes from a dysfunctional family. They call it codependency; I call it the human condition.

"Gloria," asked Erica, "what is the difference between a love addict and a normal woman?"

"Probably nothing," said Gloria Steinem to huge applause. She then went on to be thankful that what Freud called a healthy female is now seen as a pathology. That women who devote their entire lives to another human being are no longer perceived as normal. And that the terms battered woman and displaced homemaker were just called life ten years ago.

"Most men need the golden rule," Steinem said. "Most women need to reverse the golden rule and learn how to treat ourselves as well as we treat other people."

Suzanne Somers talked about being a child of an alcoholic. "What our parents do to us affects who we will be as adults. I grew up trying to make my alcoholic father happy. Later, when I was in a relationship, I used behavior patterns that were about childhood. If there was nothing wrong, I went out and created a crisis. That was normal to me. That felt right. I want it to feel right when it's actually right. Oh, God, I sound like Chrissie."

"You people," said Raoul Felder, a divorce lawyer and the token man, "don't have a monopoly on this. Although I wouldn't call it addiction. Men call it obsession. I don't know that you can be addicted to a man in the same way you can be addicted to a substance. Have you ever seen a single cell become addicted to alcohol? It can happen in five minutes; the cell becomes a shaking mass of protoplasm."

"It's happened to me!" cried Erica.

Suzanne explained that the same pain, the same emptiness that causes people to take drugs or drink is what causes codependents or love addicts to attach themselves so destructively to other people.

"But it ain't illegal and they don't put you in jail for that," said Raoul.

"And that's the problem," said Gloria as a joke.

Then, in some subtle way, all hell broke loose. The women got into a fight with Raoul because he was saying that women, legally, were in worse shape than ever before—they weren't getting alimony, they weren't getting custody—and that women should be addressing those issues. Then he was accused of blaming the victim; then the audience started hissing him madly when he made some kind of statement about how if a woman had written $E = mc^2$, well, then, she would have been Einstein, and then Judy and Suzanne said so what if they call you ball-busters? Sometimes you have to be ball-busters and it's codependent to worry about people's calling you ball-busters, anyway—and I became really annoyed.

Because this wasn't a discussion about codependency or love addiction; this was all about feminism.

I think there probably is something to this codependency business, and that certain people suffer from its very real and debilitating problems, and that if you come from an abusive family, you're not going to have the greatest interpersonal relationships unless you're smart and brave enough to conquer your demons.

But I worry when it becomes a fad, when it becomes about gender, when women en masse start referring to themselves as codependent. And I worry when there are best-selling self-help books about codependency and how not to be like that, about how women can have self-esteem and empowerment and not be enablers and validate themselves and all those other jargon words, because it's a trap.

And the trap is that these books are still telling women that there's something wrong with *them*. That they're not good enough. They have to change, they have to act differently, and it's all their own fault. This kind of attitude subverts feminism. It turns a woman back into contemplating her navel instead of confronting things actively, politically, trying to change society instead of herself.

And what if people follow the train too far and start thinking that it's pathological and wrong to need one another and to nurture one another? Where will we all be then?

Look out below

It's time you gave yourself a GSE™

If you're sexually active, you should know about the GSE. GSE stands for genital self-examination. It's a simple examination you can give yourself to check for any signs or symptoms of a sexually transmitted disease. Send for your free GSE Guide today. Because when it comes to sexual relationships, there are some important things to look out for.

To receive your free GSE Guide, simply fill out and return the coupon below, or call, toll-free, 1-800-234-1124.

For your free GSE Guide, fill out this coupon and mail to: GSE, P.O. Box 4088, Woburn, MA 01888-4088

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

☐ English version ☐ Spanish version

Are you over 18 years of age? ☐ Yes ☐ No

PLA

Sponsored by Burroughs Wellcome Co. in conjunction with the American Academy of Dermatology, the American Academy of Family Physicians, the American College of General Practitioners in Osteopathic Medicine and Surgery, the American Osteopathic Association, and the American Social Health Association.

Copr. © 1989 Burroughs Wellcome Co. All rights reserved.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been sexually active since junior high school. I realized early on that teenage relationships should be only physical, since teenagers are too young to really cope with emotional attachments. Then I met my current girlfriend. I thought she would be like all the others—either sexually active or willing to start. She had never had a real boyfriend, however, and was obviously a virgin. She told me that she did not wish to have sex until marriage. I was going to give up the endeavor when the thought of a nonsexual relationship became rather refreshing. So we just dated—no strings attached—for the next five months, making out more and more as time went on. During that time, she allowed me to get further and further toward touching her body. I didn't pressure her for anything too fast. Around the seventh month, we began sleeping together. She learned to explore my body, as I showed her new experiences for hers. It was kind of fun, like playing doctor again. Finally, one night after a long party, she suddenly asked, "Would you make love to me?" We tried. She was tighter than anyone I had ever known, and the pain I was causing her made me stop penetration. We tried again the next morning. We sat joined for about three hours. An occasional pump here and there, a change in position once or twice, but mainly, we just sat there, enjoying the togetherness we were feeling. Of course, I had an ulterior motive—to let her body adjust to mine, so that she could enjoy the feeling of sex. After a while, she started to get frisky and began moving and grinding, so we finished up and, of course, did it several times that day and evening. Suffice it to say that she was hooked. After a few months, she accepted fellatio and, shortly after that, cunnilingus. It wasn't until after the first pregnancy scare that we slowed down to see what we were doing. We have decided to get married. Anyway, on to the main question: My girlfriend truly enjoys sex but is reluctant to try anything new. She's not into self-stimulation during rear-entry positions and would probably flip if I brought something foreign into the bedroom. Being the open-minded person I am, I thought about introducing her to a small vibrator that I could use during foreplay. I would like to know if they make vibrators the size of a forefinger. My girlfriend tends to lose all orgasmic sensations when she feels any pain. I would hate to get her worked up only to insert the vibrator during, say, cunnilingus and have her hate me because I spoiled it. Any suggestions?—D. A., Tucson, Arizona.

Let's see if we have this right: Now that you're old enough to handle the emotional aspects of a relationship, you've forgotten how to handle the physical? You were such a caring lover that it wasn't until the first pregnancy scare that you cared about the future? It's interesting that when someone who is sexually experienced meets someone who isn't, what comes naturally doesn't. Inequality in bed throws things out of whack—if you believe you are the teacher or the guide, it interferes with discovery. Here are some guidelines: Set the stage for experimentation. Take home a copy of "The Joy of Sex." Read it together. Select some new positions and activities together. That way, you avoid the irresistible meeting the unmovable. As for introducing a vibrator, try this: Re-enact your first successful union. Stay joined for three hours, adding a vibrator for clitoral stimulation. Its size is irrelevant, since most women use them for exterior—not interior—work. Good luck.

The only times I drink kosher wines are at holiday meals, such as the Passover Seder. They're sweet and syrupy—not really good with food. Are there any kosher wines that a wine drinker would find acceptable with dinner? If so, what are they and where can they be found?—A. S., New York, New York.

To qualify as kosher, a wine must be produced according to specific requirements of the Jewish religion. But it can be made from any grape and vinified essentially the same way as standard table wines. France, Spain and Italy have long produced dry kosher table wines. And now that there's an American market for such wines, an increasing number are being grown in California and imported from Europe and Israel. Hagafen Cellars in Napa and Weinstock Cellars and Gan Eden Winery in Sonoma are California producers that make the new-style kosher wines. Also from California is the Baron Herzog line of kosher table wines, marketed by the Royal Wine Corporation. In addition, Royal imports kosher table wines from Europe, including Bartenura from Italy and N&G and Herzog wines from France. Israel, which has an extensive wine industry, offers such worthy brands as Yarden, Gamla, Montfort and Carmel in the dry style. Kosher table wines are carried in well-stocked liquor shops.

My husband and I have a serious problem. I have always loved to have sex in our car while parked in a crowded parking lot at the shopping mall. Recently, we were caught by a store clerk and reported to the police. There were no charges filed, so I figured everything was OK. But it seems that after my husband had that talk with the policeman, he thinks we shouldn't make love in the parking lot anymore because it's too kinky. I have told him that I can't reach orgasm unless we make love as we always have, in the parking lot. He has suggested vibrators and X-rated movies, but it just isn't the same. Can you convince him that this practice is not that kinky? I really don't think it is, do you?—Mrs. C. J., Charleston, South Carolina.

Actually, we do think it's a little kinky. That's why it's so much fun. Why not examine the situation and find out what it is that appeals to you? Is it the car that makes you carnal? Then have sex on a deserted highway. Is it the proximity to store mannequins? Buy a few and put them in your garage. Install a blue light in the ceiling and have a K mart special. Is it the thrill of potential discovery? (Your husband has found that actual discovery is not so thrilling.) Try renting a hotel room and leaving the window shades open. Make love in a three-pictures-for-a-dollar photo booth and let some passer-by stumble upon the pictures. Wear masks. The worst thing you can do is wield your orgasm like a nonnegotiable demand. There are plenty of ways to add a touch of excitement to sex—it's up to you and your husband to find them.

As a college graduate entering the job market, I could use some advice on what shoes to buy for interviewing and for my first job. I'm looking for work in the financial market. Right now, my shoe wardrobe consists of about five pairs of sneakers, one pair of deck shoes and a pair of penny loafers. What kind of dress shoes should I buy?—B. W., Hazlet, New Jersey.

It would be good to invest in at least two decent pairs of dress shoes that you can rotate in wear. A classic black lace-up wing tip (the one with the holes in the front and leather that comes to a point toward the laces) is a good staple shoe that is sure to make a good business impression. For a second pair, try dark-brown or cordovan lace-up cap toes (with a plain or perforated front and a horizontal seam that runs across the toe of the shoe). Consider buying a dressier tassel

loafer—your penny loafers just won't cut it in the board room. It may be best to wait and see what the other guys wear to work before you invest in too many shoes.

I'm curious about what causes a woman's nipples to get erect. I observed a woman giving a speech during which her nipples became erect and then soft. I watched a woman practicing C.P.R. and her nipples got hard and then soft. And I watched a woman's nipples get hard and soft during a boring conference. What gives?—J. B., Manitou Springs, Colorado.

Do you need a Sony Watchman, or what? Nipple erection occurs as a result of involuntary contraction of muscular fibers within the structure of the nipple. It can be the first sign of sexual arousal or simply a change in the air conditioning. It can result from exercise or other sources of tension. Maybe those women were surreptitiously crotch watching.

The *Advisor* has mentioned several brands of condoms for the well-endowed male. I've tried some of them and they don't solve my problem. I'm built like a fireplug—girth, not length, is my strength. Almost every condom I've tried pinches and strangles. Any suggestions?—S. L., Detroit, Michigan.

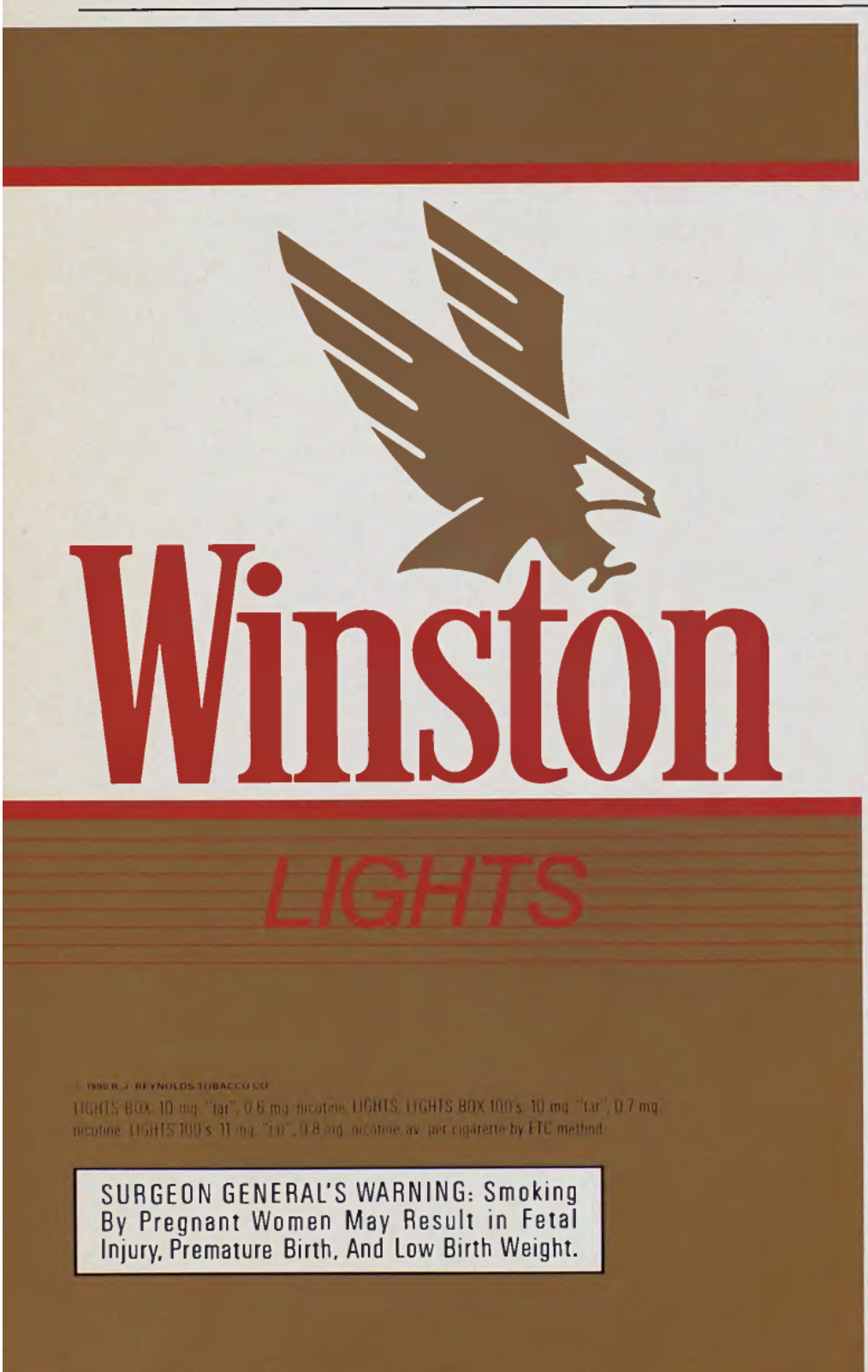
The largest latex condom approved by the FDA is 52 millimeters in diameter. There's nothing larger on the market, at least not made of latex. Sheepskin condoms usually have a 75mm (about a three-inch) base, but they lack the elasticity of latex. You will have to experiment with the different shapes. Both Maxx and Magnum condoms, for example, are tapered so that they are wider at the glans. Other models may be more elastic. A spokesman for Mayer Laboratories, the manufacturer of Maxx condoms, suggests using one of the water-based personal lubricants—such as PrePair or ForPlay. Placing a dab in the tip of the condom will increase sensation by allowing more freedom of movement along the penis. We hope this will solve the problem.

In the Stephen Sondheim musical *Into the Woods*, the witch (originally played on Broadway by Bernadette Peters) complains in song that there's someone "rooting through my rutabaga, raiding my arugula and ripping up the rampion." I know that the items enumerated are probably vegetables, but aside from rutabagas, I haven't a clue. And I'm not even sure about rutabagas. Also, are rampions and ramps the same?—K. E., Montgomery, Alabama.

Rutabagas, also known as Swedish or Canadian turnips, are a cousin to the white turnip; both are members of the mustard family. The large, yellow root may be mashed with carrots, potatoes and butter to tame the aggressive flavor. Rampion is a radishlike vegetable; the roots and young leaves are used in mixed-green salads. It has been confused with ramp—which is actually a wild leek, the most pungent of all onions. Aficionados *attend ramp festivals, ramp-eating contests, ramp dinners and support the Society of Friends of the Ramp. Ramps are cooked as a vegetable and substituted for onions on pizza and in bread, meat loaf and scrambled eggs. Arugula is a snappy green found in Italian markets and restaurants and good greengroceries. Just a little brightens a big salad.*

Not long ago, I went to the store to buy a pair of high-quality headphones for my home system. After a while, I realized that selecting them wasn't going to be easy. What is the difference between a good pair of headphones and a bad pair? Is it better to have an open-air design or one that seals your ears completely? Finally, what is the average price of a good pair of headphones?—A. C., Montreal, Quebec.

Say what? We love headphones but have learned from experience that they have drawbacks. When we used a Walkman type of headphones to blank out the sound of jet engines on long flights, it never occurred to us that the sound we were blanking out was almost at the threshold of brain damage, and that when we cranked up the phones, it was enough to give us temporary hearing loss. We took to wearing them in front of our ears—allowing some of the sound to be conducted through our cheekbones. (The ultrasonic vibrations also removed plaque—just kidding.) The best advice for setting listening levels


Winston
LIGHTS
© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
LIGHTS BOX: 10 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine. LIGHTS: LIGHTS BOX 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

seems to be to set the headphones about the volume at which you would listen to speakers and still be able to carry on a conversation. You can pick up excellent headphones for less than $125. Since the driver units of all of them are reasonably similar, the major choice is whether to go with an around-the-ear closed-seal model that cuts off most room noise, or the semi-open or open-seal model that lets you hear the doorbell when the pizza arrives. The fidelity of closed models is generally higher and, since they cut as much as half of the ambient noise, you may be able to enjoy your music at a lower volume. Open-seal models tend to be lighter and more comfortable and allow you to remain a member of the human race. Most headphones handle bass tones well; the criterion for excellence seems to be how well they carry treble tones. Let your ears decide.

Not long ago, a reader asked you about male multiple orgasms. I want to know more. How common are they? Is the ability to have them something you are born with, or can you teach yourself to have them?—L. P., San Diego, California.

You're in luck. A recent issue of Archives of Sexual Behavior *reported on a study of men who had multiple orgasms. The phenomenon appears to be rare. The researchers believe that orgasm and ejaculation are two distinctly separate concepts—orgasm can occur without ejaculation. They define a male multiple orgasm as "two or more orgasms with or without ejaculation and without, or with only very limited, detumescence during one and the same sexual encounter." Since most men tend to lose an erection after an ejaculation, what is different for multiple males? The researchers suggest some common denominators: "Men seem to need continued penile stimulation and a warm environment for the penis in order to maintain an erection after an orgasm. Most men could withdraw for only a short period of time if they wanted to remain erect. Several men noted that immediately after orgasm, penile sensations were too intense and they did have to withdraw or rest for a few seconds before continuing. It is important, however, that they re-entered or were caressed again after the penile sensitivity had diminished somewhat, if they were to continue." Here are some other characteristics: "Few of our subjects were multiply orgasmic on all occasions with all partners. Most claimed they required a familiar partner in a nondemanding atmosphere, emotional closeness and the opportunity for leisurely sex. These men said the partner needs to be one who is sexually responsive, enjoys prolonged sexual intercourse or contact, is highly sensual and signals continued interest. Most of the heterosexual men required partners who were well lubricated and vaginally responsive. Every subject mentioned that if a partner seemed to get tired or was satiated, the sexual encounter stopped. The stated goal was not to have multiple orgasms but to have pleasurable, prolonged, mutually perceived satisfying contacts." Gee whizz, find a woman who has those characteristics and a dead man could be multiply orgasmic. Try to create those conditions: Next time you have an orgasm, don't withdraw. Keep thrusting and see what happens. Even if you don't achieve a multiple, you'll prolong a good time. Some of the men in the study were able to train themselves to withhold ejaculation by performing Kegel exercises (clenching the muscles used to control urination), by practicing stop-start intercourse or by using the squeeze technique (gripping the head of the penis and squeezing when the urge to climax gets too strong). This approach seems based on stopping something from happening—most of the men who were multiply orgasmic never applied the brakes. Experiment.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Advisor on the Air and hear Playmates answer questions. Or record your own question! Call ***1-900-740-3311****; two dollars per minute.*

The best radar detector ever made is now even better...the new ESCORT

How Can The Best Get Better?
The answer to that question is simple: The new micro-size ESCORT picks up radar signals from farther away than ever was possible before.

You no longer will wander into a sudden "beep-explosion," too late to react. Even distant "instant-on" radar doesn't faze this mighty detector.

Early warning is well beyond the capability of other detectors without ESCORT's power and sensitivity. You know the value of radar warning. You should know, too: Only one detector is the most powerful: ESCORT.

What's New Under the Handsome Case
The all-new ESCORT literally uses space-age technology—Digital Signal Processing (DSP), the same advanced system NASA uses to "sharpen" radar images. DSP samples incoming radar signals 50,000 times a second. Information is digitized and analyzed by a signal-recognition computer.

Result? Greater distance than any detector ever had before. Greater separation of false-signals. Incredibly fast reaction to instant-on traps.

The case is aluminum, finished in non-glare black...not cheap plastic.

- Just ⅞" high, 3¼" wide
- Variable-pulse warning
- Alert lamp glows on radar contact
- Visor clip and adjustable windshield mount
- Hewlett-Packard LED bar graph shows radar proximity
- Photocell adjusts display to car's light level (plus dark mode for discreet operation)
- Adjustable volume and mute switch (including "automute" to turn volume down after first alert)
- Genuine leather carrying case

Thieves Know: They Can't Use a Stolen ESCORT:
ESCORT has a tiny "Digital Key." Use it to unlock your ESCORT when you first get it, then every couple of months. Without the key, ESCORT won't work.

Thieves know this. When they spot an ESCORT, smart crooks move on to the next car.

It Costs No More to Have The Best
ESCORT costs $295. That's actually less than some radar detectors with a fraction of ESCORT's ability.

But----

You don't risk one cent to find out for yourself how much protection ESCORT gives you. Use it for one full month. If for any reason you think you can get along without it, send it back and we'll send you a complete refund, even including your return shipping costs. What could be fairer than that?

Use ESCORT For One Month At Our Risk
Order by calling our Toll-Free number
24 Hours a Day, Seven Days a Week.

Call toll-free 1-800-543-1608

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

$295 Ohio residents add $16.23 state sales tax. Price slightly higher in Canada.

A product of Cincinnati Microwave, maker of over two million PASSPORT and ESCORT radar detectors

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 800750
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249 © 1990 CMI

BACARDI® Breezer.

Bright. Light. Refreshing.

Breezer's the taste.

It's cool. Sparkling. And so special, it's unlike anything you've ever tasted. We took a splash of Bacardi® rum, a touch of sparkle, and luscious natural fruit juices. All deliciously blended into a new taste as light as an island breeze.

That's Bacardi Breezer, in four inviting flavors, each with its own little touch of paradise: Calypso Berry, Caribbean Key Lime, Island Peach, Tropical Fruit Medley. Available in convenient 4-packs.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1990 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM SPECIALTY. 4%-5.1% ALC. BY VOL.

SEX AND THE POLITICS OF FREEDOM

"ELJEN A SZABADSAG," the ad in *The New York Times* proclaimed. It means, "Here's to freedom." We used that tag line to announce the birth of the Hungarian edition of *Playboy*. "On November 29th, Hungarians came one step closer to something they've been fighting for since 1956. Freedom.

"Not just political freedom but freedom of the press. And the first American consumer magazine published in Hungarian was *Playboy*. No surprise, since we're the magazine that led a social revolution in America by standing for personal, political and economic freedom."

A lot of newspaper editorial writers played with the irony of exporting cheesecake as the American Dream. They missed the point. The quest for sexual freedom fuels the demand for political freedom. They are one and the same: As Hef is fond of saying, "If you are not free in your body, you are not free." America's founding fathers elevated pleasure to a basic freedom when they included life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as inalienable rights.

Television covered the major symbols of the people's movement—the tearing down of the Berlin Wall, the stream of East Germans into West Berlin, the atrocities of Romania, the quiet dignity of Lech Walesa. But it missed the inner life of the revolution. That you find on the newsstands. Thomas Weyr, in an article for *Publishers Weekly* titled "Porn, Politics and Paper," came close to the truth. On a visit to a bookstore in Budapest, he was frustrated to find that the newly liberated had a taste for Stephen King, Robert Ludlum, Michael Crichton, Ken Follett, Mario Puzo, Sidney Sheldon and Ian Fleming. "And then there are the books that feature, well, naked skin," Weyr says.

He goes on: "It is one sign of the change that has swept the publishing business in Budapest and Warsaw. . . . Literature is no longer banned under the pretext that it is pornography, and porn, once decried as Western decadence, is not banned at all."

He quotes Sandor Bandy, a book editor turned journalist, as saying, "What sells best in Hungary today? Politics and hard-core pornography."

Weyr found the same phenomenon in Poland: "The thawing political climate notwithstanding, Poland's hottest title and biggest seller this year is *Fanny Hill*. These 'Recollections of a Lady of Pleasure' were published by an underground student group; the book has sold 600,000 copies in two editions so far.

"The nexus between sex and politics is nothing new, neither in fact nor in literature, but rarely has it surfaced as explosively as it has of late in Polish and Hungarian bookstores. The hunger for free expression of all kinds had been bottled up for 40 years. When the cork finally popped, publishing went wild."

The struggle for democracy in China left some vivid images; most notably, the tanks in Tiananmen Square. But exiled student leaders tell a more personal story. *The New York Times* recorded a poetry reading by Wuer Kaixi in Manhattan. The poet spoke of a youth culture "restive under the weight of China's tradition of obedience and insistent on sexuality and feelings. The youth culture put a stress on immediacy, sensation and the self. 'You might find it strange, but I do not,' he said, 'that one aspect of our movement was the student who stood naked on top of a university building shouting, "I am what I am."'"

We see a heroic affirmation of self in the struggles for freedom around the world. When a state moves to repress the sexual, you have the opposite of freedom. It is a simple truth, one America has forgotten.

CRACK BABIES

AND THE CONSTITUTION

care versus coercion

By Judith C. Rosen

Drug babies: infants born to chemically dependent mothers. Their nervous systems might be damaged, their mental capabilities might be diminished, their physical well-being might be affected. In short, their future seems bleak.

The National Association for Perinatal Addiction Research and Education found that an average of 11 percent of births in 44 hospitals across the United States were to women who were drug abusers.

Enter George Bush. Campaigning for the Presidency, he holds up a baby born to a drug-addicted mother for public inspection, using the image of the child for his own agenda: For the babies, fight the war on drugs, show no mercy, zero tolerance for the chemically dependent.

Bush takes our natural concern for children and routes it through pro-life rhetoric ("Protect the unborn") and antidrug saber rattling and comes up with an approach that does little to help the victims.

As a result, the legal system has increased its efforts to protect the unborn—and it has caused serious constitutional consequences for the born. Here is a report:

In Washington, D.C., a judge sentenced pregnant Brenda A. Vaughan to prison after she was found guilty of forging checks. Although the judge acknowledged that a first offense normally would not warrant jail time, he wanted to protect the woman's fetus from her cocaine addiction.

Fine idea? Think again. Locking up pregnant women will not ensure that they have healthy—or even drug-free—babies. Jails are notorious for easy access to illicit drugs. Prison nutritional programs are poor and few women are transported to an adequate medical facility for proper obstetrical care. In California, an appallingly low 44.5 percent of pregnant incarcerated women give birth to live babies.

In 1988, Daphne, a Butte County, California, heroin addict, discovered that she was pregnant. She sought the nearest methadone program, 85 miles away, and traveled there daily at her own expense. Daphne had an eight-year-old daughter to support and not much income. Gradually, she fell behind in her methadone payments. She sought Government aid—and was refused. The clinic discontinued her treatment.

Daphne returned to heroin and, at birth, her infant tested positive for opiates. The public prosecutor announced his intention to charge her with drug use. When her tale was published, public outcry forced the prosecutor to drop the case. Daphne was lucky. If she had been tried and found guilty, she would have spent four months to one year in jail—time that would have helped neither her infant nor her eight-year-old.

The war on drugs is turning a serious health problem into an incredible criminal quagmire. Threatening women with prosecution if they admit they are dependent on illegal drugs will deter them from seeking the treatment they need and will prevent them from obtaining the prenatal care they require. As it is, drug-treatment programs designed for pregnant women are almost nonexistent, as is prenatal care for the

poor or the uninsured. Is the answer to a health problem really prosecution and incarceration?

An officer in the Los Angeles County Probation Department says, "Our primary mission is to protect the community from the criminal. And the unborn child is part of that larger community." Hence, a pregnant addict is a criminal and the L.A. County Department of Children's Services metes out the ultimate punishment: removing her child from her at birth. And by punishing the mother, it punishes the child. There is an overwhelming amount of research that shows the importance to the child of developing a strong bond in infancy with the mother.

ROGERS
©1989 THE PITTSBURGH PRESS
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE
THEY'RE CROSSING OVER THE BORDER IN SEARCH OF FREEDOM FROM GOVERNMENT RESTRICTIONS...
EAST GERMANS?
PREGNANT WOMEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Reprinted by permission, U.F.S.

Los Angeles County is not the only U.S. county that performs that family disservice. It is an increasingly common practice for judges to order removal of custody of infants from their mothers if there is any indication of drug use. In 1988, a New York woman who had smoked marijuana to relax delivered a baby who had a trace of drugs in his urine. There was no evidence that the woman smoked marijuana regularly nor that she would abuse her child. Nonetheless, the baby was removed from the mother's care. There was no effort to provide treatment or social support systems, nor even an attempt to find out what human resources were available to the mother. How much good did it do the infant to be taken from its mother and placed in an overburdened foster-care system?

Will the state next force women to refrain from drinking alcohol? Apparently so. In Laramie, Wyoming, a pregnant woman has been charged with child abuse because her blood-alcohol level was above the standard used to determine drunk driving. Will women who smoke tobacco be subject to arrest next?

Are women being forced to become guarantors of healthy babies? A woman in Michigan has been sued by her baby's father for "prenatal negligence" because a drug she took during pregnancy allegedly discolored the child's teeth.

Will women have to give up their own lives for the sake of their fetuses? In Washington, D.C., a hospital obtained permission from the courts to perform a Caesarean section on a woman with cancer, despite medical testimony that the operation would shorten her life. The baby, ten weeks premature, died almost immediately; the woman died two days later.

Many chemical substances have the capacity to damage cells. A man's exposure to alcohol, drugs—illegal or legal—and toxic substances in the workplace can cause damage to sperm and threaten the viability of a pregnancy and the health of the fetus. If pregnant women are regulated to protect the fetus, the next logical step is to regulate men's intake of drugs and alcohol.

Using an emotional issue to limit civil rights is an old tactic of the right wing, and nothing has changed in the Nineties. Drug warriors, taking a cue from anti-abortionists, use fetal rights to limit constitutional rights. They exploit the picture of a crack baby as a weapon in the drug war.

Justice Thurgood Marshall wrote in the Supreme Court dissent of *Skinner vs. Railway Labor Executives' Association*, "Precisely because the need for action against the drug scourge is manifest, the need for vigilance against unconstitutional excess is great. History teaches that grave threats to liberty often come in times of urgency, when constitutional rights seem too extravagant to endure."

No one suggests that taking drugs while pregnant is behavior to be condoned, nor does anyone suggest that babies who are born addicted are not a serious national plight. That problem, however, will not be solved by threatening chemically dependent pregnant women with prosecution, incarceration or loss of custody of their infants. It will not be solved by breaking up families. It can be solved only by providing education, prenatal care and safe, confidential, sensitive, accessible treatment programs for pregnant women.

While parents may be morally and ethically responsible for doing all they can to have a healthy pregnancy, they are perilously close to being legally obligated to do so.

Judith C. Rosen, an attorney in San Diego, is an advocate for women's and children's rights.

READER

PUBLIC SERVICE

In August 1989, *The Playboy Forum* published a letter by a reader who had obtained a copy of the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's *AFA Journal*, in which he publishes advertiser blacklists. The reader used the information to write to an advertiser, telling him not to capitulate to Wildmon. How can I obtain a copy of the *AFA Journal*?

Dave Huston
Lafayette, Indiana

The AFA Journal's *address is P.O. Drawer 2440, Tupelo, Mississippi 38803.*

I'm sure that there are thousands of people who would like to join the fight against censorship but don't know how. What are the names of some groups that are fighting the right fight?

William Vander Busch
Cotati, California

The following is a list of anticensorship groups:

American Civil Liberties Union
132 West 43rd Street
New York, New York 10036
(Purpose: to ensure that the Bill of Rights is preserved for each new generation.)

Americans for Constitutional Freedom
900 Third Avenue, Suite 1600
New York, New York 10022
(Purpose: to advance First Amendment rights and to oppose censorship.)

National Coalition Against Censorship
Two West 64th Street
New York, New York 10023
(Purpose: to promote and defend First Amendment values of freedom of thought, inquiry and expression.)

People for the American Way
2000 M Street N.W., Suite 400
Washington, D.C. 20036
(Purpose: to protect the liberties obtained by Americans in the First Amendment.)

WILDMON'S TV GUIDE

The Reverend Donald E. Wildmon and his followers, a small but vocal group, often succeed because they *do* something ("The Reverend Donald Wildmon's Guide to TV," *The Playboy Forum*, January). They write, make phone calls, protest—loudly—and tell their friends to do the same.

Playboy readers, you owe it to yourselves to become more vocal. If you see a program that you particularly enjoy, write to the producer, the network and the sponsors. Encourage others to join the anticensorship battle and vote for political representatives who reflect your views. If we don't defend the Constitution, we risk losing far more than *thirtysomething*.

Stu Chisholm
Roseville, Michigan

Before you started reporting on Wildmon, I'd never heard of him. I'm glad that he has been exposed for what he is. But you have written about him in every issue for the past five months. Don't you have targets to report on other than someone as low and self-centered as he is?

Chris Maris
Long Beach, California

Keep up the articles on Wildmon. They're my biggest laugh of the month.

Frank Lee Nettling
Napa, California

I enjoy your ongoing features of Wildmon and his fanatical followers. I hope that their craziness does not catch on north of the 49th parallel. There are some comedy shows on TV here that would be ideal targets. Good luck in the battle against the small minds who are attempting to stifle freedom.

Robert Sakovich
Faro, Yukon

We really have plunged off the deep end in America. I live in a state where any loon can walk into K mart and purchase enough weaponry to blow away a small town. Yet, not long ago, a woman was arrested for selling vibrators in her lingerie shop. I don't recall any incidents—intentional or unintentional—involving death and vibrators. If cucumbers were flesh-colored, would Donald Wildmon boycott grocery stores?

Jonathan Sabin
Bradenton, Florida

AIDS PRIMER

I'm surprised and disappointed that *Playboy* has played into heterosexual AIDS paranoia by publishing some unnecessary hyperbole ("A College Primer on AIDS," *The Playboy Forum*, February).

The risk of heterosexual AIDS transmission when neither lover is an I.V.-drug user, a bisexual man or a hemophiliac is greatly exaggerated when you label *both* anal and vaginal intercourse "dangerous" without a condom. Vaginal intercourse is not nearly so dangerous as anal intercourse. Unless you are referring to sexually transmitted diseases as well as AIDS, it is hardly risky to have oral sex (particularly male to female)

FOR THE RECORD

POINT/COUNTERPOINTS

In November 1989, two Lakeland, Florida, Ku Klux Klan leaders were questioned on suspicion of impersonating police officers. They had been cruising the streets of a predominantly black neighborhood, searching for drug dealers. Turns out the cruising was part of a Klan campaign called Krush Krack Kocaine, which is an attempt to brush up the Klan's image. The following are comments on the kampaign.

"You can get more done politically with the pen than with the ax handle."—DONALD SPIVEY, Grand Dragon of the Florida Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

"I'm very wary of the Klan and their motives for this offer."—RON NENNER, Lakeland police chief

"If the Klan wants to be of service to the community, let it disband."—STEPHEN M. GOLDMAN, director of the Anti-Defamation League

or dangerous to have vaginal intercourse without a condom.

Roger Libby, Ph.D.
Atlanta, Georgia

The January *Playboy Advisor* cites oral sex as a form of "safer sex" and presents statistics and quotes that show oral sex to have an extremely low risk of HIV infection. Why in "A College Primer on AIDS" do you present the fact that oral sex with a woman or with a man without a condom is "risky"?

John Floars
Woodbridge, Virginia

"A College Primer on AIDS" is simply a record of the information about AIDS that is available to college students. Although we endorse most of the information, we stand by the advice of "The Playboy Advisor" in January.

SEXUAL FREEDOM

Justice must be pronounced "just us," for often, a small group of people use it to serve their own ideas about morality. To quote from the article "The Search for Sexual Freedom" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), "Defenders of sodomy statutes always say the law is symbolic, that it is never enforced." They should tell that to James David Moseley.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

THE FUR FLIES

Playboy's February cover is magnificent. Bogna is breath-taking. Her fur coat is a wonderful complement to her wardrobe. However, because of the coat, *Playboy* will undoubtedly receive outraged letters from animal activists.

Kent Disse
FurFarm Animal Welfare Coalition, Ltd.
Detroit Lakes, Minnesota

Given that you are aware of the issues and controversy surrounding animal rights, the February cover is an insult.

Alan H. Jones
Arlington, Massachusetts

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Wildmon and his kind constantly reiterate that the founding fathers conceived the United States as a Christian nation. Wrong. Thomas Jefferson believed in "nature's God," Who "created all men equal" and endowed them with "inalienable rights" in accordance with the "laws of nature." He also felt that "the day will come when the account of the birth of Christ as accepted in the Trinitarian churches will be classed with the fable of Minerva springing from the brain of Jupiter."

Thomas Paine also attacked Christianity, saying, "Of all the systems of religion that ever were invented, there is none more derogatory to the Almighty, more unedifying to man, more repugnant to reason, and more contradictory in itself, than this thing called Christianity."

During George Washington's Administration, a treaty was signed denying that the U.S. was a Christian nation: "As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

S. Green
Albany, New York

Your readers may be interested in knowing that the phrase "under God" was added to the Pledge of Allegiance in 1954, that currency was required to bear the phrase "In God we trust" in 1955 and that the national motto, "*E pluribus unum*" (originated by Thomas Jefferson), was replaced with "In God we trust" in 1956. I assumed that the inclusion of God dated from the time of the founding fathers, but I recently discovered that it was legislated by McCarthyites. Let's get those laws repealed.

E. Barker
Springfield, Illinois

American Atheists, Inc., has testified before the House Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs and Coinage, requesting that "In God we trust" not be used on commemorative coins. You can write to American Atheists, Inc., at 7215 Cameron Road, Austin, Texas 78752-2973.

MAKING THE MARK

In the February *Newsfront* "Call in the Clowns," you question whether the soldiers who exchanged 100 rounds with drug dealers and hit no one were very good shots—or very bad ones. I can answer that. If the rangers' intention was to kill their attackers, there would have been a lot of dead drug dealers. The members of the Second Ranger Battalion Platoon are the best-trained shock troops in the world and no one questions their marksmanship. If you need verification, just ask the now-defunct Panamanian Defense Force.

Sergeant Brian P. Murphy
82nd Airborne Division
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

When the off-duty Army sergeant and some fellow rangers traded more than

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

Do you know of any dedicated defenders of First Amendment freedoms? Give them the recognition they deserve by nominating them for the 1990 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, which were established in 1979 to honor people who protect our First Amendment rights. Winners have included journalists, educators, lawyers, publishers and entertainers, though eligibility is not restricted to those professions. Award winners receive as much as $3000.

Last year's winners were Joann Bell for law, Thomas Michael Devine for government, John Henry Faulk for individual conscience, James Haught for print journalism, Louis Ingelhart for education, Anthony Lewis for lifetime achievement and Eve Pell for print journalism.

Nomination forms are available through the Playboy Foundation, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The deadline for nominations is June 4, 1990.

100 rounds without hitting anyone in Tacoma, Washington, a police officer found it "kind of amazing that nobody got hurt." The police officer apparently doesn't keep abreast of the activity by his fellow officers in Western states.

In Las Vegas last year, two bandits held up a McDonald's restaurant. They were chased by North Las Vegas and metropolitan police officers, a helicopter and a police dog.

In the excitement of the chase, one officer fired his shotgun, causing concern that the discharge may have damaged the eardrum of a veteran officer standing nearby. Another officer was bitten in the leg by the police dog. He shot at the animal in an effort to free himself from its bite—and missed.

Eventually, the suspects were apprehended. They crashed their getaway car into a fence.

John W. Riddell
Las Vegas, Nevada

Make your voice heard on issues of the day. Dial The Playboy Mailbox, ***1-900-740-3311,*** *and leave your comments; two dollars per minute.*

BOOM-BOX DIPLOMACY

Manuel Noriega may stand as the first despot driven from office by rock and roll. After he sneaked into the Vatican embassy in Panama City, U.S. troops helped flush him out with boom-box doses of *You're No Good*, by Linda Ronstodt, and *I Fought the Law*, by the Bobby Fuller Four, plus everything in between. Taking our cue from military strategy, we've assembled a number of play lists that may serve the same useful purpose for other favorite tyrants.

ANDREA DWORKIN, antiporn zealot
Penis Envy, by Uncle Bonsai
My Ding-A-ling, by Chuck Berry
Mother of Violence, by Peter Gabriel
Strange Kind of Woman, by Deep Purple
Sometimes I Wish I Was a Pretty Girl, by Robyn Hitchcock
Walk Like a Man, by the Four Seasons

THE REVEREND DONALD E. WILDMON, anti-sex crusader
Do It, by Neil Diamond
Do It Again, by Steely Dan
Do It ('Til You're Satisfied), by B.T. Express
Paranoid Eyes, by Pink Floyd
A Ridiculous Man, by T-Bone Burnett
Freedom of Choice, by Devo

DAN QUAYLE, Vice-President of the United States
The Bogus Man, by Roxy Music
Principal's Office, by Young M.C.
Johnny Can't Read, by Don Henley
Mumbo Jumbo, by Squeeze
Everybody's Somebody's Fool, by Connie Francis
Never Mind, by the Replacements
Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (on the Bedpost Over Night), by Lonnie Donegan

CHARLES H. KEATING, JR., under investigation for skimming money from Lincoln Savings and Loan
Did You Steal My Money, by the Who
Free Money, by Patti Smith
The Hustle, by Van McCoy
Jailhouse Rock, by Elvis Presley

WILLIAM BENNETT, drug czar
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, by the Platters
Eight Miles High, by the Byrds
Purple Haze, by Jimi Hendrix
Cocaine, by Eric Clapton
No No Song, by Ringo Starr

THE REVEREND JERRY FALWELL, televangelist
Gimme Your Money Please, by Bachman-Turner Overdrive
Would Jesus Wear a Rolex, by Ray Stevens
Papa Don't Preach, by Madonna
Great Balls of Fire, by Jerry Lee Lewis
Hit the Road, Jack, by Ray Charles

TIPPER GORE and **SUSAN BAKER,** antirock queens
Airhead, by Thomas Dolby
Neurotico, by King Crimson
What a Fool Believes, by the Doobie Brothers
I Love Rock 'N Roll, by Joan Jett
Rhythm Nation, by Janet Jackson
Don't Come Around Here No More, by Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers

TERRY RAKOLTA, Michigan housewife who campaigns against sex on TV
Dreams of the Everyday Housewife, by Glen Campbell
TV Set, by the Cramps
She Breaks for Rainbows, by the B-52's
Le Freak, by Chic
Theme from *Married . . . with Children*

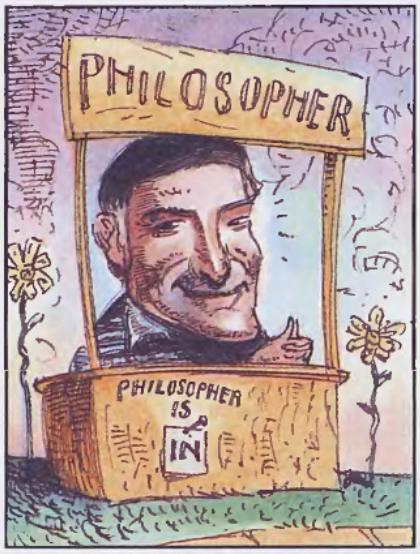
SENATOR JESSE HELMS, anti-sex-in-art fanatic
Paint a Vulgar Picture, by the Smiths
I Have a Paintbrush in My Hand to Color a Triangle, by the GTO's
Art for Art's Sake, by 10cc
I Know What I Like, by Genesis
Too Much Paranoias, by Devo

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE PHILOSOPHER IS IN

AMSTERDAM—*Where do you turn when psychotherapy doesn't work? To philosophy, at least in the Netherlands. In 1987, Dutch philosophers began practicing their*



trade by talking with clients about everything from the meaning of life to career changes. They help their customers look at life from a different perspective, one that is less focused on their childhood traumas and subconscious behavior and more attentive to their ideals. The philosophers charge as much as $250 for five hourlong sessions. Think of the opportunity we missed in the Sixties, when Hefner supplied "The Playboy Philosophy" at no extra charge to our readers.

COLLEGE DROPOUT

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI—*The International Accrediting Commission for Schools, Colleges and Theological Seminaries flunked—in a big way—a test given by the Missouri attorney general's office. After receiving complaints from students at some schools accredited by the commission, the attorney general's office cooked up a fictitious handbook for a bogus business college staffed with administrators such as Edward J. Haskell, Peelsburi Dobouy, Ph.D., Richard Kimbell and Wonarmd Maan, Ph.D., gave it a Latin motto that translates as "Education is for the birds" and submitted it for accreditation. When the phony school was duly accredited, the Missouri attorney general's office sued for fraud. It closed before a court settlement. Note: The commission was not registered with the U.S. Department of Education.*

AN EPIDEMIC OF FIDELITY?

According to Psychology Today, *two national telephone surveys conducted by Gallup and NORC found that 95 percent of married Americans had been faithful to their partners during the previous year, that nine out of ten Americans have been faithful to their present spouses during the entire course of their marriages and that about half of the married American population had not had a sexual partner other than their future spouse before marriage. From those figures,* P.T. *concludes that "Americans are a chaste and faithful people, a most monogamous nation." Either that or they have sense enough not to reveal the intimate details of their lives to random telephone callers.*

WEAPONS OF WAR

SACRAMENTO—*A new California law permits authorities to seize the liquor licenses of bar and liquor-store owners who tolerate drug dealing on their property.*

CHICAGO—*Despite numerous arrests, Chicago police have been unable to close down an apartment building that is a haven for drug dealers. Taking matters into its own hands, a neighborhood group, 500 African-American Men for Justice, unearthed a 32-year-old statute that allows lawsuits against "public nuisances." If criminal law can't keep drugs out of neighborhoods, maybe civil law can.*

WE ARE CURIOUS YELLOW

BEIJING—*"Sweep the Yellow," China's war against pornography, has been a howling success. Yellow in China refers to pornography, but primary school students, confused by the slogan, turned in books bound in yellow and bare-bottomed baby pictures. They also went to school armed with brooms. In some towns, sales of pornographic books actually increased when parents, eager that their children meet the school quota, purchased pornography for them to hand over to school officials.*

THE PARTY LINE

VATICAN CITY—*As if there weren't enough spiritual perils to go around, the Vatican has warned Roman Catholics that Zen, yoga and transcendental meditation can "degenerate into a cult of the body," which may come as a surprise to the advocates of those disciplines, who tend to think of them as most affecting the state of the mind. What bugs the Church, according to officials, is the tendency of some religious movements, prayer groups, monasteries and convents to use Eastern meditation improperly. Calling it an "erroneous" method of prayer, the Vatican says that it seems "to impress many Christians, appealing to them as a kind of remedy . . . or as a quick way of finding God" and that attempts to fuse Eastern and Catholic meditation pose "dangers and errors."*

WHAT WOULD HELMS SAY?

LONDON—*"Lady Chatterley's Lover," by D. H. Lawrence, once central to the U.S. debate on what is or is not pornography (it isn't), was adapted by the BBC for a 15-part radio broadcast complete with ex-*

plicit passages and four-letter words. The novel is the most risqué work ever chosen for the 42-year-old program "A Book at Bedtime," and predictably, there was an outcry—though a futile one—from anti-pornography crusaders.

NIGHTMARE ON MAIN STREET

All afternoon, George Bush, wearing tasteful, authoritative charcoal-pinstripe underwear and with a complexion that showed the wonders of liposuction, acted the gracious host to 50 old friends and family members at the White House Easter party. It was business as usual.

But at a policy meeting later that day, he was infuriated to hear that somewhere in the U.S.A., an unidentified and possibly imaginary nonwhite suspected crack addict had pulled a husband and wife from a car, sexually threatened the wife ("Lick you all over for a quarter") and asked the husband for change. "Enough is enough. This unidentified and possibly imaginary nonwhite suspected crack addict is not going to lay off. It will only get worse."

The meeting turned to a consideration of options. One was a surgical criminal procedure. Police would investigate, try to isolate and apprehend a suspect, read him his rights and subject him with all due process to a trial by jury, followed by drug-education programs and humane medical intervention. "Too iffy," said Bush. "Let's do *it* again."

Calling together the PR team that had planned the successful Panama invasion, Bush launched the invasion of America. The task of explaining democratic action was given to Dan Quayle: "We are fed up. The inner city has persisted in a pattern of crime and drug abuse despite years of sanctions." The V.P. was referring to Operation Poverty—a Reagan program that virtually stopped the flow of U.S.-made goods and services into the inner city.

On Easter Sunday, 24,000 troops flew into the South Bronx, Roxbury, Cabrini-Green, Watts and Marion Barry's hotel room. A Justice Department edict declared that search warrants were not necessary: Water taps (wherein the Feds subjected neighborhood sewerage systems to random drug testing) had determined that there was at least one drug user on every block in the inner city.

At a news conference the following Thursday, the usually reserved and well-dressed President seemed almost cocky. Military casualties in the invasion—more than a score dead and 200 wounded—were heartbreaking but nevertheless worth it, he said. "My ratings have gone from a post-Panama high of seventy-six percent to an almost unilateral one hundred percent." When Sam Donaldson pointed out that most people who had opposed the invasion were dead, killed in the heavy shelling of suspected crackhouses, Bush shrugged. "Civilian costs were high. Our reports indicate that for every unidentified nonwhite suspected crack addict apprehended, we killed four hundred citizens—about what we expected. The destruction of private property on average was less costly than expected. We are, after all, talking slums, not military headquarters. But as Lee Atwater points out, there is a bright side to the death toll. We have all but eliminated poverty in America: The average income just rose by ten thousand dollars per capita. Unemployment is a thing of the past. At this rate, we will all be Republicans."

Reporters were hard pressed to provide objective coverage. The Pentagon, having learned its lesson in Grenada and Panama, insisted on a press pool. After securing Elaine's and the chic Tavern on the Green against possible gang retaliation, a group of TV anchor men were able to piece this report together from CNN clips they watched on the TV over the bar.

Opposition to the invasion was fiercer than expected. Battalions of storefront lawyers wearing A.C.L.U. T-shirts took to the streets in guerrilla activity. But they were dealt with by pro-American police units, which had spent the night listening to tapes by the anti-authority rap group Nonwhites with Attitude.

Inevitably, there were mistakes. Many paratroopers missed their landing zones and had to take public transportation. Assuming that anyone with a boom box was the enemy, in the confusion of combat, they killed many briefcase-toting commuters. The shelling of Roxbury destroyed houses in poor neighborhoods, as well as the adjacent Kennedy compound.

Teams of accountants were trying to locate the almost 125 billion dollars of *missing* money that Government experts say the drug trade has rerouted from the standard economy. "That's five hundred and five dollars per person. Would you please check the pockets of the coat you sent to the cleaner's last week?"

The unidentified nonwhite suspected crack addict, when he finally turned himself in to authorities, said that all of his money was tied up in American Continental. "Junk bonds," he said, "are the crack cocaine of the middle class."

Bush said he planned to rebuild the inner city. Responding to critics who asked why the Government hadn't considered funding urban renewal before the invasion, he said, "The Democrats never get it right. First the war, then the Marshall Plan." —JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE PLAYBOY MONROE

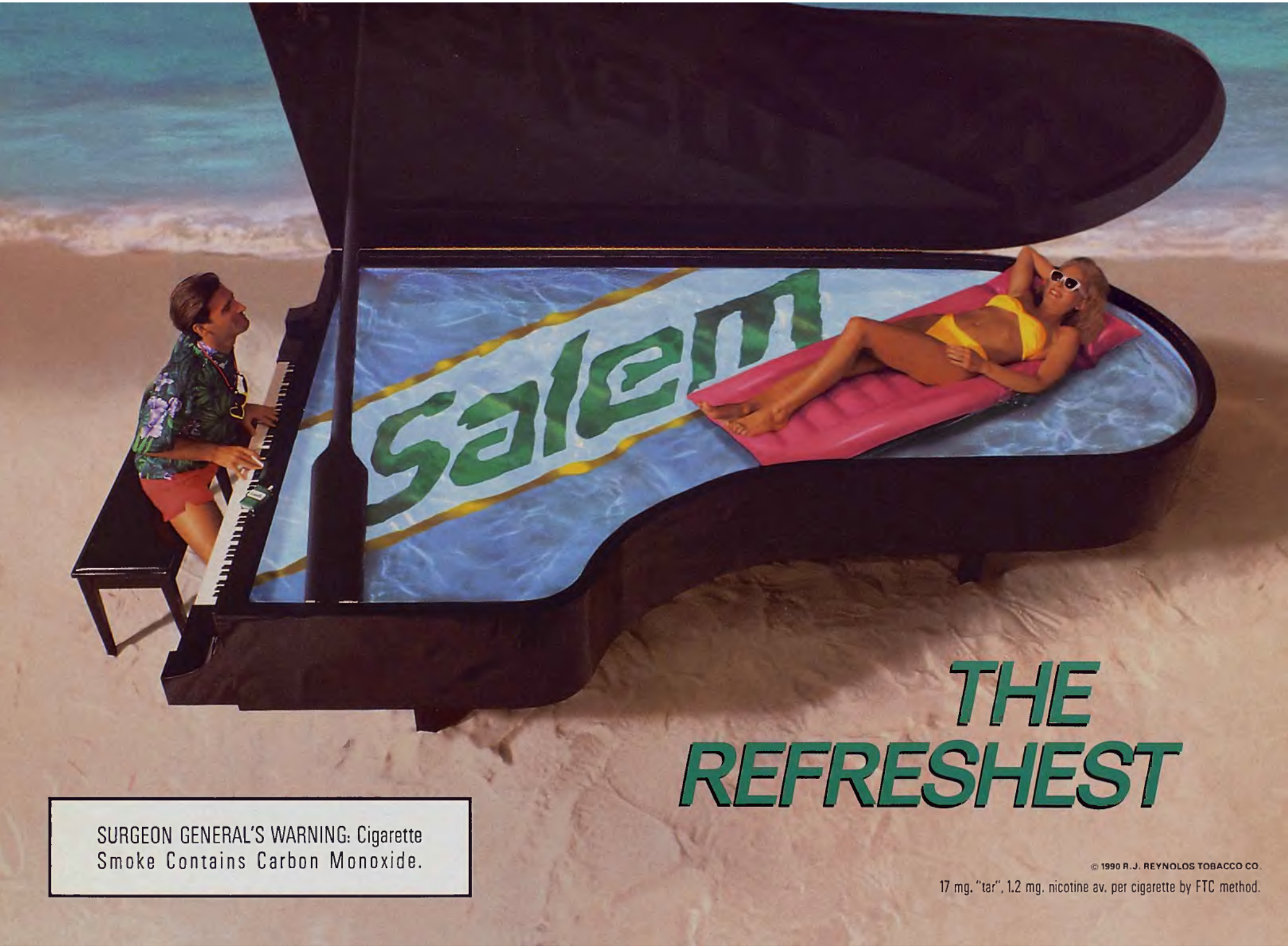
In collaboration with Special Editions, Ltd./Mirage Editions, Inc., Hugh M. Hefner and *Playboy* are pleased to announce the publication, in a limited edition, of the quintessential Marilyn Monroe calendar image from the early Fifties. Appearing in the premiere issue of *Playboy*, this historically important photo was considered so scandalous at the time that very few of the calendars were distributed. The image has since become one of the most sought-after of Marilyn Monroe collectibles. The photograph itself helped create the mystique that was Monroe.

Hefner fondly remembers that after acquiring the photo, he "left walking on air. All I needed to do now was to create a magazine to go with the picture."

In keeping with the significance of this very special image, we have created these museum-quality archival photographic prints, each personally inscribed by Hefner. The edition is limited to 300. Please call now to reserve your Monroe print: 800-228-8819; in California, 213-450-2240. Print price is $600.00, plus $25.00 shipping.

PRINT DOCUMENTATION: TITLE: MARILYN MONROE PRINT CLASSIFICATION: ARCHIVAL CIBACHROME PUBLICATION DATE: MARCH 1, 1990
EDITION SIZE: 300 S/N PAPER SIZE: 29½" x 37" IMAGE SIZE: 29¼" x 36½" LOCATION OF INSCRIPTION: LOWER RIGHT RETAIL PRICE: $600.00
This is to certify that all information and the statements contained herein are true and correct.

This limited-edition product will be protected and authenticated by state-of-the-art Light Signatures® technology. All prints will be accompanied by Print Authentication Certificates to ensure the collectors' peace of mind regarding this most important and beautiful addition to their collections. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. Copyright 1990 Playboy Enterprises, Inc.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

JUST SAY NOTHING, NORIEGA

we created the monster we've now propped up on trial. could be kind of awkward

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Imagine the consternation in the bowels of the White House when they realized the full dimension of their screw-up. The 2000-pound bomb had missed Manuel Noriega. This grotesque progeny of the CIA was still alive to thumb his nose at his creators.

What to do now? A Noriega trial could quickly turn into a Bush-Noriega trial and that wouldn't look too good. Bet on it: If the guy stays alive through a trial, it will mean that a deal has been struck. A deal in which Noriega, in return for leniency, shuts up about the killing, cheating and bombing that was done for the U.S. Government for more than 30 years. If the trial is fair and the man gets to state his case, complete with the secret evidence in the vaults of the U.S. Government, it will be our Cold War way of life that is convicted.

How can the U.S. Government, led by a President who once ran this guy as an operative, now honestly judge him?

"Before American foreign policy set out to destroy Noriega," *The Wall Street Journal* recently concluded, "it helped create him out of the crucible of Panama's long history of conspirators and pirates."

Put more benignly by Senator Patrick Leahy, who has closely followed the intelligence data on Noriega, "I don't think we created him as much as we fed him, nurtured him and let him grow up to be big and strong."

Manuel Noriega was just a kid when the CIA recruited him, but he was a quick learner. And how was he to know that fashions would change? Back when he was a cadet in a Peruvian military academy, the U.S. Government paid him to spy on his fellow students and teachers. We bought any dirt about leftist remarks that he unearthed or manufactured. Impressed with his early grasp of this métier, we encouraged him to rise through the ranks of the Panamanian National Guard despite—or was it because of?—a pattern of drunkenness and violence. A U.S. embassy cable in 1960 reported the arrest of cadet Noriega by Peruvian authorities for raping and savagely beating a "prostitute," but his U.S. mentors chose to ignore this character flaw and kept him on the payroll. Soon after, he was arrested for raping a 13-year-old girl.

During Noriega's next three decades as a paid U.S. agent, his CIA handlers condoned torture as long as Noriega gave Uncle Sam what he wanted—an ally in the war against communism. Quite a guy. To the end, even as he was being led off to jail, Noriega wore medals, including one earned while attending the elite training camps the Pentagon ran in the Canal Zone and at Fort Bragg for the juntas of Latin America.

Nothing new. Noriega was just one of many right-wing generals tapped as champions of the free world. Remember that the U.S. had advance knowledge back in 1968 that the democratically elected government of Panama was to be overthrown by a group of military officers, including Omar Torrijos, who were trained by the Pentagon. The Johnson Administration, fearing that the democratic government had become too independent, welcomed that coup, just as it sanctioned the rapid rise of Noriega, who was a junior member of the new military junta. In those good old days, Torrijos and his henchman Noriega built a military machine that gave the U.S. a solid base for Latin-American espionage.

There was no end of uses for this man, and he went on to ably serve five Administrations. Under Lyndon Johnson, Noriega undermined Panamanian unionists attempting to organize workers on the United Fruit plantations. For Nixon and Ford, he plotted against Cuba. With Carter in the White House, he offered refuge for the shah of Iran and help on the canal treaties. Reagan paid Noriega $200,000 a year in pocket money and millions more in aid for facilitating the attempted overthrow of the government of Nicaragua. We may never know how much of that aid went into Noriega's own pocket; it most likely contributed more to his estimated $300,000,000 personal wealth than what he might have taken from the Colombian drug cartel. He got more from Uncle Sam than most American cities.

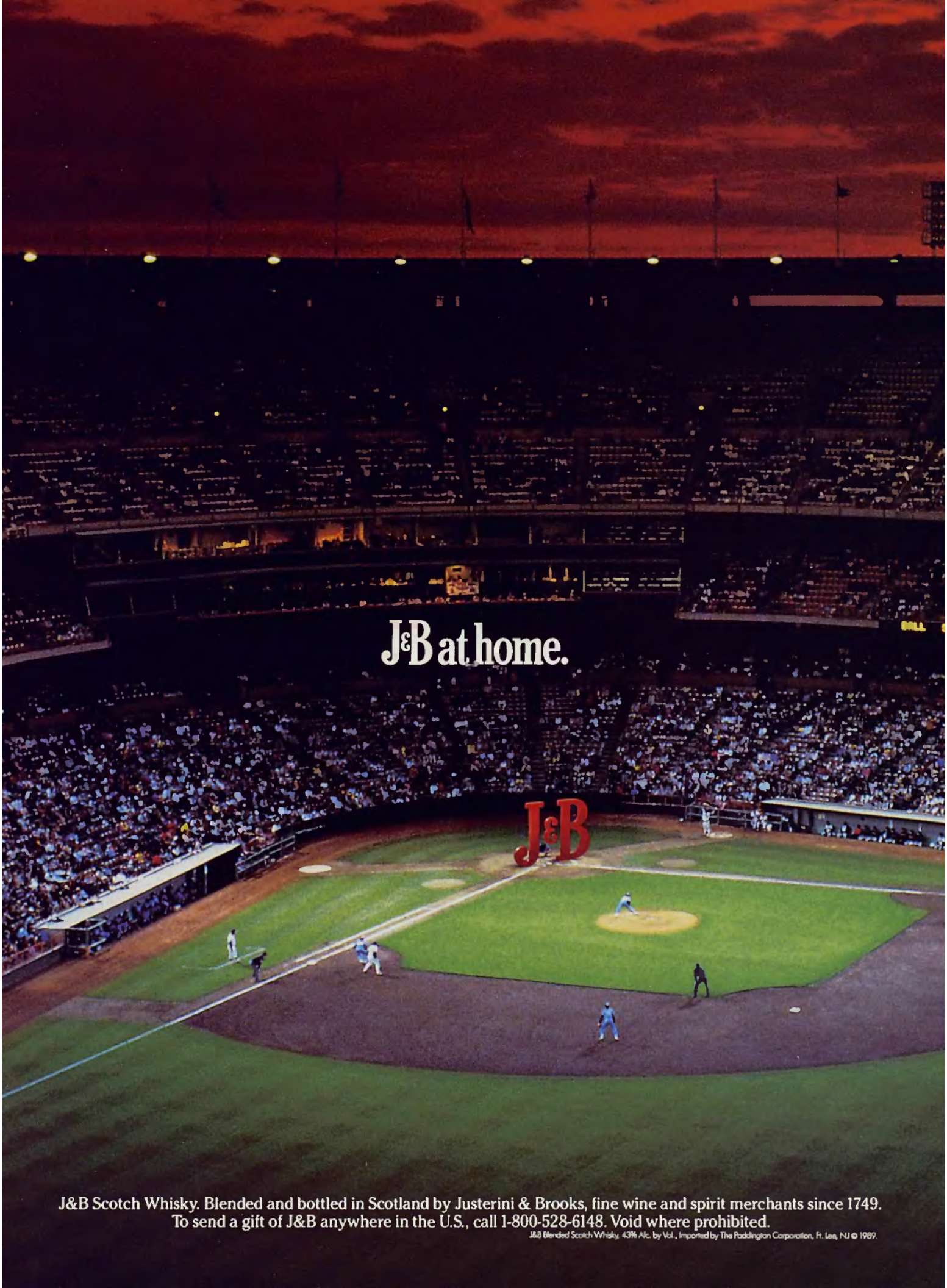
In return, five U.S. Administrations looked the other way as the Panamanian Defense Forces looted their country through the control of prostitution, drugs and gunrunning. Most lucrative was the international banking center that the P.D.F. created to facilitate the laundering of drug profits.

U.S. intelligence agencies had the goods on Noriega's drug ties for at least 16 years before finally bringing charges against him in Florida in 1988. As early as 1972, when Nixon was upholding the national virtue, there was even a plan for the U.S. to assassinate Noriega, according to a Senate Intelligence Committee report.

Bush now insists that he did not know of Noriega's drug dealings until the 1988 indictment. Unbelievable. For that to be true, he would have had to ignore numerous reports that crossed his desk while he served in various Government positions. Admiral Stansfield Turner, who succeeded Bush as CIA Director, terminated direct payments to Noriega and noted later in an interview, "Whenever Bush was in office, Noriega was on the payroll."

In addition to being head of the CIA, Bush as Vice-President was director of the antidrug task force that accumulated a great deal of data on Noriega. Bush was also a member of the National Security Council, which kept close tabs on Noriega's dealings. As Norman Bailey, a former NSC official, testified before Congress about Noriega's drug dealings dating back to the Seventies, "Available to me as an officer of the NSC, and available to any authorized official of the U.S. Government, is a plethora of human intelligence, electronic intercepts and satellite and overflight photographs that, taken together, constitute not just a smoking gun but rather a twenty-one-cannon barrage of evidence."

Perhaps the boxes of evidence collected in Panama will resolve some lingering questions about the Bush-Noriega-*Contra* drug connections. Is it possible that Bush managed to keep himself in the dark while his aides were up to their eyeballs in this sorry *Contra*-Noriega stew? Is it possible that Bush will do what the Reagan Administration did with the Irangate scandal—shift all blame to a dead man, Bush's colleague and later CIA Director, William Casey? If so, we will be expected to believe that Casey acted on his own when he personally met with his dictator-employee no fewer than six times, both in Panama and at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. And the result of those contacts? At Casey's behest, Noriega created an operation in 1983 to train *Contra* rebels. Three years later, Oliver North, acting with Casey's blessings, secretly met Noriega in London to *(concluded on page 177)*



J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.
To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-528-6148. Void where prohibited.

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol., Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ © 1989.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVE BARRY

a candid conversation about scum ponds, beer, suburbia and the sixties with the columnist called "the funniest man in america"

If there's a subject on which Dave Barry doesn't have something funny to say, most U.S. newspaper readers haven't found it yet. A few samples:

On the possibility that your wife is having an affair: "You can tell, because she will inevitably do one of two things—act guilty or, in an effort to trick you, act the same as always. So it's a good idea to accuse her once every two or three days."

On options trading: "This is when you promise to buy something, such as a pork belly, that you would never in a million years actually want to possess and is probably not even permitted in your condominium."

On whether the Vikings discovered America before Columbus: "More and more, historians argue that they did, because this would result in a new national holiday, which a lot of historians would get off."

It is jokes like these that have made Barry, 42, the hottest humor columnist in the country. In the 150 cities where his weekly dispatches appear, fans consider him reason enough to buy the paper. Elsewhere, devotees ask friends to mail (or, better yet, fax) them his columns or manage to content themselves with his nine books (seven originals—only two are compilations of previously published work). Last year's release, "Dave Barry Slept Here," was a reduction ad absurdum *of American history, in which, for simplicity's sake, all important events happened on October eighth (in reality, the birthday of Barry's nine-year-old son, Robert), and in which the Louisiana Purchase was explained in this real-estate ad: "Nice piece of land, approx. 34 billion jillion acres, convenient to West, perfect for growing nation." His tenth book, the frightening "Dave Barry Turns 40," is an original look at the onset of middle age and will be released next month.*

So what is it about Barry's writing that sends adults—including many who don't normally read humor columns—into weekly hysterics? The jurors who in 1988 awarded him a Pulitzer Prize for commentary (a practically unheard-of honor for a humor writer) aren't saying. The New York Times *called him possibly "the funniest man in America" but failed to note that satirizing the* Times' *own pomposity is one of his most potent gimmicks. One Barry character, Mr. Language Person, is a funny-page version of the* Times' *venerable usage expert William Safire. Other columns start off sounding like high-minded, op-ed-page discourses but then deteriorate, at exactly the right moment, into the literary equivalent of a spitball.*

Barry was born and raised (but apparently didn't grow up) in idyllic Armonk, New York. His family, which includes two brothers and a sister, seemed sitcom perfect but had a tragic dark side: His mother was chronically depressed (she committed suicide three years ago); his father, a Presbyterian minister, was an alcoholic. A self-described "tiny geek with glasses," Barry became class clown as a defense against unpopularity. "It often got to the point where, if I made one more joke, (A) the class would really crack up and (B) I was going to be thrown out of school—and I'd make the joke anyway! I couldn't help myself," says Barry.

As an English major at Haverford College in the Sixties, he protested the war, took drugs and played guitar in a series of "awful" rock bands. After embarking on a career as a reporter and humor columnist for the Daily Local News *in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and ending a brief first marriage ("I was too young to drive a car, much less get married"), he married Beth Lenox Pyle, a colleague at the paper. Although he left to teach "effective writing" seminars for corporations, he continued producing weekly columns that were gradually picked up by newspapers around the country.*

In 1986, after The Miami Herald *began syndicating his column nationally, Barry moved to Miami with Beth and Robert. Some Floridians insist that, since Don Johnson left, Barry has become the best-known person in*

"I apologized for my column on President Bush and Vice-President Quayle. I said I occasionally go a little too far. I also said I have the deepest respect for President Snailsucker and Vice-President Dootbrain."

"There are two systems for childbirth. There's the old system, where the man did not have to watch. That was a good system. The man's function was to sit and read old copies of Field & Stream *and smoke Camels."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BRIAN KING

"When I'm on a plane, I don't like it when the pilot is younger than I am. I think there ought to be a rule about that. They ought to check, and if I'm on the plane, the pilot should be older than I am."

Miami. "Hell," he says, "Don Shula is more famous than I am. Don Shula's stomach is more famous than I am." By the time he won the Pulitzer in 1988, his column was appearing regularly in 100 newspapers and his books were guaranteed best sellers. Still, without a national outlet for his writing, he is little known in some cities, a star in others—a dichotomy that he says "is a good reminder of the bullshitness of fame."

To interview Barry, we sent **Fred Bernstein,** *a journalist and himself a humorist, to Minneapolis, where Barry was promoting a new book. Bernstein's report:*

"My biggest question—Is Dave Barry funny in real life?—was answered right away. As we ate dinner in Dave's hotel, he joked about everything from the size of the pepper mill proffered by the waiter ('What is that, a log? You could build cabins in Montana from that thing') to the Caesar salad being prepared at a nearby table ('I thought we'd asked to sit in a no-Caesar-salad section') to the giant pepper mill again ('Why don't they just back a pepper truck up to the table and dump it?').

"The next day, the action shifted to his room, where an NBC news crew was filming a 'typical' day in the life of Dave Barry. A waiter came to the door with a tray of beer and was startled by the clutch of cameramen. Barry, instantly taking on the haughty manner of a Hollywood director/auteur, said to the waiter, 'OK, your motivation is: You're the waiter. And your action is: You're bringing in the tray. And you say, "Where shall I put this?" and I say, "Put it here." Got that?'

"A few weeks later, we met in Miami. Barry gave me a tour of the newsroom at The Miami Herald, *his base of operations, where we were pretty much ignored by his colleagues ('See how they're all pretending not to notice me, because I'm a famous humor columnist?'). In his office, he described his typical day, which includes answering his fan mail, drinking a lot of beer and reading the tabloids—the inspiration for many of his most ridiculous columns (among his particular interests: accounts of turtles trying to make love to scuba divers).*

"Later, we rendezvoused at Barry's house, a modest five-bedroom ranch still piled high with boxes from the family's move there just a week before. As a plumber worked in one of the bathrooms, Barry elaborated on the house's special features, including a giant fireplace ('You need this here in Miami—for the nights when the temperature drops to eighty, with a relative humidity of only ninety-five percent'), introduced his dogs, Earnest and Zippy, which appear to be as stupid as Barry claims in his columns, and showed me the office where he and Robert have computers (Dave's for writing, Robert's for 'blowing up airplanes'). Parked in the driveway were his 'shitkicker' Dodge van and four-wheel-drive Cherokee jeep ('You have to have four-wheel drive in Miami, in case a bale falls out of the sky and you hit a cocaine skid'). Then we sat down, beers in hand and mutts lapping at our feet, and began our discussion."

PLAYBOY: Let's start on a scholarly note. How would you describe your humor?

BARRY: It's vicious, irresponsible, childish and filled with lies. It's a lot like the United States Congress.

PLAYBOY: Yet you won the Pulitzer Prize.

BARRY: Well, it was a slow year for commentary. Besides, I burned the other entries.

PLAYBOY: Still, you *do* discuss ideas.

BARRY: But only obvious ideas, like "People shouldn't be rude" and "We don't *need* a U.S. Government." Really, I'm not trying to change people's minds. In fact, I get really angry when people suggest there's a purpose to my humor. I'm not interested in serious humor, you know, the kind high school teachers love: "Now we're going to read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, class, and it's a real thigh slapper." What's *really* funny is when you're alone with your best friend, and you're fourteen, and something cracks you up that only the two of you understand. That's the kind of sophomoric humor I like. The closer it gets to the "universal themes" of humor, the less likely you are to pee in your pants.

"They'd leave huge mounds of zucchini, a vegetable primarily suitable for ballast. Sometimes we'd wake up and our car would be buried."

PLAYBOY: You're not trying to be universal, yet millions of people find you funny.

BARRY: If that's true, it scares me. I'm just going for entertainment. Nothing I write will change the world. That's why I'm not really comfortable with an NBC news crew coming here to shoot a "typical" day in my life. My typical suburban day would be so boring they'd never want to show it on TV. What they really want is one wacky day in the life of a wacky guy. It just doesn't exist.

[*A high-pitched scream is heard.*]

PLAYBOY: What was that?

BARRY: A peacock. One of our neighbors has a peacock. Either peacocks are just naturally loud birds or this man has got it hooked up to electrodes. But it doesn't bother me at all, really. I'm not about to take a machete and kill this man and his peacock; I want to stress that. Later on, in case something happens to this man or his peacock, I'm on record here.

PLAYBOY: So, is the peacock the reason you bought this new house?

BARRY: Yeah. At our old house, we only had a recording of a peacock that we played each morning. Now we've got a live peacock, which is better. Plus the scum pond.

PLAYBOY: That fountain in the back yard?

BARRY: Yeah, the scum pond is what attracted us to this house in the first place. The ad said, "Five bdrms, 1 scm pnd, must see to appreciate." So we rushed over.

PLAYBOY: Did you pay extra for it?

BARRY: Well, we negotiated. "All right, we'll meet your price, but the scum pond in the back yard stays." They were going to take it along with them. But it was cheap at half the price. We have so much scum now that we're able to take baskets of it to our neighbors.

PLAYBOY: Do they appreciate it?

BARRY: Oh, they love it. It's just like when people bring you zucchini, which they used to do in our old neighborhood in Pennsylvania. They'd never come over when you were home, because then you'd say, "No, thanks, don't need any." Instead, they'd leave it in the middle of the night, huge mounds of zucchini, a vegetable primarily suitable for ballast. Sometimes we'd wake up and our car would be buried under zucchini. We could have retaliated with scum if we'd had a scum pond.

PLAYBOY: What else do people give you?

BARRY: Well, on book tours, people will walk up to me and give me six-packs of beer. They know from my columns that I drink a lot of beer. But you can't really carry a six-pack onto an airplane. Well, you can, but you have to leave your luggage behind. So I've done that.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed that you have a lot of ceiling fans in your home.

BARRY: It's important to have one over every bed, so at night you can lie awake thinking, I wonder who installed that. I wonder if he really knew how to keep that sucker up there, or if it's going to come hurtling down and slice through my thigh like a machete through Wonder bread.

PLAYBOY: They do tend to rock back and forth.

BARRY: They rock back and forth and they creak. They wait until you're just about to fall asleep, and then they go, "Cre-e-e-ak! Feelin' a little loose up here." They actually speak out loud at night.

PLAYBOY: So if you called the guy who installed them——

BARRY: He'd say, "Oh, yeah, yeah, they'll rock on you. Nothing to worry about. We'll come out and check it in the morning." And then he'd flee to the Everglades and get plastic surgery to avoid any chance of your ever finding him again.

PLAYBOY: What was the move like?

BARRY: You become insane trying to empty your house. Your stuff actually tends to multiply. At one point, I watched Beth open a box that had never been opened from the *last* move. She took out all the items one by one and put them into a bigger box, which we then moved *here*, and which is probably in our garage right now, waiting to be thrown away.

PLAYBOY: Or waiting for the next move.

BARRY: Right. And the thing is, we could have bought everything we needed in

IT TOOK 138 YEARS TO MAKE A NON-ALCOHOLIC BREW TASTE THIS GOOD.

Creating a non-alcoholic brew as good as O'Doul's wasn't easy.

It took talent. It took taste. It took tradition.

But most of all it took Anheuser-Busch, with over 138 years of brewing excellence. The kind of excellence you'll discover in O'Doul's.

O'Doul's starts as a fine premium beer. Carefully brewed, fully fermented and cold aged, using only the finest ingredients. Then the alcohol is naturally removed, retaining all the great taste of a fine premium beer.

Smooth. Delicious. Refreshing.

So the next time you'd like a non-alcoholic brew, ask for O'Doul's. You'll enjoy the taste for years to come.

O'DOUL'S. THE TASTE WILL WIN YOU O'VER.

O'Doul's™ malt beverage © 1989 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

fifteen minutes at a K mart. But no one does that. We would be terrible nomads, Beth and I. We would be, like, the only nomads to carry around an aquarium on our backs. And we've never had fish.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst thing about moving?

BARRY: You completely lose your moral values. You get to the point where you justify leaving behind disgusting things for the next owner: cans with one inch of petrified paint left at the bottom—sure, it was purchased during the Truman Administration, and sure, it was there when you moved in, but you leave it, anyway. "In case they need it."

PLAYBOY: Are you doing a lot of work on the house?

BARRY: We're going to add on a bedroom, which should make our lives a living hell. That's what the contractor says: "A living hell." Contractors get joy in telling you that. Apparently, the way they work is, they cut off your water and electricity and food and oxygen supply, and then they rip your house into tiny Chiclet-sized pieces, and then they just leave for three or four months and don't come back, during which time you live in a motel. Then, decades later, the contractor's descendants come back and finish the work in about a day.

PLAYBOY: Could you do the work yourself?

BARRY: I could. I used to be sort of a landlord. I had this idea that we were going to get rich by investing in real estate. I read this book about leverage and depreciation, which were, like, two superheroes who kept appearing, like Batman and Robin. The idea of the book was, we'd use none of our own money and there'd be leverage! And then there'd be depreciation! Following which we'd be rich. Not one place in this book did it mention the word toilet.

PLAYBOY: So what happened?

BARRY: First of all, the bankers laughed at the concept of our not using any of our money. They would have other bankers come in from different banks and they'd sit them down and have us repeat the part about how we weren't going to use any of our own money. Then they'd laugh hysterically and hurl documents into the air.

Then, when we finally bought a building, there were only seven apartments, but there were, like, seventy toilets, and every one of them had had an inappropriate object shoved down it by a tenant. You know how tenants sit around, tenanting, and then, suddenly, one of them will leap up and yell, "I've *got* it! Let's put an accordion in the toilet!" So I became the plumber, and now I'll pay any price not to have to do it in my own house, any price at all. If the guy wants to take my son in exchange for fixing my toilet, then we'll just have to have another child.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you miss your son?

BARRY: I'd miss him, but someday Robert will have to go out into the world. And I'm still going to need a toilet.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Beth plan to have any more kids?

BARRY: No. It was really Beth's decision. I don't know if you've ever seen a baby being born——

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it.

BARRY: Well, first of all, there are two systems for childbirth. There's the old system, under which I was born, where the man did not have to watch. That was a *good* system. The man's function was to sit in the waiting room and read old copies of *Field & Stream* and smoke a lot of Camels. As for the woman, she *did* have to be in the delivery room—you understand that part, right?—but she was given extensive narcotics and didn't wake up until the child was entering about the third grade.

So it was really a good system. The only people who actually had to watch the baby come out were trained medical personnel wearing masks and getting paid for it. But later, in the mid-Seventies, without any legislation being passed that *I* know of, the man was suddenly required to *go and watch the baby being born!* Not only that but there were even classes——

PLAYBOY: You mean Lamaze?

BARRY: Yeah. My wife and I went to classes where we sat around in a room with people we didn't know and discussed things like the uterus.

PLAYBOY: What was that like?

BARRY: Well, there was a time in my life when I would have *killed* for reliable information about the uterus. But having discussed it in detail, and having seen actual full-color pictures of it, while I respect it a great deal as an organ, it's lost a lot of its sparkle for me.

Anyway, in these classes, they kept talking about "contractions." They never used the word pain.

So when the great day came and the baby was actually coming out, Beth was making noises like a whale, and she tried the breathing exercises and they were really effective for, oh, I'd say fifteen, possibly even twenty seconds. Then she switched to the more traditional method, which is screaming for drugs. But they didn't give her anything for the pain—I mean, the contractions—because they wanted her to have a full, complete, natural childbirth. Which is why I think we have just the one child. I mean, I've told her I'd be up for another child, but her answer is always, "Well, then, *you* have it."

PLAYBOY: Were you helpful when Robert was a baby?

BARRY: Yeah, I changed diapers, did all that stuff. A baby's output is amazing, especially when you're toilet training him. It's like when you have a dog, you're ready to nominate him for the Nobel Prize the first time he doesn't pee on the carpet. It's the same with kids. You end up calling your parents and saying, "Guess what?

THE STRIKING NEW COBRAS
UltraStylish. UltraSmall.
UltraSensitive.
The sleek Cobra Trapshooter Ultra packs the forefront of technology into the palm of your hand.
Its three warning systems alert you by voice ("be careful, slow down"), melody or tone.
3 anti-falsing systems filter out unwanted signals. Separate indicators for "X" and "K" bands, and extra sensitive "PULSE" detection. Both sound and LED meter indicate signal strength... even over hills and around bends.
Cobra
DYNASCAN CORPORATION
For dealer location call 1-800-COBRA 22.

Robby made poo-poo in the potty." "Oh, good, put him on." I have a theory that having a child lowers everyone's I.Q. All you ever talk about is poo-poo. A few days earlier, you were solving the Middle East situation.

PLAYBOY: What happened after Robert was toilet trained?

BARRY: He could go all by himself, but he would never go except in public rest rooms. And if it was a really disgusting rest room, a rest room where there were skeletons of Board of Health employees who had died trying to inspect it, he would have to do number two. He'd go into the stall, and he was so little that you couldn't see his feet, and I would have to stand there, guarding the door, because you can't just leave a kid in a public rest room, especially in Florida, where they would steal him and sell him for parts. So I would be standing there, and inevitably, some stranger would walk in, and I'd feel obligated to somehow alert this person to the fact that I'm not a pervert lurking but a parent guarding his child. So I'd say, "How's it going in there, Robert?" And of course, he wouldn't answer, so I'd basically look like a person talking to a toilet stall. That's my main memory of early parenthood.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your work—do you *like* writing?

BARRY: Well, it's terrible doing a weekly column, because it's like always having a term paper due. Worse than a term paper, really, because if you don't do it, they can take away your house. Still, the writing part is better than anything that happens *after* the writing is done.

PLAYBOY: Like what? Like being edited?

BARRY: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying people change your Pulitzer Prize–winning columns?

BARRY: Well, my editor at *The Miami Herald* edits me only if he doesn't think it's funny. He's the only person who has less taste than I do. So if I wrote an entire column about eel boogers, he might say, "No, you used eel boogers last week." That would be his only criticism. But some newspapers edit me for taste, which usually means eliminating all the punch lines. When they're done, there's this dead carcass of a column, not funny at all, the kind of thing you might use to console a widow.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any particularly egregious examples?

BARRY: Well, I wrote one column in which I called the President "sputumhead." You know, George Herbert Walker Armoire Vestibule Sputumhead Bush IV. Aristotle made exactly the same joke many times. But the *Bangor Daily News* in Maine changed it to "I have nothing but the deepest personal respect for President Bush and Vice-President Quayle." Now, my feeling is that if the *Bangor Daily News* doesn't think it's funny or thinks it's too tasteless to run, then they shouldn't run it. I certainly respect their right to drop a column, but they don't have the right to change what I said and then leave my by-line on it.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

BARRY: I apologized. I wrote this long column about how really sorry I was, but occasionally, in an effort to be funny, I go a little too far. And I also said that I have nothing but the deepest personal respect for President Snailsucker and Vice-President Dootbrain.

PLAYBOY: Doot?

BARRY: Doot. D-O-O-T.

PLAYBOY: Does it mean anything?

BARRY: No, it's kind of like a mild, nursery school way of saying shithead, I guess. You can't really write Vice-President Shithead. We haven't progressed that far in American journalism.

PLAYBOY: We haven't?

BARRY: No, I can't say shit at all. The other words I can't use are fuck, piss, cock, cunt, prick. Pretty much the same words that George Carlin said you can't use on TV. And probably for good reason, though I'm not sure what that reason is. To me, you know, words are words and nobody gets hurt by them. My son is nine years old and I listen to him and his friends talk and I know for a fact I have never written in any column half the words they have used routinely since kindergarten. So I have a hard time taking

FINALLY, YOU DON'T NEED A DUAL INCOME TO AFFORD DUAL WOOFERS.

The new Advent® Heritage loudspeakers offer handcrafted pecan cabinetry and digital-ready, dual-cone technology.

Two 8-inch, high-excursion woofers produce low frequencies, while the ferrofluid filled, polyamid tweeter provides wide dispersion and imaging of higher frequencies.

So when you get a pair, you won't spend a fortune. It will only sound like you did.

THE HERITAGE BY ADVENT®

Sound as it was meant to be heard.

DIGITAL READY

©1990 International Jensen Inc.
Advent® is a registered trademark of International Jensen Inc.

it too seriously when newspapers get puritanical.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything else you don't like about your job?

BARRY: One big problem is being recognized. In Miami, my picture is in the *Herald* and when we go out, inevitably, people recognize me. It's flattering, but it's not what I want. I'm a little scared of it, too. If I could push a button and never have anyone recognize me in public, I would.

PLAYBOY: You could choose not to have your photo in the paper. Or just use a twenty-year-old picture. Isn't that what Ann Landers does?

BARRY: Maybe I could use Ann Landers' photo.

PLAYBOY: It looks as much like you as it does like her.

BARRY: Yes, I could use Ann's. She writes all my stuff, anyway. It's time you knew that.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about going out and promoting your books?

BARRY: It's a pain. I was in Spokane, Washington, and one of the local TV stations said, "OK, we're just going to follow you around for the day. We want you to do whatever it is you would normally do; don't pay any attention to us." Then everything I did they'd ask me to do again differently. They'd say, "Dave, could you come out of the building again? But this time, could you turn left instead of right?" And they would watch that, and then they would say, "No, no, it was better when you turned right." If you told them, "John F. Kennedy is going to be assassinated in Dallas at exactly twelve-thirty P.M. on November twenty-second," they would say, "No, we can't do it there. The light is wrong." And then they'd say, "No, no, can you back up the car a minute? Lee, could you lean out the window a little farther?"

PLAYBOY: You're about to begin another book tour, aren't you?

BARRY: Yes. The book's called *Dave Barry Turns 40*.

PLAYBOY: You're forty-two. Isn't that a little old to be writing about turning forty?

BARRY: But, see, I had to turn forty to get to forty-two. That's one of the technical areas I cover in the book.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy doing talk shows?

BARRY: Yeah. I especially love shows on FM stations in places like Cowpark, Iowa. Shows with names like *Focus on Talking*. Except when they're interviewing authors, they play music by bands with names like Death Penis. You walk in and there's a receptionist with a nail through her nose, and then you go back into some tiny little room and record this half-hour interview with some guy who keeps nodding off, and his head keeps banging into the table. He asks questions like, "Dave, what led you to write [name of your book]?" Then he sits there without listening. Then he asks, "Dave, what do you want us to feel when we're done reading [name of your book]?" Then he sits there again without listening, and finally he asks, "Dave, what lies ahead after you're done with [name of your book]?" You know they're going to air it on Sunday morning at six A.M., when all of their listeners have no brain-wave activity.

PLAYBOY: Is every interview that bad?

BARRY: Some are a lot worse. Like when it's a call-in show. I'm not really a topic you can call in about. So people call in and say, "Dave, I love your column." And I say, "Well, thanks." "Really love it and just wanted to tell you that." "OK, thanks very much." People in eleven states are driving off the road from boredom.

PLAYBOY: But you've done *Carson* and *Letterman*.

BARRY: On shows like those, I'm usually the guy who follows the singing turtles. I am always the last act. I'm what's called an author spot, which usually airs after the show ends. Sometimes, everybody goes home and the author comes out and sits there.

When I did *Letterman*, I assumed he wanted me to be funny. But then he started asking me questions about Miami and my background, like we've got all day. It was like listening to two guys talking in a 7-Eleven. So we chatted for two or three minutes about Miami, and then it was time for a commercial, and then the show was over. And I had to fly all the way to New York for that.

PLAYBOY: Normally, do you think Letterman's funny?

BARRY: Yeah, I've always liked his humor.

PLAYBOY: He's occasionally accused of being mean-spirited.

BARRY: Really?

PLAYBOY: Yeah.

BARRY: Then fuck him.

PLAYBOY: Have you been on Pat Sajak's show?

BARRY: Yeah, sure. I got to sit next to the famous rock star Michael Damian, who wears pants made out of, like, three molecules and has the entire petrochemical output of Libya in his hair. A lot of women in the audience, the girls, really liked him. They were getting turned on. Then *I* came out and it was kind of like Sister Mary, the nun, had suddenly appeared. That's how I affect them sexually.

PLAYBOY: You don't think women find you sexually attractive?

BARRY: People don't think of writers as sex objects. The women who write to me and suggest that we ought to have sex usually turn out to be, like, eighty. And their letters always end with, "Just joking." Young women never send me naked pictures. If there are any young women out there who would like to, I'd be grateful, very grateful. But it's never happened. I keep checking my mail.

PLAYBOY: What do you get?

BARRY: A lot of pictures of people's dogs.

PLAYBOY: Naked?

BARRY: Yeah, starkers. But they don't do anything for me. Not the way they used to.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy all the time you spend traveling on airplanes?

BARRY: I basically like any environment where you can sit down and have a bloody mary brought to you.

PLAYBOY: Not beer?

BARRY: No, because after you have a beer, you have to pee, you know. I don't want to get too detailed here, but——

PLAYBOY: This is *Playboy*.

BARRY: OK, then. The advantage of bloody marys is that you don't have to fight your way past morons in the aisle to get to the bathroom. For some reason, when the airlines deregulated, they apparently felt obligated to lower the average I.Q. of the passengers. As a result, there are all these people who, if they get up for some reason—like to find a coloring book—can't get back to their seats. I wonder to myself, These people got dressed somehow. They seem to be capable of speech, but they're not capable of finding their seats on an airplane. How could that be?

PLAYBOY: Does flying scare you?

BARRY: Yes, but only because in high school, when they showed us that little demonstration about how airplanes stay up, there were all those little arrows moving over the wings. That I understood. But when I fly, I look out the window and I never see any arrows. And another thing: Where do they keep all the fuel? Huh? Huh? Thousands of gallons, and you never see it. Where is it, in the beverage cart?

PLAYBOY: They say flying is the safest way to travel.

BARRY: I know. I know. You're actually safer when you're thirty-five thousand feet in the air in a plane than you are when you're driving to work. And I believe that's true up to the point where the plane crashes.

PLAYBOY: Are you nervous on a plane?

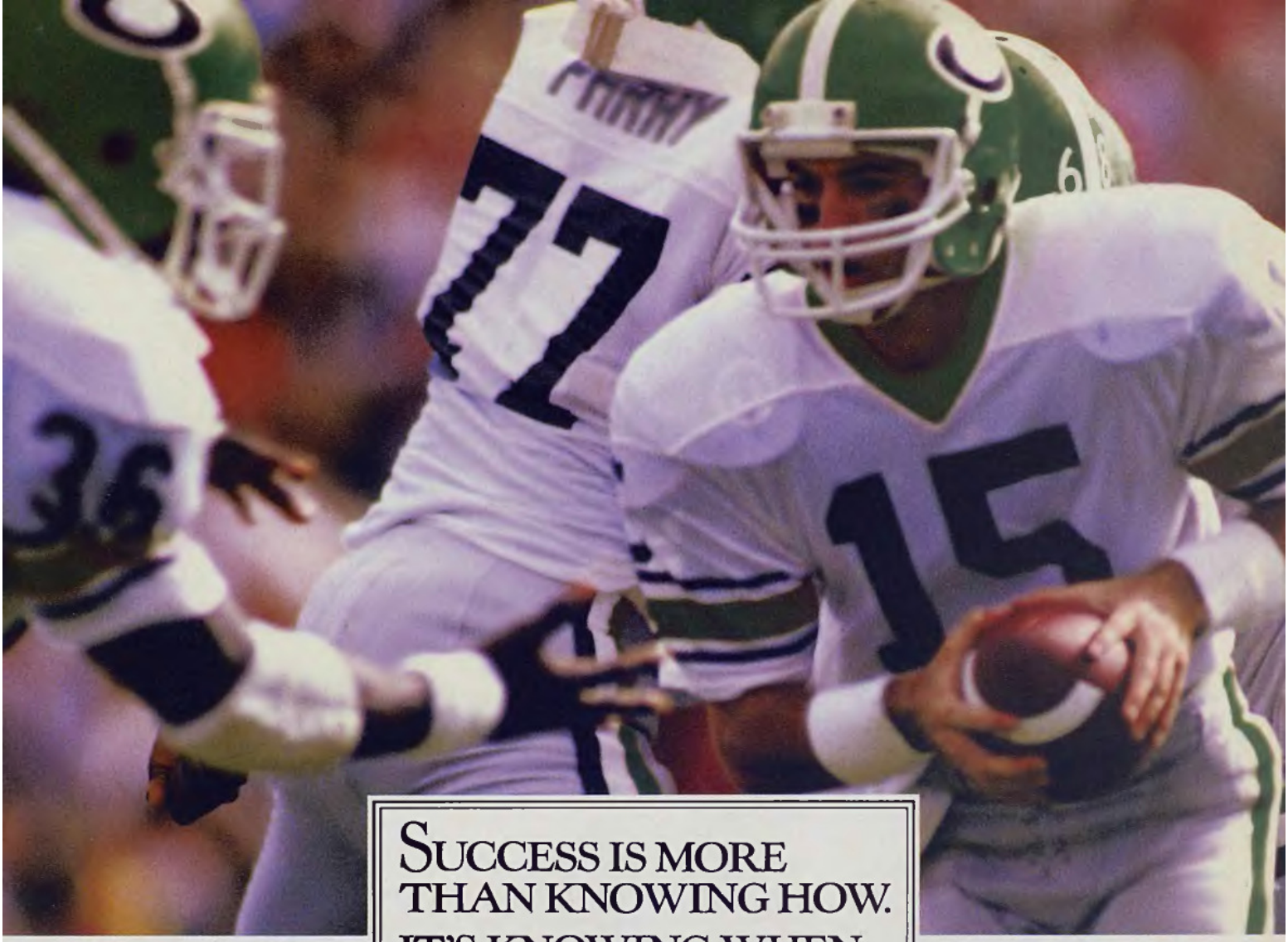
BARRY: No, though I don't like it when the pilot is younger than I am. I think there ought to be a rule about that. They ought to check, and if I'm on the plane, the pilot should be older than I am. Too often, it looks like the flight crew is just being a flight crew to raise money for their class trip.

PLAYBOY: It's probably because of deregulation.

BARRY: Right. Under deregulation, anybody who can produce two forms of identification is allowed to own an airline. People whose only training is in installing aluminum rain gutters are running airlines. The difference is, when rain gutters fall down, you can just nail them up again.

PLAYBOY: You could own an airline.

BARRY: Right. Air Dave. The pilots would have names that sound good, like First Officer LaGrange Weevil or Captain Deltoid P. Hamsterlicker. At mealtime, they would land, on an interstate if necessary, and take everyone to a decent restaurant. Also, anyone who ordered a light beer



SUCCESS IS MORE THAN KNOWING HOW. IT'S KNOWING WHEN.

Football players work years building up their size, strength and speed, but football games are won with timing.

When the defense is spread out and the linebackers have dropped back, you don't have to be an All-Pro to gain big yardage from a simple draw play.

Timing is the secret of everything in life, especially in treating hair loss. The sooner you start using *Rogaine,* the better your chances of success.

Two million men have already tried *Rogaine.* It's not a conditioner or cosmetic. It's a treatment for male pattern baldness of the crown that's been tested by dermatologists and is available only with a prescription from your doctor.

So if you always want to look the best you can, see your doctor now about *Rogaine*... while time is still on your side.

For more information, a list of doctors near you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor (sorry, this offer is available for men only), call this toll-free number or send us the attached business reply card or the coupon below.

IF YOU'RE LOSING YOUR HAIR, DON'T LOSE TIME. SEE YOUR DERMATOLOGIST OR FAMILY DOCTOR OR CALL: 1-800-558-2500 EXT. 616

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

Upjohn ©1990 The Upjohn Company J-2777

Please send me a $10 certificate as an incentive to see my doctor. Send coupon to: The Upjohn Company, PO Box 9040, Opa Locka, FL 33054-9944 616

(PLEASE PRINT)

LAST NAME_____ FIRST_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

TELEPHONE NO.( ) _____

☐ I am requesting a list of dermatologists or doctors in my area.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups: *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn
The Upjohn Company

©1990 The Upjohn Company J-2777 February 1990

would be ejected over Utah at thirty-five thousand feet.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a thing about light beer.

BARRY: Yeah, and I got a letter the other day from a light beer asking if I would appear in their commercial. But that brings up the problem of ethics, by which I mean, they'd have to pay me a *lot* of money. Quite frankly, all light beers, in my opinion, are rat urine. I take beer seriously. I take beer probably more seriously than religion. In fact, there's no contest. I'm one of those people who say if we can land a man on the moon, we should be able to make beer at least as good as Paraguay does.

PLAYBOY: So you're not happy with beer in this country?

BARRY: Well, any beer advertised by sports figures, or by sweaty guys doing sweaty-guy stuff on television, I can almost guarantee will be bad beer.

PLAYBOY: That's it. Once this interview appears, you'll never get a beer commercial.

BARRY: And *Playboy* will lose all its beer ads.

PLAYBOY: Hmmmm.

BARRY: Of course, there's a lot of damn *good* beer advertised in *Playboy*. We have to stress that.

PLAYBOY: So do you drink a particular beer?

BARRY: I drink imported beer mostly. Or beer from microbreweries.

PLAYBOY: Microbreweries?

BARRY: Yeah, little breweries that no one's ever heard of. Actually, I used to make pretty good beer in my basement. The only problem was, you'd have to wait six weeks before you could drink it. So it's probably faster to go into a bar, but not always.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of doing stand-up comedy?

BARRY: A lot of people have asked me that. And I do make speeches. But I think I'm funnier in print. As a writer, I can manipulate the words until they say exactly what I'm thinking. Besides, you can't be funny at night. Newton proved that, right? So I'd have to perform at prayer breakfasts, which are not as good. Take my waffles, please.

PLAYBOY: What kind of organizations do you give speeches for?

BARRY: Big Brothers and Big Sisters, and an organization that makes products to help deaf children hear. I also do a lot of work for mental health.

PLAYBOY: Any special reason?

BARRY: My sister, Kate, is a schizophrenic. We were very close when we were kids, and then she got this disease. They tried a lot of different treatments, but nothing really worked, and she ended up in an institution. She has basically made peace with it. She's still as charming and intelligent as ever, but she's in another world. So I call her from time to time, but I don't even want to

"Best deal in town" — PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

ACT NOW!
To Receive a Virtually

FREE LAS VEGAS VACATION

A fabulous 3-day, 2-night vacation in Las Vegas! Lavish accommodations, two spectacular shows, unlimited drinks, a valuable gift, even chips to gamble with! The vacation of a lifetime virtually FREE if you act before May 9, 1990.

Pamela Lawson
Actress/Model

You will receive over $1000 in casino action upon arrival as explained below.

Act Before May 9, 1990
Vacation anytime until May 1, 1991

BENEFITS PER COUPLE

- A deluxe room for two for 3 days and 2 nights at Vegas World Hotel and Casino, which offers every amenity, including individually controlled air conditioning, direct dial telephones and color television.

$1000.00 CASINO ACTION (as follows)

- $400 LIVE ACTION — 400 one dollar chips to gamble with as you wish. Each chip is good for ONE PLAY, (win or lose), on all even money bets at any table game (craps, blackjack, roulette, etc.). That's 400 chances to win, and you may wager from one to as many chips as you like on each wager.
- $400 in slot machine action good on dollar slot machines located throughout the casino. Win up to $1000 on each pull.
- $200 in your choice of Table Action chips or dollar slot machine action as outlined above.
- FREE FINE GIFT from among five shown here.
- 4 Keno plays. Win up to $12,500.00 each.
- GUARANTEED WINNER on first slot bet. Win from 2 to 2000 coins, GUARANTEED.
- SHOW RESERVATION SERVICE to *all* Las Vegas shows — even the hard-to-get ones.
- SHOW TICKETS for two to TWO fabulous Las Vegas shows to make your stay truly exciting.
- UNLIMITED DRINKS of your choice (valid in all Vegas World casino bars and lounges).
- Two chances to win ONE MILLION DOLLARS instantly — world's largest jackpot.
- FREE GAMBLING GUIDE to assist you in playing the various table games.
- A pair of genuine Vegas World dice.
- A deck of casino quality playing cards.
- A souvenir photo of yourself with ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
- All winnings paid in CASH. Keep what you win.
- You receive all of the above with no obligation to gamble with any of your own money.
- No additional charges of any kind.

You'll stay at the famous Vegas World Hotel-Casino on the fabulous "Strip."

A Mega-Million dollar 1000+ room space-age hotel-casino extravaganza. Featured twice on "60 Minutes," the Merv Griffin Show and Ripley's Believe It Or Not.

Enjoy action, entertainment, excitement and resort accommodations virtually free as part of the VIP package. Reservations for this special Gift/Vacation are extremely limited.

Offer Expires May 9, 1990

FREE GIFT

For a limited time, if you accept our invitation, you will receive one of the valuable gifts below — guaranteed. Selection by random drawing upon arrival for your vacation. (Shipping included.)

13" Sylvania color TV with touch channel selection. Value: $189

Zenith VCR with remote. Value: $299

U.S. currency—a five hundred dollar bill. Value: $500

Hawaiian Holiday—6 days 5 nights in Waikiki plus additional benefits. Value: $300+

Real Slot Machine plus $300 in quarters. Value: $1,395

MILLION DOLLAR EARLY BIRD BONUS

If you accept our invitation by **May 2, 1990,** you will also receive as an absolutely free bonus, two $100 entries into the World's Richest SuperSlot Tournament played daily. The guaranteed 1st prize is $1,000,000.00 and there are many additional cash prizes. This bonus is reserved for those able to accept our offer by **midnight May 2, 1990.**

Accept your invitation now

by calling our toll free number or fill out and mail the coupon. A redeemable reservation fee of $198 per person is required. For this fee, you will receive chips, scrip and one of the valuable gifts shown making your vacation virtually free.

PRIVILEGES AND PROVISIONS

1. Valid seven days a week **until May 1, 1991** except holidays and major holiday weekends. Reservations can be made now or later, but all reservations must be made at least 20 days before arrival.
2. A reservation fee of $198 per person (total $396) must be mailed to guarantee your arrival. For your reservation fee you will receive, upon arrival, all of the benefits as described.
3. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE — We guarantee you reservations on the dates you choose or your reservation fee will be refunded in full.
4. RESERVATIONS — No Thursday or Saturday arrivals. Rescheduling of reservations must be received in our office 72 hours prior to planned check-in time or this offer and your reservation fee will be forfeited. Your invitation is also completely transferable to anyone you choose.
5. All gifts furnished by National Premiums with the exception of the Hawaiian Holiday which is provided by Holiday Travel of America and subject to their conditions. You may also exchange any awarded free gift for a substitute gift as posted in casino.
6. Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
7. Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room availability, you must act before **May 9, 1990.**

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO ORDER BY PHONE

CALL TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY 1-800-634-6301

Bob Stupak's VEGAS WORLD HOTEL CASINO

YES I wish to take advantage of your Las Vegas VIP Vacation/Gift opportunity. I have enclosed my reservation fee (check or money order) for $396 for two people. I understand I have **until May 1, 1991** to take my vacation, and that during my stay, I will receive all of the benefits listed. Limit one gift per couple. (Please make check payable to: Vegas World Vacation Club.)

Mail to: VEGAS WORLD Hotel-Casino
Dept. VC, 2000 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Vegas, NV 89104

Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my ☐ **Visa** ☐ **MasterCard** ☐ **Discover** ☐ **American Express**

Acct. No. _____ **Exp. Date** _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date:

_____, 19____

☐ I will make my reservation at a later date.

Signature _____

OFFER EXPIRES MAY 9, 1990 C9071 PB

do that too often, because it just reminds her of her other life. Really, there's nothing I can do, except once in a while send her fifty dollars for cigarettes. So if a mental-health organization asks me to talk, I usually agree, even though it's an obvious attempt to deal with my own guilt.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be very open about personal subjects.

BARRY: Well, I'm not afraid or embarrassed to talk about my life. But I guess I don't quite understand why my life should be more important than anyone else's. It troubles me that because I write a humor column, people would care more about the fact that my sister is a schizophrenic than the fact that the mailman's sister is a schizophrenic, when the problem is essentially the same. That's the American celebrity obsession.

PLAYBOY: But don't you enjoy having power to influence people?

BARRY: There are plenty of other columnists who devote their lives to persuading readers through logical discourse. That's not what I'm trying to do. I just look for ways to make people laugh—whether the joke makes me seem left wing or whether it makes me seem right wing. And I routinely get accused of being both.

PLAYBOY: More often than not, the accusation is that you're left wing.

BARRY: Yeah, well, I spend a lot of time attacking Republican Presidents, but that's just because the Democrats are so profoundly incompetent that we never have a Democratic President. I'd cheerfully attack Democrats if they had any talent.

PLAYBOY: Then if you attack George Bush, it's because he is in the White House?

BARRY: Also, he's kind of a dork; let's face it. Nothing personal. I love the guy, I've got all his albums, but he is kind of a dork.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think of yourself as apolitical?

BARRY: If anything, I'm an anarchist. Not in the sense of running around, throwing bombs at politicians, which is sort of what everybody's perception of anarchy is. I just have a very strong antigovernment bias. A lot of it comes from journalism. Once you see government bodies operate up close, you begin to realize that no one connected with them is any better than you are, so you begin to wonder why they're in charge of your life.

PLAYBOY: Yet you follow politics.

BARRY: Yes, but I don't—and this is serious—I don't acknowledge that the Government has a valid moral function in people's lives. And I don't vote. That's not because I'm lazy but because I feel that the process is a fraud, having witnessed up close and in person the way candidates are chosen in this country. Not voting is a way of saying something, and eventually, maybe people will recognize it as that kind of statement.

PLAYBOY: How would you reform the system?

BARRY: I'd stage the entire election as what it really is, a television show. Do it just like the Miss America Pageant. Have the candidates go around wearing sashes and stuff. We could use an applause meter to pick the winner, or maybe do it by phone.

PLAYBOY: With a nine-hundred number?

BARRY: Yeah. So you'd have to really care—you'd have to spend fifty cents to vote. It would be like calling a nine-hundred number to vote on whether you approve of Oprah's weight loss. I mean, what kind of moron would call up about Oprah Winfrey's weight loss? Why don't they just hook those lines up to a generator and jolt everyone who calls with sixty thousand volts? *Then* we'd be on our way to beating the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: I gather you don't care about Oprah's weight.

BARRY: I care *deeply*. The problem is, when Oprah lost all that weight, her head didn't get any smaller. And so she looks kind of like a person carrying a balloon.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about America's place in the world?

BARRY: No, I think it will stay right where it is, between the Atlantic and the Pacific. But imported foreign humor, that's becoming a big problem. The Japanese are sending over these great jokes that really *work*.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite humorists?

BARRY: Roy Blount Jr. I think he's a really wonderful writer. Calvin Trillin. I think he's very funny. P. J. O'Rourke. P.J. buys me beer, so I have to say I like him. P. G. Wodehouse I always liked a lot. Walt Kelly—*Pogo*. I liked Woody Allen when he wrote, which I don't think he does anymore.

PLAYBOY: He still writes screenplays.

BARRY: Yeah, he became Ingmar Bergman. I wish he would go back to doing yuks. Steve Martin, too. I liked him when he had the arrow through his head.

PLAYBOY: Do you think certain groups of people are funnier than others?

BARRY: Well, I'm a WASP, but I don't think WASPs are funny. In this country, anyway, it's the persecuted minorities who are funny, as opposed to your serious power-structure-type individuals.

PLAYBOY: Are you the funniest WASP in America?

BARRY: No, that would be Martin Mull. I'm probably the funniest son of a Presbyterian minister in America I know of living in the Miami area right now.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of which, what was it like being born to a Presbyterian minister?

BARRY: Smooth transition, *Playboy*. Is this where we start talking about my life?

PLAYBOY: You got it.

BARRY: Well, I would have preferred being born to someone in the Donald Trump category of income. As my mother used to say, "It's better to be rich and happy than poor and sick." Those are words I've learned to live by.

PLAYBOY: So it wasn't fun being born to a preacher?

BARRY: It worked out all right. Though, as a child, I had to constantly overcome the threat that people would think I was a good person.

PLAYBOY: People thought you were a goody-goody?

BARRY: Yeah, well, they assumed that I would be. And so I was a wiseass instead. I couldn't resist making a joke. People would tell me that if I didn't eventually settle down, I wouldn't get anywhere in life. [*Laughs*] Where are they now? They're nothing. And I've got my own scum pond.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think your sense of humor came from?

BARRY: My mother was an incredibly funny woman, though I didn't realize it until I was already grown up and started noticing that other people's mothers were, by comparison, extremely normal. She lived a kind of depressing life, though. She grew up in Nebraska during the Depression. She was born, literally, in a sod hut, and I think that made life permanently hard for her. But she took absolutely nothing seriously. When we went swimming, she'd yell, in this perfect June Cleaver voice, "Don't drow-w-wn," and we'd go, "We won't." That was our way of relating to each other. I could always make her laugh and she could always make me laugh.

PLAYBOY: Did she make other people laugh as well?

BARRY: Yeah. I remember when we'd go into the deli near our house, the guy behind the counter would say, "How are you doing, Marian?" and my mother would say, "Just shitty, Bob," and I would be really *proud* of her. She knew that it was inappropriate, but she also knew that it was funny.

PLAYBOY: Did she live long enough to see you make a career of being funny?

BARRY: Yes, she did, and I think there was a certain amount of jealousy on her part, because we had essentially the same sense of humor. She wrote letters that read a lot like my columns.

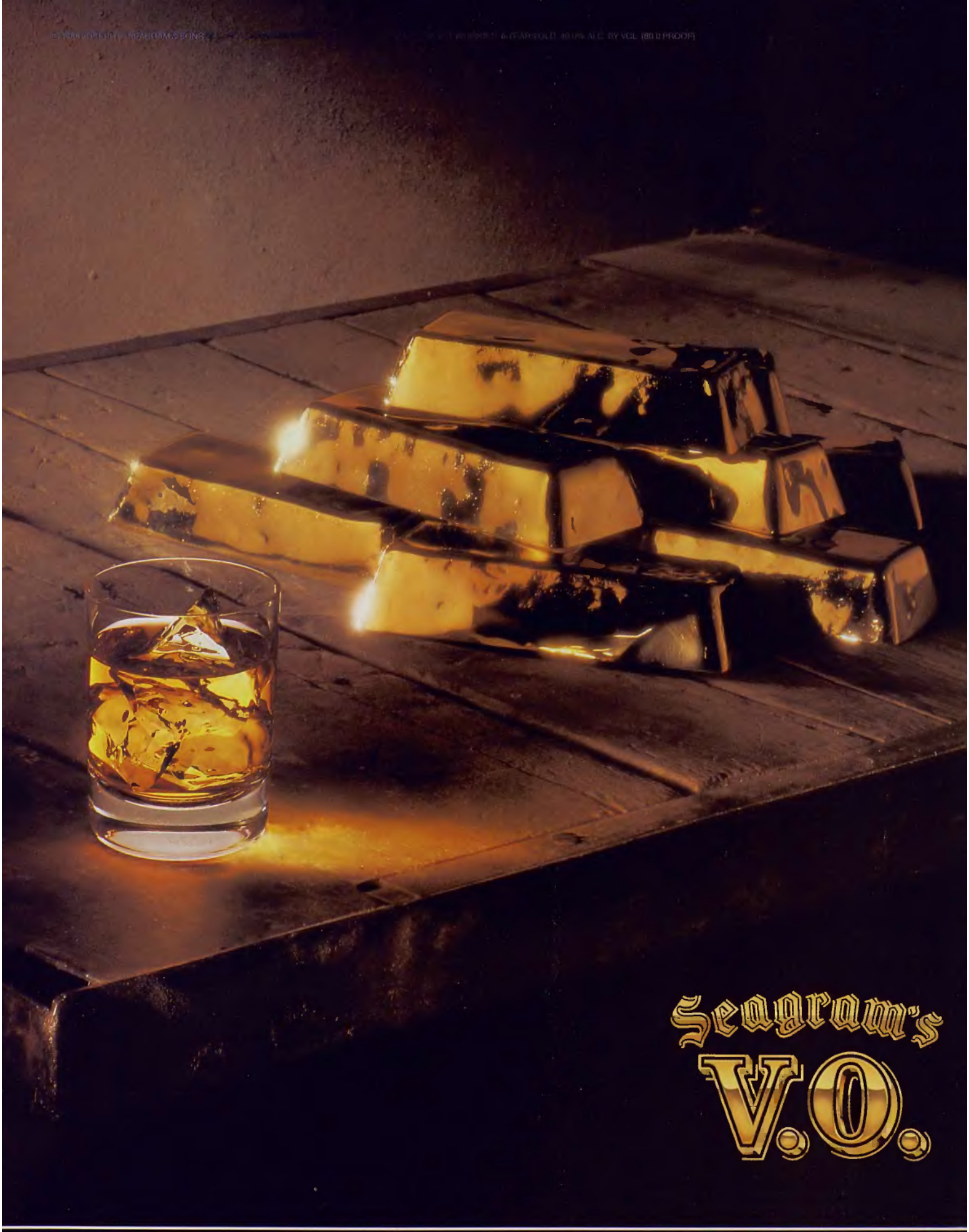
PLAYBOY: It seems her humor was an attempt to deal with her depression. Could that be true in your case, too?

BARRY: That's a probing question. I'll just pick my nose while I think about it. I don't know. No, I don't think I have the kind of pain that she had. For most of her life, she was a clinically depressed person who needed pills just to get out of bed and face the day. I have never felt any real need to do that, and I don't think I have that extreme edge to my humor that my mother did. My father was also funny but in a much more conventional, upbeat, happy kind of way—a congenitally happy, positive person. I'm not sure it always blends genetically like that, but I basically came out perfect. Also, extremely handsome.

PLAYBOY: What was your father like?

BARRY: Well, he wasn't a typical minister. He ran a program for inner-city kids. He

(continued on page 76)

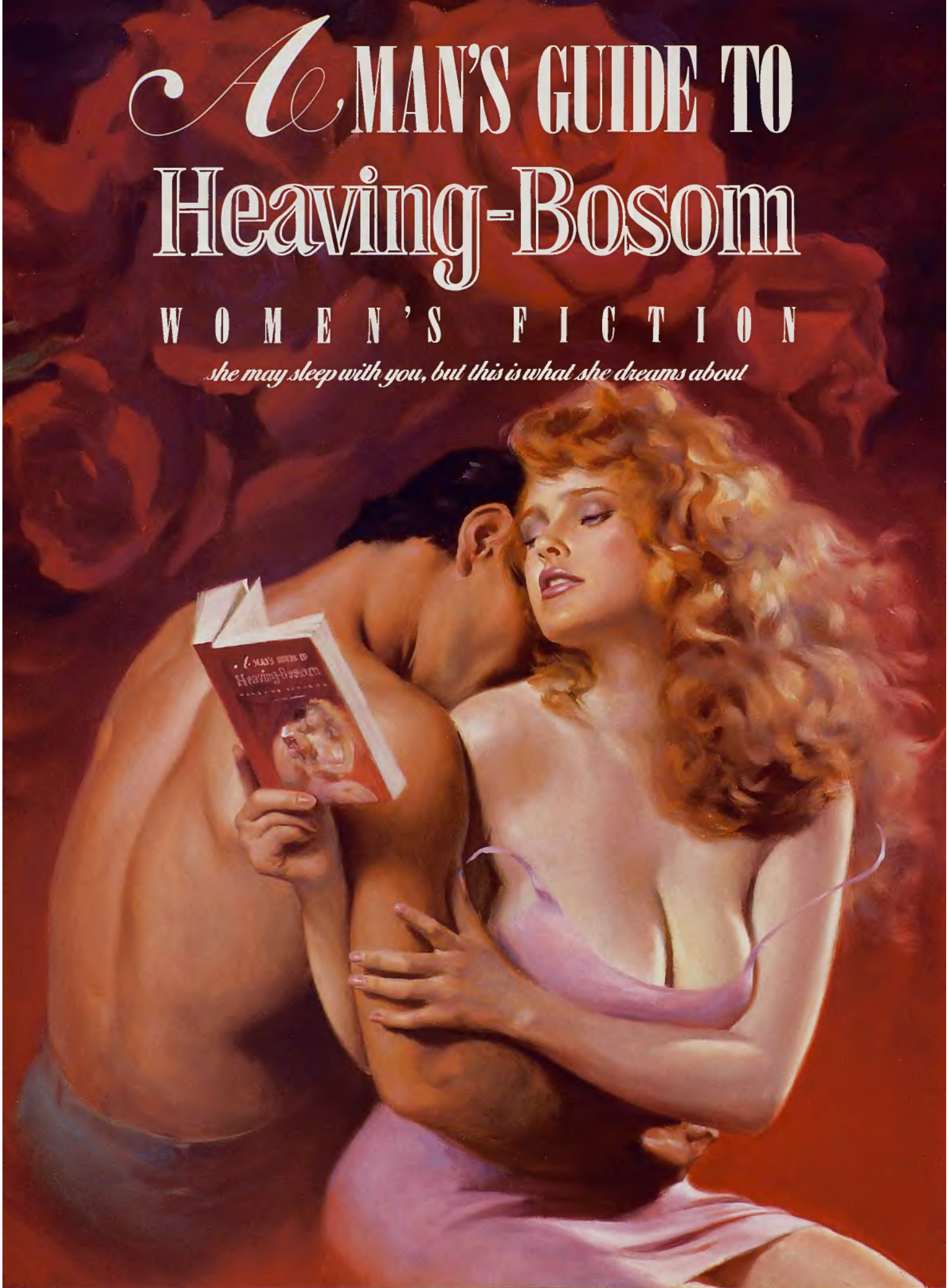


ORDER GOLD IN BARS

A MAN'S GUIDE TO Heaving-Bosom

WOMEN'S FICTION

she may sleep with you, but this is what she dreams about



WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEM at parties. The conversation is punctuated by giggles, blushes and descriptive hand movements and is terminated the instant a man comes within earshot. The subject is books. Trashy books. Romance novels. The paperbacks that are advertised on the sides of public-transportation vehicles. Books whose covers are emblazoned with bas-relief gold calligraphy or feature a buxom, disheveled heroine draped across her bare-chested mate.

Romance novels represent megabucks for the book industry. They make up 40 percent of all mass-market paperback titles, which are estimated to be a one-billion-dollar-a-year business. Danielle Steel, dubbed America's number-one best seller, boasts more than 130,000,000 copies of her novels in print. When she gets knocked off a best-seller list, it's often by the likes of Judith Krantz, Kathleen E. Woodiwiss, Johanna Lindsey or Jackie Collins. Collins has written 12 novels published in 30 languages, with sales of 100,000,000 copies world-wide.

Someone's obviously reading these books and she's probably someone you know. And that affects the way she sees you. Trash fiction is about fantasy. By the time we reach the happy ending on page 472, our lubricious Cinderella gets the prince and the pulsating reader gets a vicarious boyfriend.

Since the genre is aswim with important nuance, we provide here some exegeses of the texts. You will read examples of how women would like to think of the sexual act. We will take you on a tour of what a woman who's addicted to Jackie Collins novels might pack in her bag—to your place. We will take you through a disrobing drill. In our chart, "Our Bodies, Our Shelves" (see page 178), we describe the myriad variations on the basic theme of girl gets guy and they fall down and make the human pretzel.

Publishers Weekly **reports that 40 percent of all mass-market paperbacks published today are romance novels. ❦ On December 16, 1984, the $8.95 trade edition of Kathleen E. Woodiwiss' *Come Love a Stranger* was number one on the *New York Times* paperback best-seller list, outselling the far cheaper mass-market editions of *Poland*, by James A. Michener, *Pet Sematery*, by Stephen King, and *Dune*, by Frank Herbert. ❦ According to Kathryn Falk, publisher of *Romantic Times* magazine, there are from 100 to 120 romance novels published each month. ❦ Not including Harlequin, which is based in Canada and cranks out 60 titles a month, almost a third of all mass-market paperback fiction books published in the U.S. in 1988 were romances. ❦ Danielle Steel has written 25 novels that have been translated into 19 languages and sold in 42 countries. More than 130,000,000 copies of her books have been sold around the world. Each of Steel's past ten books has been number one on the *New York Times* best-seller list, and the *Guinness Book of World Records* reports that for 381 consecutive weeks, Steel had at least one book on the *Times* hardcover or paperback list. ❦ Jackie Collins has written 12 best-selling novels that have been published in 30 languages, with sales of 100,000,000 copies world-wide. ❦ Judith Krantz has published only five novels, but each one has been made into a network miniseries. Her books have sold 1,650,000 in hardcover and more than 20,000,000 in paperback. ❦ "If more men were willing to read romances," says Vivien Lee Jennings, the president of a bookstore chain, "we'd have a lot fewer people in the self-help section."**

Remember that there's more to the world of trash than the stereotypical bodice ripper. Your friend may like her erotica served up in a contemporary setting, à la Judith Krantz and Jackie Collins. Or she may prefer the wholesome, all-American frontierswomen of LaVyrle Spencer's historical novels. Or the verbal foreplay and *double-entendres* of Regency romances.

What she'll like most of all is your uncanny ability to read her mind and between the lines, to know instinctively her sensitive spots, to conclude an evening with satisfaction and sweet dreams. After all, that's what happy endings are about.

ILLUSTRATION BY MAX GINSBURG

TERMS OF IMPALEMENT
how women's fiction views the wild thing

"Why don't you stop the horse?"

"And waste time spreading a blanket? I'd have to take my hands off you to do that, and I don't think I can. . . . You rode my fingers to the rhythm of my horse. I want you riding me to the same rhythm."

She was lifting her leg over the horse's neck before he'd even finished talking. . . . There was a brief problem with her skirt, but by the time she'd solved it, he was also ready, and before she even thought to wonder how they were going to do this, he lifted her, impaled her, and then dug his heels into his mount. With a gasp, all Jocelyn could do was hold on.

—from *Savage Thunder*, by Johanna Lindsey

❦

He rose. She reached. He poised. She placed. He pressed. She parted. He sank. She surrounded.

To the uncountable and ceaseless rhythms of the universe, they added one more.

Her body opened like an oyster shell, and his silken strokes sought and grazed the pearl within, that precious jewel of sensuality whose arousal unleashed some magical force that fired Laura's limbs. She met each thrust with one of equal might, and together they reached for the reward they had earned with the long winter of solitude.

They were buoyed by love but powered by a lust as rich and demanding as their hale bodies deserved. Laura's teeth were bared as Rye drove into her with a puissance that soon set off the first pulsations deep within.

—from *Twice Loved*, by LaVyrle Spencer

❦

While his lips pressed hot kisses to her belly and thighs, well below the shift that was now wrapped around her waist, he stroked the triangle of mahogany curls at their joining with skillful fingers. . . . Soon she'd have her wish.

But first he had to ease the way for it, and with this thought in mind, he grazed the swelling bud that throbbed above her nether opening. . . . With infinite care, he ran a finger downward from the bud he'd been stroking, feeling with increased pleasure how slippery she'd grown. Then, ever so gently, he slid it into the aperture.

A rush of sucked-in breath met his ears, followed by a sound that was half plea, half sob. . . .

And then she felt his mouth join hers in a kiss that was unbelievably sweet, sucking the honey from her core, devastating her with its pliant care. His fingers stroked a final heated caress before leaving her lower body to come again to her aching breasts. These he teased with masterful strokes before sweeping both hands to her waist, and then her hips, positioning her for his possession. . . .

But Brittany felt he must be trying to drive her mad with this slowness, and suddenly she knew she couldn't wait a moment longer. With a sudden instinctive thrust of her hips, she met his probing manhood, felt it begin to enter and pushed it home.

—from *Promise of Fire*, by Veronica Sattler

❦

Dimitri pressed through the falling water and crushed her against the rough side. With one hand, he tore the bottom of her bikini off and thrust himself upon her.

"You sneaky son of a bitch," she objected, half jokingly, as they began to sink beneath the cool green water.

He didn't relinquish his hold, merely gripped her tightly, his thighs like steel as they rocked together beneath the water. When they surfaced, she was gasping for air, but her legs were wrapped tightly around his waist and her face was flushed with pleasure. Silently they finished . . . exploding with satisfaction at the same moment.

Dimitri let go of her. "I think it's time for lunch," he said.

"Jesus!" Lucky exclaimed. "Sex. Food. You certainly believe in catering to your appetites."

—from *Lucky*, by Jackie Collins

THE JACKIE COLLINS OVERNIGHT BAG

No self-respecting admirer of *Hollywood Wives* simply throws a fresh pair of underpants into her purse when she sallies forth to conquer some portion of the world. She takes *Chances*, after all, and most of her conscious mind crammed into her leather-bound thought bible—the professional Filofax (1). In addition to her appointment calendar, addresses, financial tracking information, jammed in there are her passport, airline-ticket stubs, her favorite reading material (*Barrons* and *W*) and everything else that'll fit. The oversized multipurpose plain white cotton T-shirt (2) is never out of place—especially someplace that's sunny; hence the fabulously expensive Chanel bronzing lotion (3). Only a tortoise-shell toothbrush and case (4) is fitting, as are an impossibly slim-hipped and long-legged pair of Levi's 501 jeans (5). Add a silk camisole and tap pants (6), Donna Karan monster shades (7), simple gold hoop earrings (8), a Walkman loaded with Otis Redding tapes (9) and a stunningly curious pair of cowboy boots (10), and this girl'll get *Lucky*.

1

2

3

HOW TO RIP A BODICE

1

2

3

AN ESSENTIAL SKILL of any hero in women's fiction is the ability to disrobe her skillfully and quickly. Here is a description from *Promise of Fire*, by Veronica Sattler, that explains how it's done. (1) "Suddenly, he reached out and grabbed hold of the front of her shirt as well as the shift she wore beneath it and, (2) with a violent motion, yanked downward. There was a tearing noise, and then the sound of Brittany's disbelieving intake of breath as her breasts spilled free, (3) their pale fullness and darker, coral peaks mortifyingly evident in the generous light coming from a nearby candelabra."

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

DAVE BARRY *(continued from page 70)*

"The summer after fifth grade, the girls went away to summer bosom camp and came back with tits."

commuted to work on the train, played cards and drank. He was an alcoholic—a recovering alcoholic, very involved in A.A.—when he died.

PLAYBOY: What were you like as a child?

BARRY: A geek with a real high forehead. Real high. You could have rented out advertising up there. In fact, there are certain board games you could have played on my forehead, no problem. Basically, though, things were pretty much OK until the summer after the fifth grade. The girls all went away to summer bosom camp, and they all came back with tits. And then the guys started catching up. The *other* guys. I kept waiting for puberty to strike. One by one, it would strike my friends, but not me. They were all turning into men and I was still a little boy. I don't even think I've gone all the way through puberty *yet*. I still don't have any hair on my arms, and I worry about that.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you went to the wrong camp.

BARRY: Maybe. But I clearly was not going to be the kid people liked because he was scoring the winning touchdown, so instead, I became the class clown. I was the kid who had a sense of humor so people would like him.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

BARRY: Well, I was terrible at history. I could never see the point of learning what people thought back when people were a lot stupider. For instance, the ancient Phoenicians believed that the sun was carried across the sky on the back of an enormous snake. So what? So they were idiots.

PLAYBOY: Did you get decent grades?

BARRY: Yes, I got good grades in high school and college. But I'm one of those people who, without actually knowing anything, tend to do really well on tests.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you were a big bullshitter?

BARRY: Yeah, yeah, I think that's what it means.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn a lot in school?

BARRY: No, not really. I probably learned something; I just can't remember what. I read a lot of great works of literature, all of which were really boring. I never liked *The Last of the Mohicans*, or even *The Scarlet Letter*. There's a classic for you. My question is, How, exactly, did those books become big? I mean, they didn't have book tours then, did they? What talk shows did James Fenimore Cooper do? Huh?

PLAYBOY: Were there any books you liked?

BARRY: No, I was always sort of struck by how unrelentingly boring all the reading was. And back then, you weren't permitted to read good books like *Catcher in the Rye*, which today is probably mandatory reading in the second grade.

PLAYBOY: You had no idea you were going to be a writer?

BARRY: No. I did like to write, though. I liked the part of English class where you wrote essays, the part all the other kids hated. I would try to write funny ones. Mine would always be singled out to be read, which was really embarrassing. My friends would punch me in the arm and make fun of me and stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: So your teachers appreciated your sense of humor?

BARRY: Yeah, some of them did. English teachers are pretty used to reading essays that say, "*A Tale of Two Cities* was a very important book. The importance of *A Tale of Two Cities* cannot be overestimated, in my opinion. The reason I feel that way, that *A Tale of Two Cities* was an important book, is that I felt there was a tremendous amount of importance to what the author was saying in the book *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens." I *didn't* write like that.

PLAYBOY: What did you write?

BARRY: "*A Tale of Two Cities* is a real booger of a book."

PLAYBOY: Did you get dates in high school?

BARRY: One. Her name was Heather Campbell, and she was a junior at Pleasantville High School. I took her to the prom. We had a nice time, but then I had the quintessential guy's dilemma, which is, Now I have to marry her or else never see her again. You think you have to make some sort of huge commitment. I didn't want to marry her, so I sort of ignored her for the rest of high school.

PLAYBOY: Were you an English major in college?

BARRY: Yeah. That's because I discovered symbolism. I just learned the simple trick of writing that whatever a book was about, it was really about something else. I did real well from then on, without ever reading anything too carefully.

PLAYBOY: What was your main activity in college?

BARRY: I smoked a lot of dope, protested the war and played in a succession of incredibly bad rock bands.

PLAYBOY: What was the worst band you were in?

BARRY: God, they were all pretty terrible. The worst one was probably the Guides, but we might just as well have called ourselves White Guys on Drugs. We had real long hair and we sang the blues. The worst thing that had ever happened to us was when one of us got a D in poli sci, and there we were, singing, "Our baby done left us." And about how we had our mojo working.

PLAYBOY: What's a mojo?

BARRY: I have no idea *what* a mojo is. We would sing, "I got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you," whatever that means. Also, we would sing about "goin' down to Louisiana to get a black head bone." Again, I have no idea what a head bone is, but I have a feeling that it is basically something not related to suburban white culture.

PLAYBOY: Did you protest the Vietnam war?

BARRY: Yeah, I did. I marched and did all kinds of futile stuff.

PLAYBOY: Not necessarily futile, was it?

BARRY: Maybe not. I remember my freshman year, people were supposed to fast to protest the war. I signed up to fast, but later, I couldn't imagine its having any impact. Like somebody's really going to burst into Lyndon Johnson's office and say, "Uh-oh, Mr. President, they're fasting at Haverford College." And he's going to say, "Haverford? Well, I'd better rethink my whole Indo-China policy." I mean, that kind of stuff was dumb. But the marches probably were not dumb. I was at the big civil rights march of 1963 and heard Martin Luther King give his "I have a dream" speech.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you admire?

BARRY: Well, back then, I liked Bobby Kennedy. I don't think politically I'd be so crazy about him now.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BARRY: I now realize that guys who come in and think they're really smarter than everybody else and can change the world to make it better almost always end up making it worse, and I think the Kennedys were like that. I think I would admire people like that a lot more if they would come right out and admit that the real reason they wanted to be President was that they really wanted the plane. It has nothing to do with your eighteen-point program to create jobs. It has everything to do with Air Force One. I guess, basically, that has always been my problem with Government types. They don't reveal their true motives. We're supposed to believe that there are ten thousand people in Washington who genuinely care about us. Why should they? We don't care about *them*.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of any exceptions?

BARRY: George McGovern. He seemed like a genuinely nice person who wanted

(concluded on page 86)

"I've never had a telephone. What is telephone sex like?"

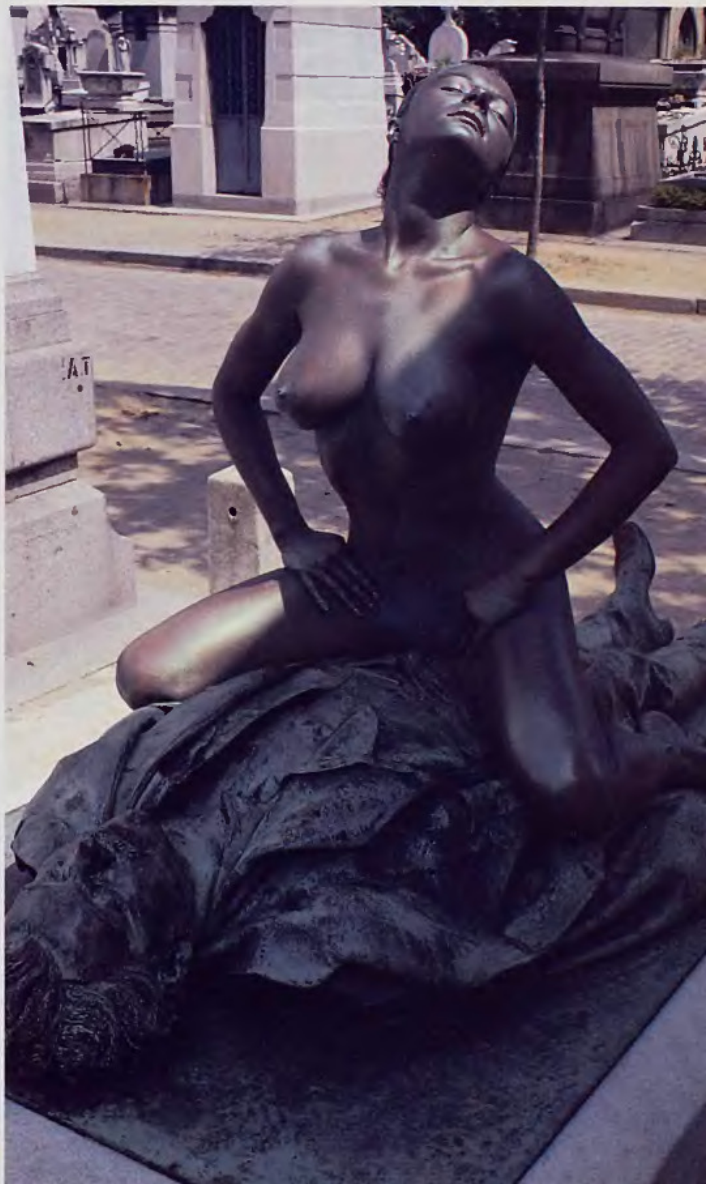
LIVING DANGEROUSLY

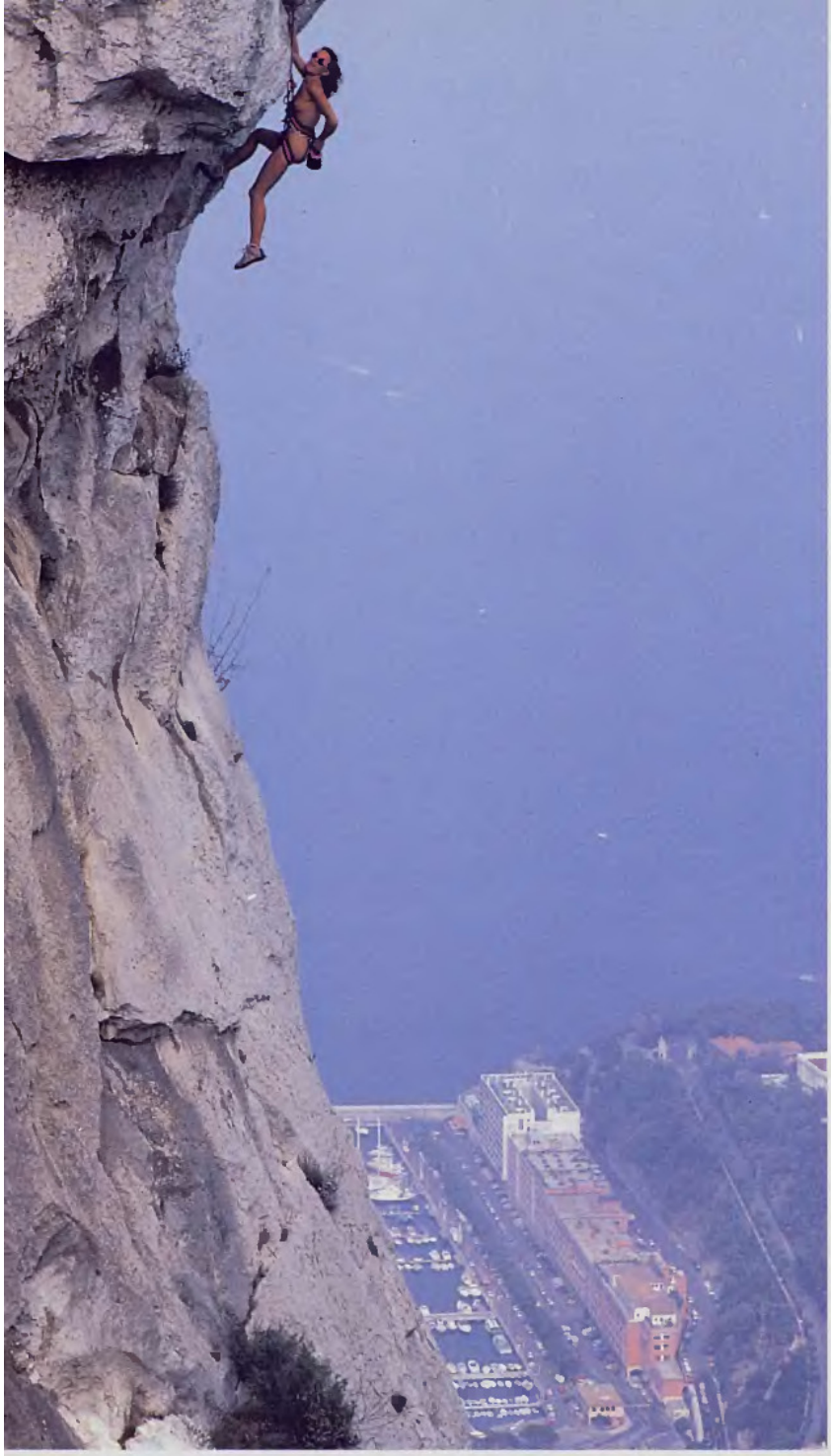
PHOTOGRAPHER PATRICK MAGAUD CREATES PRIVATE MOMENTS IN PUBLIC PLACES

WHEN PATRICK MAGAUD walked into our offices in Chicago, he appeared to be a very sensible 38-year-old Frenchman. He wore clothes in that relaxed, suave sort of fashion French guys have. His hair was close-cropped in that style we see so often in contemporary French movies. He spoke English in that charming way French people do before they have lunch and drink several glasses of French wine and start finding fault with everything American except our women. What was unusual about him, we learned, was his passion for cajoling women to parade about without their clothes while he photographed them in the midst of the world's going about its business. He likes to create a stir. On these and the following pages, you'll see just how great the great outdoors can be when seen through French eyes.

At left is Kiki, whom Magaud met in the south of France when he was looking for someone who'd jet-ski nude. She had such a good time that she told him, "I liked very much to be nude, but I would like to be naked in front of many more people." So they went to Paris, where this photo was taken on the Seine. He said, "Before making photos, she had never make-up, beautiful underwears or stiletto heels. She was completely transformed in a very sexy girl." Above, Zoe bicycles by the Café de Flore.

For Mogoud, a model must be not only beautiful but olso intelligent. "I don't like to work with stupid girls," he says. Among his selections: a lovely Filipino (left) who used to dance at the Crazy Horse Saloon, whom he persuaded to balloon over the Périgord region while he dangled from a rope harness attached to the top of the gasbag. Above left, Nothalie, dressed as a bronze sculpture, sips a drink in Montmortre and, obove right, distracts traffic in front of Fouquet's on the Chomps-Élysées. Below and at right, she is covorting with the funereal sculpture of Victor Noir at the Père Lachoise Cemetery. Women who rub themselves ogoinst his groinal area become fertile, legend goes. "Nothalie was very excited doing this," Magaud told us. "She was, how you say, *wet*, yes?" Yes, that's what we say, but only if it's true.





Magaud met Marie Anne—seen here scaling a mountain in the French Alps—near Chamonix. He told us, "She is mad of climbing; she has a steel cable tight just behind the hotel her parents own, where she used to train every day, making push-ups with only one finger." Apparently, Marie Anne was not a woman prane to wearing fancy underthings. When Magaud pointed out ta her that, fram underneath, her climbing gear looked like a garter belt (see the shot above), she was "very surprised." At right, Marie Anne is getting her racks off, but in doing so may have been stretching a good thing a little tao far. A few small stones were disladged and fell, frightening a graup of Italians. "When they looked up and saw Marie Anne, they exclaimed, *'Ma, che bella!'* I am sure they climbed three times faster at least."

Above and below, we see Véronique nude in an ultra-light flying machine. That's St.-Trapez below her. Magaud said of this scene, "At the origine, she was ta play strip poker with the pilot. When I saw how crazy she was, I tald her to do what she wanted. We flew down the beaches. Thausands af people had faces raised to the sky." At right are "twa exhibitianists in Paris." Zoe, a businessman's daughter, "had never posed far glamour before and she absolutely wanted to do something exciting." Here she is in the Tuileries an a Ferris wheel with another naked girl—and you just can't get more exciting than that.

DROITS de L'H

DAVE BARRY *(continued from page 76)*

"I look younger, way younger, than I actually am. When I was ten, I looked like a fetus."

to be President for genuine ideological reasons, though I think he also probably wanted the plane.

PLAYBOY: Where were you during the Vietnam war?

BARRY: I was a conscientious objector. My draft board assigned me to the Episcopal church. I was in the bookkeeping section.

PLAYBOY: Bookkeeping?

BARRY: The draft board had a list of jobs that were supposedly in the national interest, and that was what I did. I did bookkeeping for two years, mostly approving expense accounts.

PLAYBOY: Has your career taken any other strange turns?

BARRY: In the Seventies, I taught effective-writing seminars to business people. I'd go around to a DuPont plant or a Union Carbide plant and they'd bring in a bunch of engineers or chemists or accountants or whatever, and I would teach them how to be effective writers. Or try, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn?

BARRY: I discovered that corporations that seem to be, from the outside, incredibly logical are not. There are tons of screw-ups, and the employees can't believe their company makes any money because of all the dorks they have to work with. That was very reassuring. Plus, I had the time to write my humor columns.

PLAYBOY: When the *Herald* syndicated your column, was it an overnight success?

BARRY: It took a while to catch on. What we kept hearing from the other papers was, "All the reporters here read it, and we think it's funny, but the readers aren't ready for it." So I was a big underground success at the beginning. Then, gradually, more and more papers started using me and found that although, yeah, some readers would write and be really annoyed, generally, the public response was fairly positive. Minimal bomb threats, you know. More like torches at the castle gates.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people complain to newspapers about your column?

BARRY: Let's just say that when I used to answer the phone at my hometown paper, we could have reported that Lebanon was in Connecticut and we would not have heard from anyone. But when we left Capricorn out of the horoscope, then, wow, did we get phone calls!

[*A banging on pipes is heard.*]

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if the plumber's back.

BARRY: Yeah. And he's probably going to announce that the only way to fix my toilet is to wrap the entire length of the pipe in ten-dollar bills. And I'll go, "OK, well, if that's what we've got to do. . . ."

PLAYBOY: You were talking about your recent success. Has it gained you female fans?

BARRY: Now that I'm a syndicated humor columnist, girls finally tell me I'm cute. But I'm still waiting for those naked pictures. I've checked my mail six times today. Nothing.

PLAYBOY: What are your distinguishing cute characteristics?

BARRY: The main thing is that I look younger, way younger, than I actually am. When we moved to Miami, I was forty years old, and I got carded in a pizza place buying a beer.

PLAYBOY: Have you always looked younger than you are?

BARRY: Yeah. When I was ten, I looked like a fetus. I think it's one of the reasons I tend not to be taken seriously.

PLAYBOY: You look young enough to do one of those books in which the author poses as a teenager to find out what's going on in American high schools.

BARRY: I *know* what's going on in American high schools. A lot of kids are sitting around, going, "You know, like, you know? You know what I mean, like, you know?" Another thing I've noticed about kids: When they talk, it always sounds like they're asking a question, even when they're not. They talk like this: "So I was going downtown? And I was driving my brother's car? And all of a sudden, it stopped? And it didn't have any gas?" *That*'s how they talk.

PLAYBOY: And it's humor like that that enables you to live here in the lap of luxury. BMW, platinum American Express card. You do have a platinum card, don't you?

BARRY: No, just a matched set of platinum American Express–card mailings. I wish that once a year, American Express would send me a check equal to the cost of the brochures it sends me trying to get me to apply for a platinum card. [*Leaning into microphone*] You American Express executives, I know that, basically, all you do is sit in your offices all day and read *Playboy*. And I want you to know, I'm never going to own a gold card and I'm never going to own a platinum card. You can stop getting in touch with me. Thank you.

PLAYBOY: So you're not a Yuppie?

BARRY: Nah. In the mornings, I'm out there in my van on the freeway, singing *Twist and Shout*. Everyone else is on the phone, making, like, a hundred thousand dollars on the way to work.

PLAYBOY: Who handles the money in your family?

BARRY: I do, but not all that well. I mean, the worst thing you can do is put your money into a passbook savings account, so that's what I do. I'm sure the minute I leave the bank, they take my money out of my account, on which they pay me, like, two percent, plus the free toaster, and they put the money into a convertible bond of debenture, which makes them like a hundred and twenty-seven percent. So I finally opened an account with an investment firm. I give them all my money and they send me totally incomprehensible statements every month, and now I have my own convertible bond of debenture.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

BARRY: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to know?

BARRY: Yeah, but I don't need to. My account is with a large, reputable firm represented by a bull—a giant dumb animal that shits all over the place—so I have confidence.

PLAYBOY: Most days, do you go to your office at *The Miami Herald*?

BARRY: Yeah, because I get a lot of mail there, and it would be hard to answer letters without going into the office. I'd have to *guess* what they wrote, or send answers to random people.

PLAYBOY: How much mail do you answer?

BARRY: I guess about a hundred, a hundred and fifty pieces a week. But most of it's easy to answer. I usually just write something like, "Thanks a lot, and same to you, buster."

PLAYBOY: Do you get lots of weird mail?

BARRY: Dumb mail, yeah. I wrote a column not too long ago proposing the death penalty for anybody who burns the flag, and I got mail from people who *agreed* with me. "It's about time somebody in journalism stood up and spoke for the real Americans." That sort of thing. They took it seriously, even though I wrote that one of the founding fathers who would agree with my position was Thomas Edison. There were clues the really sharp reader might have picked up that I was not actually being serious.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that you'll stop being funny?

BARRY: Well, a couple of months ago, I was with my family on vacation, and I was trying to write a column. And I couldn't write it and I was telling everybody, "I'm not funny anymore; I'm just not funny." But then I said to myself, Hey, I'm a professional, I can do this, so I really concentrated on it and I finished the column.

PLAYBOY: And?

BARRY: And it sucked. I'm gonna be a plumber.

Cafe
SHOP
EXPIRED

A midsummer DAYDREAM

it was a new experience for dortmunder, being wrongly accused. somehow, he had to get to the bottom of this

IT HAVING BECOME advisable to leave New York City for an indefinite period, Dortmunder and Kelp found themselves in the countryside, in a barn, watching a lot of fairies dance. "I don't know about this," Dortmunder muttered.

"It's perfect cover," Kelp whispered. "Who'd look for us *here*?"

"*I* wouldn't, that's for sure."

The fairies all skipped off stage and some other people came on and went off, and then the audience stood up. "That's it?" Dortmunder asked. "We can go now?"

"First half," Kelp told him.

First half. Near the end of the first half, one of the players in bib overalls had gone out and come back in with a donkey's head on, which about summed up Dortmunder's attitude toward the whole thing. Oh, well; when in Rome, do as the Romans, and when in West Urbino, New York, go to the Saturday-afternoon summer theater. Why not? But he wouldn't come back Sunday.

Outside, the audience stood around in the sunshine and talked about everything except *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The women discussed other women's clothing and the men brought one another up to date on sports and the prices of automobiles, all except Kelp's cousin, a stout man named Jesse Bohker, who smelled of fertilizer because that's what he sold for a living, and who talked about the size of the audience because he was the chief investor in this barn converted to an extremely barnlike summer theater. *(continued on page 136)*

fiction

By DONALD E. WESTLAKE

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

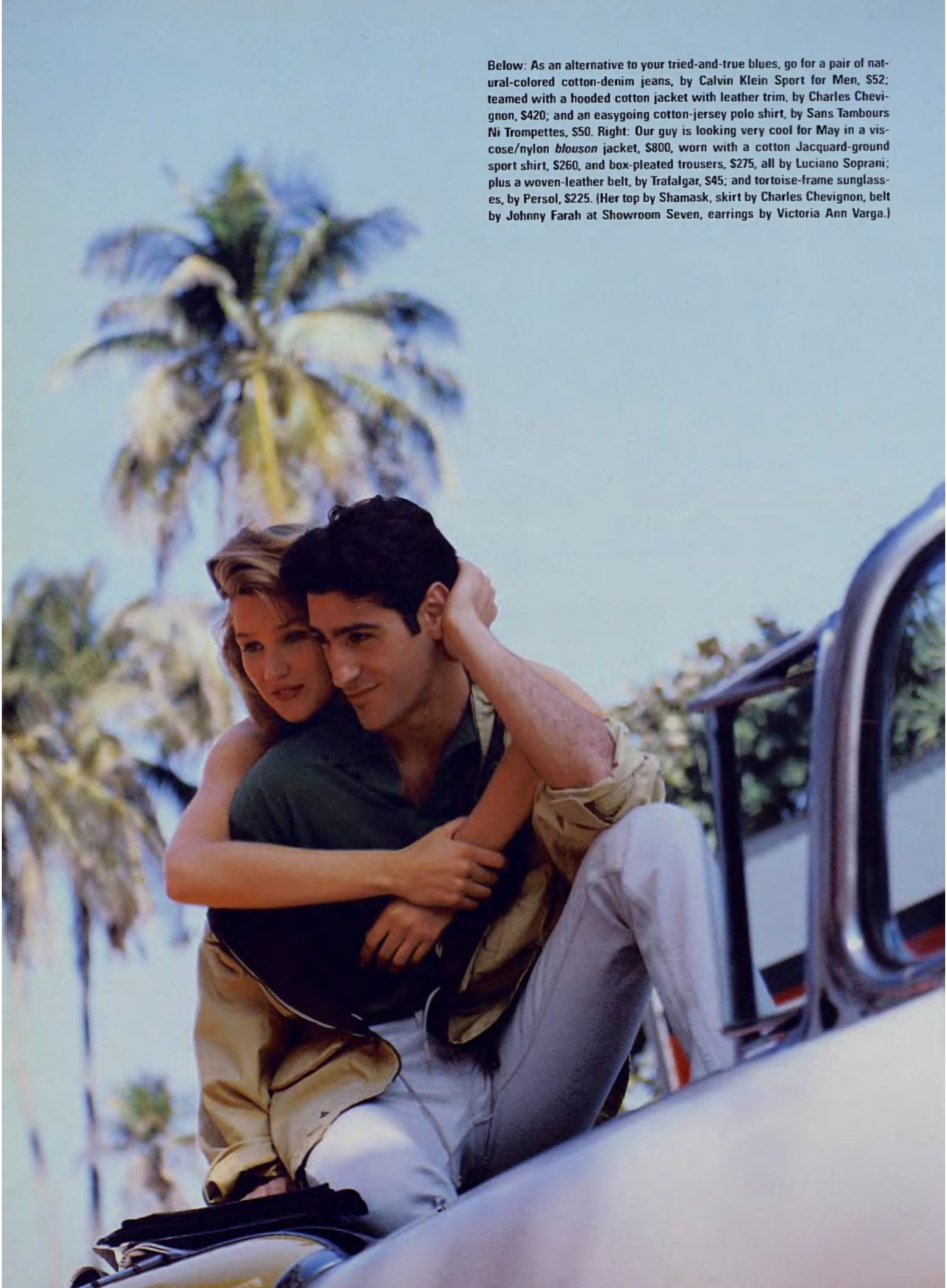
hakespeare /mids

THE BIG EASY

laid-back looks for the warm months ahead
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

PICTURE A LOOSE-FITTING floral-print Hawaiian-style shirt tucked beneath a drapey sports jacket and worn with a pair of soft-pleated trousers. Dress any more laid back, buddy, and you'd probably fall over, but that's the fashion look for spring. Casual is the command. Whether you're in long-pleated linen walk shorts or an easy-styled *blouson* jacket, the light and airy fabrics add to the relaxed fit of the season's hottest fashions. The easygoing fellow at left wears a viscose/wool-knit cardigan, by Shamask, $310; long-sleeved linen sport shirt, by Andrew Fezza, $150; khaki double-pleated cotton walk shorts, by Lazo, $140; and sunglasses, by Persol, $175. (Her shirt by Nicole Farhi, pants by Go Silk.) Right: More fashion fun in the sun, including a floral-print shirt, by Andrew Fezza, $180; pleated rayon/linen walk shorts, by Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes, $150; Island sports watch, from Paul Smith, $235; and tortoise/wire-rim sunglasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, $80. (Her top and sweater by Go Silk, shorts from Basco Collection by Lance Karesh.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF



Below: As an alternative to your tried-and-true blues, go for a pair of natural-colored cotton-denim jeans, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, $52; teamed with a hooded cotton jacket with leather trim, by Charles Chevignon, $420; and an easygoing cotton-jersey polo shirt, by Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes, $50. Right: Our guy is looking very cool for May in a viscose/nylon *blouson* jacket, $800, worn with a cotton Jacquard-ground sport shirt, $260, and box-pleated trousers, $275, all by Luciano Soprani; plus a woven-leather belt, by Trafalgar, $45; and tortoise-frame sunglasses, by Persol, $225. (Her top by Shamask, skirt by Charles Chevignon, belt by Johnny Farah at Showroom Seven, earrings by Victoria Ann Varga.)

Below: He's coming on fashionably cool down beside the she side in a zip-front cotton baseball jacket with knit collar and button side tabs, by Reporter, $650; linen double-pleated walk shorts with a Hollywood waistband and besom side pockets, $185, and mustard/gray viscose print short-sleeved shirt, $185, both by Lazo; and green-faced Island sports watch, from Paul Smith, $235. (Her outfit by Shamask.) Right: The pause that refreshes, and this guy's nicely bending to the task in a single-breasted washed-silk-gabardine sports coat, from Basco by Lance Karesh, $335; rayon/linen pants, by Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes, $195; and rayon tropical-print shirt, by a.b.s MEN, $160. (Her dress by Shamask.)

1990

PLAYBOY MUSIC

kiss the eighties goodbye

sharps and flats from the decade

Who dominated music in the Eighties? One-named performers: Madonna, Bono, Sting and Prince. Tracy Chapman led the way back to folk, CD players led the way forward in technology and Paula Abdul taught us the new dance steps.

He Got Satisfaction: The Eighties were defined by two Michaels; this one is known as Mick. He made news by going solo, not getting married and having more babies. When he and Keith reconciled, the Stones' North American tour blew out 1989 with the highest grosses of the year. Yes, time *was* on their side.

BLASTNOST

U.S.S.R. head-banger wanna-bes got their just deserts at the Moscow Music Peace Festival, with Bon Jovi, Ozzy Osbourne and Skid Row.

TECHNOTALK

What we use to listen to music today is different from what it was ten years ago. Been to a record store lately? Vinyl 45s and LPs are nearing extinction. Prerecorded cassettes, long snubbed by audiophiles, have found new life, thanks to personal stereos and boom boxes—they now sound better, too. Compact discs are inspiring people to buy their favorite music again and turn it up.

PAY TV

Hot Fun in the Summer: August 1981 was the birthday of MTV. Thus was born the video decade.

Believe in Yesterday: The Beatles were silenced December 8, 1980, when John Lennon died.

Warning—This Music May Be Dangerous: Parents' Music Resource Center, headed by political wives, pushed for albums to carry warning labels and lyric sheets so that parents could monitor rock.

Motown Lives: On *Motown 25: Yesterday, Today, Forever*, TV brought Michael's moon walk into the home. Fred Astaire was wowed.

Papa's Got a Brand-New Bag: In December 1988, James Brown was sent to jail for failure to stop for the police and aggravated assault. He's still there, doing time.

GODFATHER OF SOUL

AD ROCK

When Bette Midler refused to let Ford use *Do You Want to Dance?* in an ad, they hired a sound-alike and used it anyway. She sued and won. Now other rockers are trying to protect themselves. This turn of events is no skin off the Raisins.

TINA'S TURN

Private Dancer: The lady whose spectacular voice, pistol-hot looks and sexy legs wowed us in the Sixties came back full force. Lucky us.

COOL AID

The Decade of Aid: *The Eighties were a time of renewed social consciousness for rock-and-rollers. From Live Aid to Band Aid to Farm Aid, benefit concerts were a way performers from U2 to Stevie Wonder to Willie Nelson could give something back. We salute all the famous voices that inspired the spirit of giving—and a special bow to the man who pulled it all together, Bob Geldof.*

This Note's for You: A high five to Neil Young for his refusal to be seduced by corporate pockets. These days, beer and credit cards like to rock along with the fans.

RAP AND ROLL

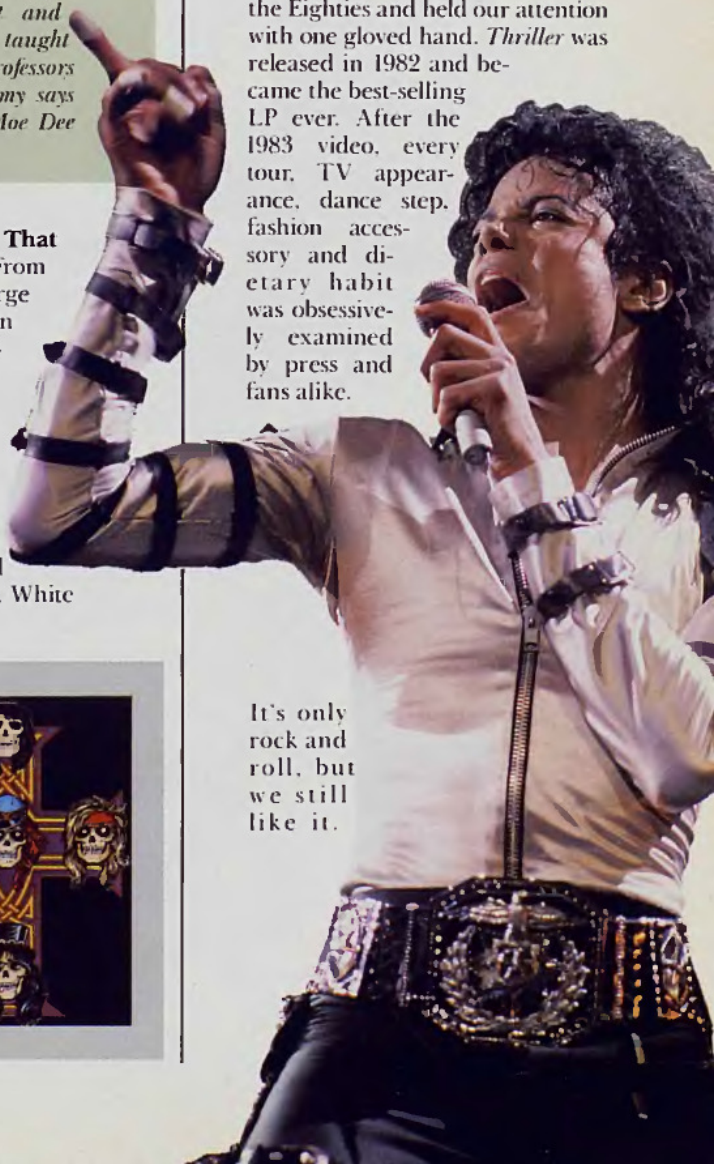
The Name Game: There's Run-DMC, M.C. Hammer, Tone-Lōc, Ice T, Queen Latifah and the Beastie Boys. Rap is the voice of urban America. Drugs, sex, violence, hanging out and hanging in are being taught to city kids by the professors of hip-hop. Public Enemy says fight the power. Kool Moe Dee says knowledge is king.

Gimme Some of That White Soul Music: From Hall & Oates to George Michael to New Kids on the Block, white musicians crossed over to the black-music charts. The New Kids concert tour in 1989 grossed $23,900,000. Elton John sang with Aretha. Mick Hucknall could be a Temptation. White soul is hangin' tough.

DANCING DIRTY

The first dirty dance of the decade was 1983's *Flashdance*. Jennifer Beals posters were the pinnacle until 1987, when Patrick Swayze pulled Jennifer Grey into his arms.

The Man in the Mirror: The decade's other Michael did it all in the Eighties and held our attention with one gloved hand. *Thriller* was released in 1982 and became the best-selling LP ever. After the 1983 video, every tour, TV appearance, dance step, fashion accessory and dietary habit was obsessively examined by press and fans alike.



It's only rock and roll, but we still like it.

PEDAL TO THE METAL

Heavy metal hit the pop charts big time. Van Halen was the early Eighties' success story, pioneering guitar techniques destined to be copied by most of the young bands making big noises. The biggest and baddest of all is Guns n' Roses; they're crass, say "fuck" on live TV and sell millions of records. Other bands with names to frighten parents: Mötley Crüe, Skid Row, Warrant and Poison.

1990

TOP PERFORMERS

playboy music poll winners

ROLLING STONES
Group / Rock

ALABAMA
Group / Country

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS
Group / R&B

AL JARREAU
Male Vocalist / Jazz

JEFF HEALY
Instrumentalist / Rock

REBA McENTIRE
Female Vocalist / Country

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

ANITA BAKER
Female Vocalist / R&B

RANDY TRAVIS
Male Vocalist / Country

SPYRO GYRA
Group / Jazz

PAULA ABDUL
Female Vocalist / Rock

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
Male Vocalist / Rock

BOBBY BROWN
Male Vocalist / R&B

SADE
Female Vocalist / Jazz

KENNY G
Instrumentalist / Jazz

1990 POLL RESULTS

our readers vote for their favorites

MOVIE SOUND TRACK

Batman

Holy Fat City, Batman! Batmania, which reached a frenzy in the summer of 1989, is expected to haul in two billion dollars in movie, video, licensing, souvenirs, TV and sound-track revenues. The album, our readers' top pick, was composed, arranged, produced and performed by Prince. *Batman* went double platinum on the charts by the end of 1989, confirming again the range and versatility of the Purple One. How versatile? Prince came out of the bat cave with a lot more than a terrific LP and a couple of music videos. He did the Batdance with Vicki Vale (a.k.a. Kim Basinger) for a while.

ALBUMS *of the* YEAR

Rock

STEEL WHEELS
Rolling Stones

Jazz

POINT OF VIEW
Spyro Gyra

R&B

THE RAW AND THE COOKED
Fine Young Cannibals

Country

SOUTHERN STAR
Alabama

MUSIC VIDEO

STRAIGHT UP
Paula Abdul

CONCERT *of the* YEAR

STEEL WHEELS TOUR
Rolling Stones

Just consider these numbers for a second: The *Steel Wheels* Tour accounted for about one tenth of every dollar spent on concert admissions in 1989. The Stones' gross ticket sales for the North American leg of their tour was a whopping $98,000,000. That doesn't include sales from the souvenir stands or cable-concert revenues. People can talk about that golden-oldies stuff all they want, but Mick, Keith, Charlie, Ronnie and Bill pulled it off. Way to go!

VEEJAY

MTV's
"Downtown" Julie Brown

HALL *of* FAME

ROY ORBISON

He had a high, quavering tenor voice, dark sunglasses, a slicked-back pompadour and he dressed in black. From his early classic hits in the Sixties—*Only the Lonely*, *Crying* and *Oh, Pretty Woman*—to 1989's *Mystery Girl*, Roy "The Voice" Orbison was a prominent influence in rock and country music. Following the deaths of his wife and two sons in tragic accidents, Orbison went for more than ten years without a new recording. But the Eighties were his decade—again. He returned to reclaim his success—in his collaboration with the Traveling Wilburys and on his own. We mourn his untimely death in 1988 and pay tribute to a legend.

The YEAR *in* MUSIC

the pats, the slaps and the jabs, as we hit the rewind on 1989

The Old Gray Mares Are What They Used to Be: Some called it the Year of the Geezer; we prefer the more dignified Rock of Ages. Nineteen eighty-nine gave fans a chance to get a look at the **Rolling Stones,** the **Who,** the **Allman Brothers, Jefferson Airplane, Ten Years After, Paul** and **Ringo** (separately) and **George,** who played guitar on the **Traveling Wilburys** video, which also included **Roy Orbison** and **Bob Dylan.** And guess what? The Stones and the Who dominated the summer in top-grossing tours.

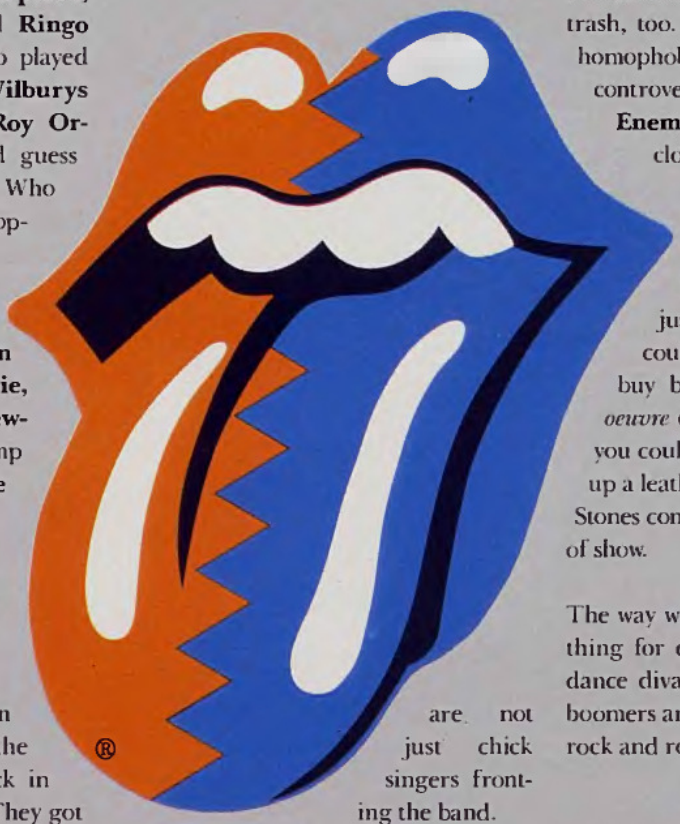
What flopped in 1989? Albums by **Cyndi Lauper, Tin Machine** with **David Bowie, Simple Minds** and **Olivia Newton-John.** Sophomore slump attacked LPs by **Terence Trent D'Arby** and **Charlie Sexton.** Even getting the **Killer** to sing his own songs for the movie *Great Balls of Fire!* couldn't save it.

The laugh of the year is on those folks who thought the **B-52's** would be forever stuck in **Yoko Ono's** remainder bins. They got **Nile Rodgers** and **Don Was** and *Love Shack*; now they're fit for mainstream consumption.

Comebacks of 1989: **Donna Summer** scored a top-ten tune, **Alice Cooper** hit pay dirt after a hitless decade and the **Doobie Brothers, Donny Osmond, Boy George, Dion, Poco,** the **Wailers, Rickie Lee Jones** and **Tears for Fears** showed up to party again.

New Faces on the Block: **Milli Vanilli, Lenny Kravitz, Daniel Lanois, Skid Row, Roxette, Clint Black, Neneh Cherry, De La Soul, Living Colour, Cowboy Junkies, Harry Connick, Jr.,** and **Soul II Soul** are some names to watch for on next year's lists.

A tip of our baseball cap to the women of 1989: **Bonnie Raitt, Paula Abdul, Melissa Etheridge, Michelle Shocked, Tracy Chapman, Janet Jackson, Gloria Estefan, Natalie Merchant** and **Edie Brickell.** These



are not just chick singers fronting the band.

Our Way to Go Award to **Madonna** for taking the money and running and leaving Pepsi holding the can.

On the technical front, "sampling" was a big issue. How much can and should one artist take from another without paying or giving credit? This is especially common in rap.

The cassette single has become the 45 of the year. Now you can buy *We Didn't Start the Fire* and forget the ballads.

Nineteen eighty-nine was the year baby boomers faced some facts: playing air guitar wasn't going to get them an audition to play in the **Coral Reefer Band.**

A vacuum always gets filled and Rock and Roll Fantasy Camp debuted in San Francisco. For some real Yuppie bucks and a little real talent, your rock dreams could be more than a wish.

It wasn't all flash in 1989; there was trash, too. Racism, anti-Semitism and homophobia reared their heads in controversies that touched **Public Enemy** and **Guns n' Roses** and clouded the *We Are the World* image of music as a force for progressive ideas.

Nineteen eighty-nine wasn't just the year in which you could use your credit card to buy boxed sets of the complete *oeuvre* of an artist's work remixed; you could also use your card to pick up a leather *Steel Wheels* jacket at the Stones concert souvenir stand. The biz of show.

The way we look at it, there was something for everyone in 1989, from the dance divas to the metalheads to the boomers and the consumers. Hail, hail, rock and roll!

QUOTES *of the* YEAR

Eric Clapton introducing **Keith Richards** at the International Rock Awards (before Bud sponsored the *Steel Wheels* tour): "Unlike me, he never sold himself down the river, he never did any beer commercials."

Joan Baez on Vice-President **Dan Quayle's** understanding of the abortion issue: "He thinks *Roe vs. Wade* is something George Washington had to decide before he crossed the Delaware."

Ron Wood, when asked if the Stones were touring because they needed the money: "That's the Who."

a screen queen in the making, miss may wouldn't mind stepping into you-know-who's shoes

GENTLEMEN PREFER TINA

ACCORDING TO Tina Bockrath, Texas beauty and rising star, the move into the Nineties means one thing: the return of the sex goddess. And *that*, Tina predicts, means one other thing: the rebirth of Marilyn Monroe. "She was *the* ultimate," insists Tina, her soft brown eyes widening, "with all that glamour, energy, beauty and innocence. *That*'s what attracted people to Marilyn. And that's why my favorite compliment is when people tell me I remind them of her."

Tina's fascination with Monroe isn't your ordinary fanzine stuff (though she *does* confess that her apartment walls are papered with likenesses of the screen legend). "It goes further than that," she says. "I'd give anything to carry out what Marilyn started doing—to have that *image*, that vulnerability, that magic that made men fall all over her. I'm not sure that I could pull it off. Madonna has tried—so have Cher and Michelle Pfeiffer—but no one has really captured the *goddess* end of it. Still, I will certainly try," she adds. "Marilyn and I may not have had similar lives, but I *do* have the same dream she had, the same driven desire to succeed."

Both the dream and the drive began bubbling to the surface about five years ago,

"As a theater major in college, I learned *both* sides of show business," says Tina (taking five from a *Playboy* shoot outside the Globe Playhouse in West Hollywood, top), "including the unglamorous stuff—like building sets and getting paint in my hair." Her fantasy acting assignment: "I'd love to be on a soap. My God, I've been watching them since I was in elementary school. I can tell you anything you want to know about *All My Children*."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

when Tina left her native Dayton, Ohio, to attend college at St. Edward's University, a Catholic school in Austin, Texas. She'd selected St. Ed's mainly for its solid theater program, but to her surprise, Tina took to the Texas capital like a lost cowgirl gone home—especially its heart-pumping night life on downtown's Sixth Street, a boulevard crammed with a variety of rock clubs. "Imagine suddenly having all these places to go," she remembers, "*without* having a mother there to tell you when to be home. I was *in heaven*!" Her first taste of stardom came when Tina was cast in a university production of *Bus Stop*. A theater-arts major who'd never actually been in a play before, Tina landed the part of Cherie, coincidentally the same role portrayed by Monroe in the movie version. "Getting cast as Cherie was the biggest thing for me, but it also caused some problems. Here I was, a sophomore, and I beat out the seniors for the big part. A lot of those other girls were *piiissed*!" Despite a successful stage debut, life in the spotlight came to a brief halt that summer when Tina moved to Manhattan to work as a flight attendant for a major airline—temporarily. "The job itself isn't as glamourous as people think. In reality, it was an overrated, underpaid job that gave me some serious jet lag. I was back in school by the following fall." That was fortunate for us, because that's how *we* met Tina. "When I heard that *Playboy* was going to conduct a search for *Girls of*

The many faces of Tina: Before she began climbing the showbiz ladder, Tina put in two years at Taco Bell ("cashiering to cooking"), had a gig with the IRS as a mail clerk and a stint at the local Wal-Mart and worked a few months as a flight attendant.

"All these guys who didn't wont to go out with me in high school," says Tina, "I would just faint when they passed me in the hall, but they wouldn't give me the time of doy. They're gonno *flip* when they see me in *Playboy*. I can't wait!" Whot's Tina's ultimote dreom? "To be a star with at leost one movie a year to keep me in the bucks, living in a beautiful ronch-style home in Austin with *lotsa* animals. One kid, but *lotso* animals!"

"I would love for little girls to see my pictures and want to grow up to be like me—just like *I* did with pictures of Marilyn Monroe."

the Southwest Conference [October 1988], I enrolled in courses at the University of Texas so I'd be eligible. I didn't tell anyone about it so I wouldn't be embarrassed if I didn't make it." But, of course, Tina *did* make it, her magazine appearance impressing not only Texas locals ("I was actually recognized on Sixth Street") but, more importantly, *Playboy* photo editors, who flew Tina to Chicago for a test shoot. That photo session yielded more than anyone had bargained for: an appearance in the magazine's *Great 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt* (January 1989) *and* the feature you see before you.

So, for the time being, Tina's coasting and thanking her lucky stars. "I don't want to be somewhere down the line saying, 'I shoulda, coulda, woulda,'" she admits. "When I look back on my life, I'm going to know I did what I *wanted* to do: I wanted to live in New York and I did. I wanted to be a stewardess and I was. My junior high school friend and I fantasized about being *Playboy* Playmates and going to the Mansion, and all that has happened to me. More people should try to live their dreams."

Marilyn mighta liked that.

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tina Bockrath

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 6/30/67 BIRTHPLACE: Dayton, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To be an actress on a soap and to promote Playboy as long as possible.

TURN-ONS: Beautiful Texas sunsets, weekends on 6th Street in downtown Austin.

TURN-OFFS: Rush-hour traffic, pushy people, my student loan and people who judge you for what you have instead of for who you are.

FANTASY VACATION: To visit Egypt, see the Pyramids and participate in archaeological digs.

MOST ADMIRED WOMAN: My mom, for raising two children by herself—especially when the going got tough. Runner-up: Cher!

PERFECT DATE: Tex-Mex food, dancing at a blues club and catching moonlight on the lake.

7th grade cheerleader
Go, Cougars!

10th grade yearbook shot
Nice hairdo, huh?

monkeying around
in a 6th St. club!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After months of scrimping and bargain-hunting to make ends meet, a woman begged her tight-fisted husband to give her more money. "Can't you just give me an extra ten dollars so I can buy a roast?" she asked.

Her husband pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and held it up to the mirror. "See the money in the mirror? That's yours. And *this*," he said, putting the ten-spot back in his pocket, "is mine."

The next evening, he went home to find the table filled with steak, ham and Cornish hens. "Where did you get the money for all of this?" he barked.

His wife took him to the mirror. "See this body in the mirror? That's yours. And *this* one," she said, pulling off her dress, "is the butcher's."

A weekend duffer teed off and sliced his shot behind a tree. The second shot ricocheted off the tree, hit him in the head and killed him.

The shaken and dazed fellow suddenly found himself standing before the pearly gates. Saint Peter, scanning a clipboard, asked, "How did you get here?"

"In two."

While relaxing during a break in joint war maneuvers, an Air Force general, an Army general and a Navy admiral were arguing about which branch of Service had the bravest men.

"It's no contest. Just watch this," the admiral exclaimed as he turned to shout to a nearby sailor. "Seaman! Catch that anchor before it hits the ground."

"Aye, aye sir!" the seaman said, saluting smartly before being smashed beneath the weight of the anchor.

"Gentlemen," the admiral said, drawing a puff on his cigar, "that took guts."

Undaunted, the Army general turned to a private. "Son, go stop that tank."

"Yes, sir!" the GI replied as he ran in front of an oncoming machine. The driver did not stop and the soldier was crushed.

"Gentlemen," the general boasted, "that took *real* guts."

The Air Force general called to one of his men, "Airman, catch that F-16 as it lands."

The young recruit immediately snapped, "Fuck you! You crazy?"

Smiling with pride, the officer turned to his companions and said, "Now, gentlemen, that took *balls*!"

The hit-and-run victim was just getting to his feet when a policeman ran up to help. "My mother-in-law just tried to run me over," the shaken man told the cop.

"The car hit you from behind," the officer said. "How could you tell it was your mother-in-law?"

"I recognized the laugh."

It took dinner, a show, a couple of nightcaps and hours of conversation for the fellow to get the reluctant young woman into bed with him. After a night of lovemaking, the smitten woman looked into her satisfied lover's eyes and asked, "Am I the first girl you ever made love to?"

"Hmmm, could be," he replied. "Were you at the nineteen eighty-one world series?"

Why don't women have brains? Because they don't have a dick to put them in.

As she neared her 40th birthday, the unmarried bank executive decided that if she ever wanted children, she would have to take matters into her own hands by arranging for artificial insemination.

On the day of her appointment, she was led into a room and told by the technician to step behind the screen and disrobe. The woman did as she was told but was shocked to see the fellow pulling down his pants as she nervously emerged. "Hey, I thought the stuff came in bottles," she said.

"Well, I'm out of bottles right now," he replied. "So I thought I'd give it to you straight from the tap."

Sandy Schwartz was giving her French husband, Pierre, a blow job when the phone rang. Pierre answered it and chatted with his mother-in-law for about five minutes. When she finally asked to talk with Sandy, Pierre said, "*Je m'excuse*, but Sandy cannot speak at ze moment because she has a frog in ze throat."

During a diplomatic reception at the White House, a Third World ambassador was making small talk with President Bush. "I understand, Mr. President, that Americans enjoy naming their automobiles after former Presidents."

"Why, yes," Bush replied. "We do have Lincolns and Fords."

Then, turning to the Vice-President, the ambassador added, "And stuffed animals, as well?"

Quayle looked puzzled for a moment, then brightening, exclaimed, "Ah, yes! Garfield."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Laugh along with Playboy *Playmates on The Party Joke Line,* ***1-900-740-3311.*** *Or tell a joke of your own! The charge is two dollars per minute.*

"It's about time they made some right-wing porn flicks."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LIFE, ART AND MALKOVICH

what's reality and what's performance? sometimes the actor is the last to know

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

WHEN JOHN MALKOVICH went to London last year to do publicity for the opening of *Dangerous Liaisons*, he tried to keep a civil tongue in his head while interviewers treated him like an amusing rustic—clever enough, in an untutored Yankee way, though lacking the refined technique that a first-rate British thespian might have brought to his role of the Vicomte de Valmont. But Malkovich, one of the most powerful, original American actors since Brando, finally lost his cool when a reporter from *The Independent* asked, with exquisite condescension, if he hadn't felt awfully threatened by the demands of the part.

"Hey, fuckface," the actor exploded, "why do you think the works of an elevator are on top of the building and not in the elevator? Why do you think a car engine is under the fucking hood? So we don't have to look at it. I don't want to look at all that 'Here I am, watch me strut, hear my stutter, see my my my my my my.'"

Had Malkovich's publicist been on the case, he might have counseled his client to be more temperate. But Malkovich doesn't have a publicist, or need one. At a time when so many show-business careers are manufactured out of recycled plastic, polished with bogus charm, stretched thin by shameless repetition and pumped up by unearned praise, John Malkovich has become a star on the strength of one riveting performance after another: on stage in such plays as *True West*, *Burn This* and *Death of a Salesman* and on screen in *Places in the Heart*, *The Killing Fields*, *Empire of the Sun* and, most memorably so far, *Dangerous Liaisons*.

Some people find his work unsettling; maybe it's the dissonance between his voice, which is often mild and occasionally sweet, and the violence that seems to lurk behind the big-domed balding head and the deep-set eyes that are slightly askew. Some of his peers find him hard to pin down. When Paul Newman was directing him in a 1987 film version of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, Newman gave his friend Stewart Stern this assessment of Malkovich's gifts: "The volatility, the sudden departures and bewildering, funny shifts trip off inventions that are brilliant beyond the normal mind to comprehend but also breed great danger for the person acting with him. You can't really hold on to him. You try to set a course and it's like spider webs."

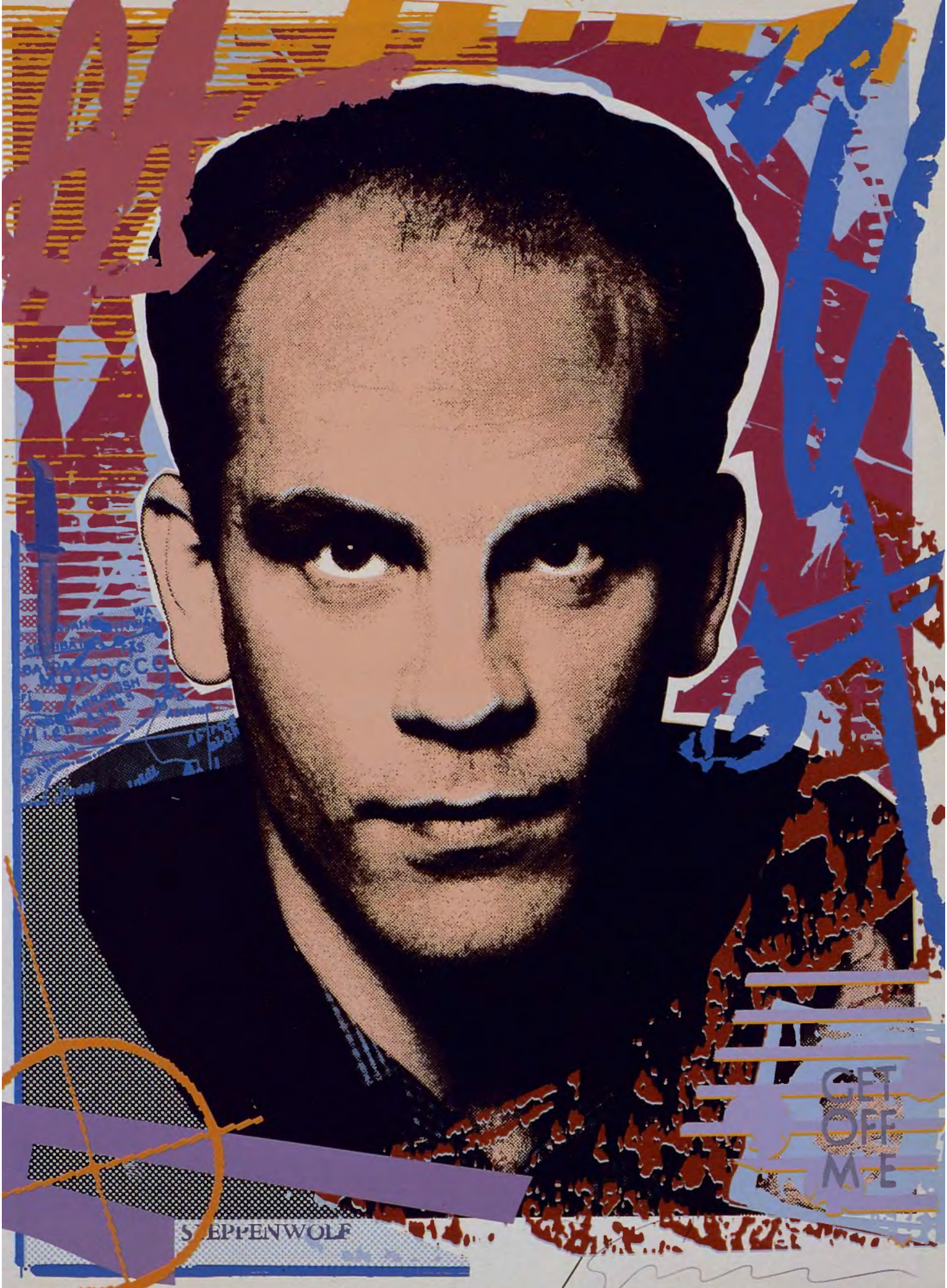
Newman didn't hold on to him, or set much of a course, for that matter; the entire production turned out to be bland. And his accusation of reckless endangerment was needlessly negative; Malkovich can and often does bring out the best in those he plays with. Yet Newman certainly got it right on the twin counts of volatility and brilliant inventions. That helps describe the mysteries of Malkovich's Valmont, a sexual predator who is calculating and miscalculating, loathsome and alluring.

•

Malkovich has had other prickly dealings with the press. When the New York newspaper *Newsday* ran a piece that dwelled on his recent and anguishing marital difficulties, the actor called the writer and read him the riot act. "I've done some research here," he said. "You're separated from your wife, too, but you wouldn't want that talked about in public print. So how do you think you made me feel?"

Without dwelling on them, Malkovich's difficulties grew out of his affair with Michelle Pfeiffer, who co-starred with him in *Dangerous Liaisons*. After separating from his wife, the actress Glenne Headly, Malkovich, who is 36 years old, went through a yearlong depression that prompted him to withdraw from a Hollywood comedy called *Crazy People*, briefly threatened his insurability in the movie business and had only begun to lift by last fall, when he went to Morocco to co-star, with Debra Winger, in Bernardo Bertolucci's movie version of the Paul Bowles novel *The Sheltering Sky*. There were times before Morocco when Malkovich didn't think he would make it, and lonely moments after he arrived. One night in Tangier, I *(continued on page 169)*

PAINTING BY DUARDO/EVANS


GET
OFF
ME
STEPPENWOLF

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

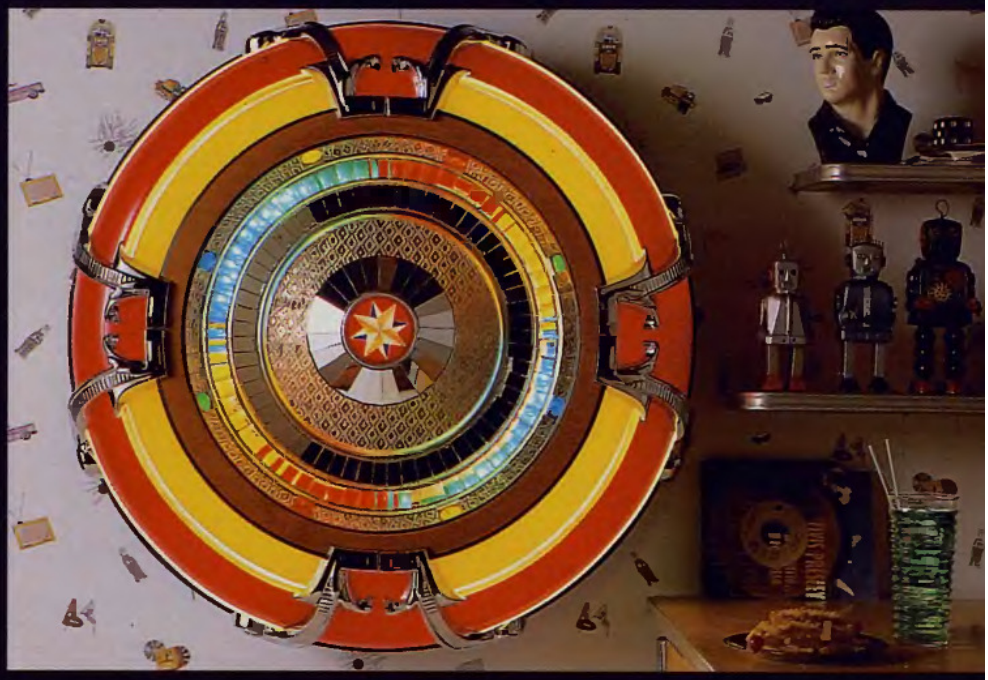
things you can live without, but who wants to?

Fire up your cherished cheroot the way smokers did around the turn of the century with o battery-powered solid-oak-and-antique-brass reproduction of o cigor lighter that provides thousands of lights, from Indian Head Sales, Mound, Minnesota, $295, including o year's guarantee.

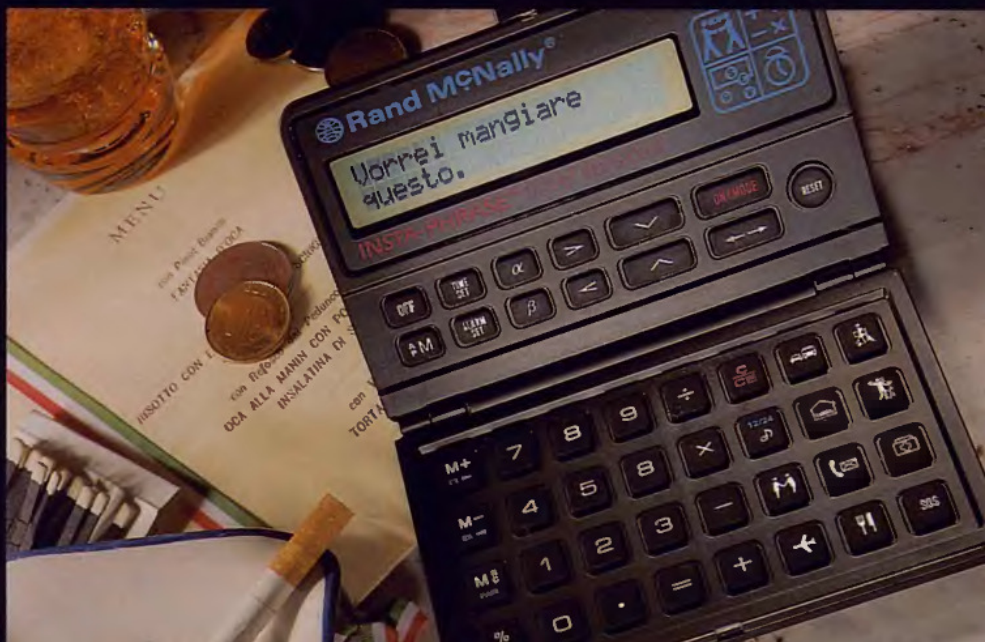
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The Gillette Sensor razor features a pair of blades mounted on highly responsive springs that allow the blades to odjust to the contour of each man's face, $3.75. Smooth move!

This replica 32" speaker, once designed for use with Wurlitzer jukeboxes, has bubble tubes, mirrors and a center that changes colors, from Corousel, San Francisco, $1675.



The TT-500 Insta-Phrase tronslator converts travel-related phroses into five languages ond also acts as a calculator, a currency converter and a clock, by Rand McNally, $119.95.



Speedtrak is a hand-held timing device for the racing spectator. It measures lap speed, time, and functions as a stop watch, by Timex Corporation, Waterbury, Connecticut, $45.

Jacopo Poli, one of Italy's top grappa distilleries (grappa is the native white lightning), offers a handsome set of five superb grappas, from Sam's Wine & Liquors, Chicago, $150.

With its unique double-lever action, the high-tech Tuffnut nutcracker, designed and made in Great Britain, is all it's cracked up to be, from Grantz U.S.A., New York, $24.95.

The K1 is BMW's idea of the motorcycle of the future, right now. A hefty four-cylinder, fuel-injected engine powers the package, electronic ontilock braking stops it, $12,990.

SEX IS BACK!

a field report on the end (at last) of the ice age

article By MICHAEL KELLY

I REMEMBER THE FIRST CLUE that sex was back. It came a few months ago, when I was eating lunch in Washington, D.C., with my friend Frank. He was telling me about a date with the daughter of the ambassador of some small, exotic land. He said, "She had on some kind of perfume they wear only in, like, Angkor Wat, and she had a pretty good-sized mustache, which depressed me, but she took off her clothes in the kitchen, which made me feel better." Suddenly I thought: What in the world is Frank, of all people, doing having sex?

Then it came to me with another start that he wasn't the only one. Not only Frank but Mike and Tom, too.

Washington lobbyist Frank was involved in two meaningless affairs: a weekends-only fling with a beautiful young matron from New York who was thinking about leaving her investment-banker husband, on the grounds that he was bad in bed, even by the standards of investment bankers, and a weekday-afternoon thing with a 23-year-old secretary who had at first hewed to a rule of oral sex only, on the grounds that putting another person's penis in your mouth does not constitute cheating on one's live-in boyfriend, but who ended up doing all sorts of things, on the grounds of what the hell.

Mike, a New York mergers-and-acquisitions lawyer, had just gone on a series of dates that ate up many billable hours and had on at least one occasion performed an act of physical exertion for which he was in no way financially recompensed.

Tom, a Connecticut writer whose last prolonged romantic engagement occurred during the Whip Inflation Now campaign, had acquired a girlfriend at the beach and spent the entire summer in embrace, including one night during which

I WANT YOU

FOR GOOD OLD HANKY-PANKY

there were five separate occasions when at least one of the parties claimed to be having an orgasm.

I figured right away that I was looking at a trend. Frank, Mike and Tom are people like me, and people like me—middle-class, hetero and roughly 28 to 40 years old—are America's official sexual-trend group. Our sex life has been the subject of two decades of intense theorizing.

People like me may not necessarily have had more real sex than our parents, but we have had more theoretical sex than any group in history: Sex as a Statement Against the War, Sex as a Religious Act, Sex as the Meaning of Life, Sex as a Group Endeavor, Sex as a Performing Art, Sex as Oppression, Sex as Liberation, Sex as Violence Against Womankind (or at least against Andrea Dworkin), Sex as Therapy, Sex as Pathology, Sex as Addiction, Sex as the Enemy of the People (or at least the Meese commission) and, finally, with AIDS, Sex as a Fatal Attraction.

In this last trend, people like me reportedly have been, for the past few years, very depressed and staying at home and having hardly any sex because AIDS is going to kill us all.

When, against our better judgment, we succumbed to sex, we used condoms *with* virus-killing chemicals. We used dental dams, thin sheets of latex kept between tongue and thing to be tongued. We required partners to divulge their sexual histories and to have tests for AIDS before we slept with them, and we carried cards in our wallets and purses to show we had tested clean. If we got AIDS-free lovers, we cleaved only unto them, in what was grandly called The New Monogamy. Some of us gave up on sex entirely, in The New Chastity, and replaced it with eating a lot (The New Eating) or running triathlons (The New Throwing Up) or curling up in a fetal position and crying until medical authorities took us away (The New Jim Bakker).

I should mention that none of my friends is—not to put too fine a point on it—Mel Gibson. Neither am I. Sometimes we have dates on Saturday night; sometimes we have the bulldog edition of *The New York Times*. In periods of easy living, sexwise, we do OK, but when anything like The New Chastity sets in, we are among the first to feel the pinch.

So when I was confronted by the evidence of Frank, Mike and Tom, I wondered, What is going on here? If even *my* friends are having sex again, does that mean what I think it does? Can sex be back? Why? Where has it been? If sex is back, is it the same sex that went away? Will people like me, set in our ways and all, be able to do it? Or will we have to go to re-education camps?

I started looking for answers by interviewing 24,000 men and women between the ages of 18 and 50, using a detailed questionnaire that covered 137 categories of sexual behavior and attitude. Not really; that's just a gag I borrowed from Shere Hite. Really, I started looking for answers by hanging around in places where people who are interested in committing sex tend to congregate, such as singles bars and Congressmen's offices.

Is sex back?

This is my main finding: Sex is, in fact, back.

The stuff is everywhere. Practically everyone I know is having sex and the ones who aren't say they do not wish to be New Celibates but are just, at this time, in a dry spell.

I base my finding on the following: (1) I called a lot of friends up on the telephone and asked them, "Is there sex there?" They all said yes, there was. "In Boston, we are screwing with abandon," said my corporate-lawyer friend Kate, neatly summing up the common viewpoint. (2) I went to several crowded singles bars in Washington, D.C., and New York and I asked a number of boys and girls if they were there because (A) they liked being shoved around in a hot, smoky haze while strangers poured beer on them or (B) they wanted to meet someone of the opposite sex with an eye toward a sexual relationship. My notes from that evening, which are on napkins, are a little splotchy, but it appears that 75 percent picked B, two percent picked A, 23 percent ad-libbed smart-aleck answers that I chose to ignore and an aide to Senator Robert C. Byrd called me a jerk.

Why is sex back?

The short reason sex is back, of course, is that an ever-growing number of people no longer believe they are going to get AIDS from doing it. (There is a longer, more complex reason, too, but we'll get to that later.)

Some samplings of opinion:

• Theresa is 41, a San Franciscan and an enthusiastic child of the sexual revolution. She is bisexual and for 20 years, she has had an extremely active sex life. "When the AIDS scare hit," she says, "I picked the best sex partner I could find and said, 'Let's get married.' I was monogamous for over a year. Then we broke up and I went through a period of absolutely minimal sex, trying to put a stopper on it, and being very afraid."

Last year, Theresa—afraid no more—defected from the corporate world and became a $200-an-hour New Age call-girl. Business is so good she takes only referrals. She has sex with, on the average, six men a week. In her off hours, she has one primary lover, a middle-aged man, but is also sleeping regularly with a woman about her own age and half a dozen other people every month. "It is my personal belief that the AIDS scare was greatly exaggerated," she says.

• Bradley Jay is 32, a Bostonian and the host of a popular nighttime radio talk show called *Rock & Romance* that is devoted to sex, love and courtship. I have known Brad since college and I always have thought of him as America's sexual bellwether, the equivalent of one of those little East Oatmeal, Maine, kind of towns you read about every four years that have voted for the winner of every Presidential election since Polk. Sexually speaking, as goes Brad, so goes the nation.

Some of the things Brad introduced me to were so far ahead of their time that nothing like them has happened to me since. Once, on a summery day in 1978, he talked me and two girls we knew into taking off our clothes and driving with him in his Volkswagen down Interstate 95 from Durham, New Hampshire, to Boston. Another time, he got me involved in a "sensory experiment" in which we rubbed watermelon on a girl we knew who was of an amiable nature.

Brad was the first guy I knew who had sex with two women at the same time. He was the first guy I knew who had an open relationship and—this is the important part—the first guy I knew who practiced safe sex.

I believe, in fact, that Brad *invented* safe sex way back in 1980. He limited himself for more than a year to one partner (considered a shocker in those days) and he talked about safe sex all the time. Except in those days, we called it "not fucking," which had a double disadvantage: You couldn't talk about it in polite society and it hardly sounded like an accomplishment.

Now Brad says, "I wouldn't say I am monogamous. I'd say—what's three?—triogamous." Although he says he still considers himself "Mr. Margin of Safety," he doesn't use condoms. His safety precaution? "Usually, I go out with young girls who have had, like, only one boyfriend."

The people calling into his radio show don't seem very concerned about AIDS, either. "People are getting used to AIDS," he says. "It's, like, no big problem. It's just another disease. And it won't even look that bad compared with the plague. It'll just be a question on a quiz one day."

• Rebecca is 30, an emergency-room nurse in Baltimore. She has been dating a doctor for several months. She doesn't use condoms. "I don't think I'm going to sleep with anybody who has AIDS. I think my chances are very low," she says. "I see three or four people a day in the E.R. with AIDS. In Washington, they were all gay. In Baltimore, they are all I.V.-drug users. I have never

(continued on page 162)

"I've owned one for years and just realized why they're called pickup trucks!"

PAPA'S GIRL

hemingway would be proud of this rare granddaughter: she's vintage margaux

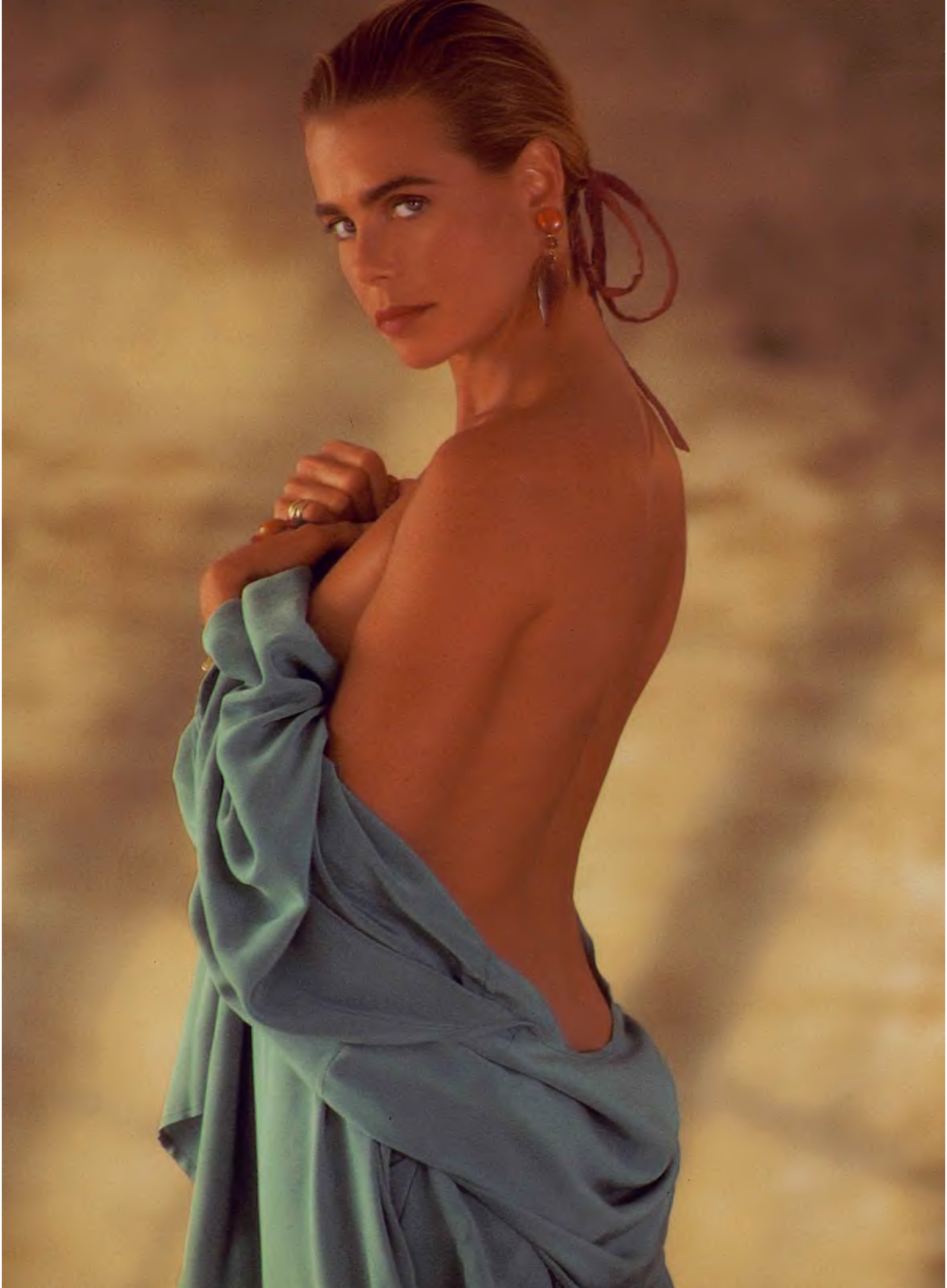
text by MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

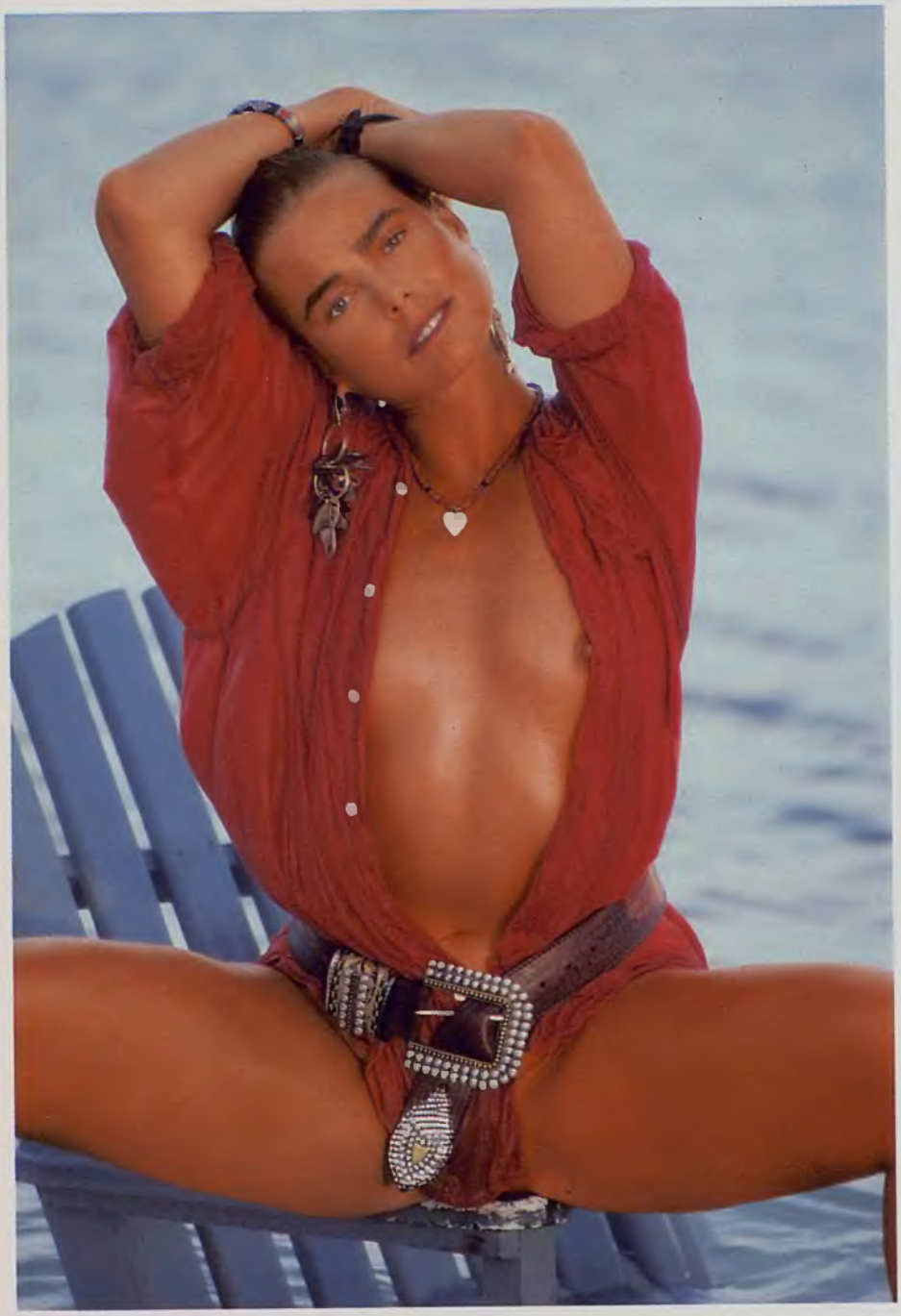
HIGH ADVENTURE, that's what excites me. But sometimes, the road has a few bumps. If you survive them, they make you tougher. Rolling with the punches, as my grandfather would say. When *Playboy* approached me about doing a pictorial, I was amused. I never thought of myself as the *Playboy* type—long, skinny legs, big boobs, perfect ass. But I took it as a compliment, a perfect launch for my new life. After all, I had been out of the public eye for a while. It had been a long way from Ketchum, Idaho. When I arrived in New York in 1974, my grandfather's name got me started. But I guess the fact that I had a certain lanky openness—Lord, I could get enthusiastic!—got me the rest. In a fairly short time, I was on the fast track with every Beautiful Person you could shake a stick at and had become a big-time model with a $1,000,000 contract as Fabergé's Babe. Then, in 1976, my little sister, Mariel, and I starred in the movie *Lipstick*, which didn't do well—and starting right about then, neither did I.

But I didn't know that. I kept going to Studio 54 (those of you too young to remember should know it was *the* place to drink, play and be seen) and enjoyed myself in a Seventies sort of way. It was glamourous and it was fun. Champagne and limousines became a way of life.

But I watched two marriages fail; I watched my younger sister become a star in *Manhattan* while my own career grew erratic. Among other things, I found myself drinking too much and I checked in for a 28-day stay at the Betty Ford Center. My fast living had caught up with me at last. Two years earlier, during Christmas, I'd had a terrible ski accident while testing the deep powder on an unskied slope in Gerlos, Austria. It wasn't the 40-foot drop that hurt; it was the boulder hidden under the powder that broke my first, third, fourth and fifth lower left lumbar vertebrae and shattered my pelvis. Recovering from that fall took almost six months

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





in bed in London. Reading. Watching videos and drinking to ease the pain, because I was determined not to become addicted to pain pills. I put on about 75 pounds, and with the loss of my looks, I lost my confidence. It didn't help when some Italian *paparazzi* caught me swimming half-naked in Sardinia, when I was at my heaviest.

In the fall of 1987, I moved to New York, where I finally bottomed out and made that important telephone call myself. My first goal after "graduating" from Betty Ford was to get back in shape. I have always been an athlete, so I went right into training. I worked out almost every day with aerobics, bicycles, StairMasters and light weights. I also spent some time up in Sun Valley, where I had grown up, hiking and fishing in the summer and skiing in the winter. I changed my diet, eating only vegetables and fish, and began to drink almost a gallon of water a day . . . a natural for an Aquarian.

After getting "the machine" in shape, it was time to get my career in shape, too. I acted in my first play, *The Women*, and had the vixen role of Crystal, which Joan Crawford played in the movie. I loved being a clever bitch.

I have always loved France and in

the fall of 1988, I went to Paris for the fashion collections and landed a starring role in a French movie, *Mass in C Minor*, with Stéphane Audran. It was great to be back in front of the camera.

I was in Paris for nine months but missed home. So in September, I moved to Los Angeles. My confidence was back and it was time to work on what I like doing best—acting—where I like doing it, in the old U.S. of A.

I've started acting classes again and I have just signed to write a book about my journeys, including my most challenging one—taking control of my life.

Back to me and *Playboy*. I told the editors that if they wanted me to take my clothes off, they would have to take me somewhere special. I wanted to go on an adventure; adventure is my middle name. A friend recommended Belize and Guatemala. Belize is a new country, formerly British Honduras, east of Guatemala. It has some of the best scuba diving in the world because of the reefs offshore [*Playboy*'s James R. Petersen wrote about his adventures there in the February issue].

Belize is entirely natural—the people and the place. Almost no tourists, but lots of fishermen and

deserted beaches. We took little fishing boats to islands off the coast, where we felt as if we had gone back in time. Although we stayed in a charming hotel, The Belizean near San Pedro, we roughed it for the rest of our trip. No porters or room service. You'd better be able to carry your bags and catch your fish.

We took 17 planes in 13 days searching for perfect locations and adventures . . . and we found them. I felt so peaceful on the beaches and in the water of Belize. I hope it shows. Across the border in Guatemala, we visited the Mayan ruins of Tikal, on the Temples of the Giant Jaguar overlooking the Temple of the Masks. The ruins have so much spiritual power. I meditated every day and I could feel their energy.

I can't tell you how good it feels to want to show off a little again. We all have periods in our life when we want to go public and want to stay private. I know I've juggled both of those impulses. Right now, with all that's happened recently, I'm ready to be seen again. And this trip to Belize and Guatemala was the perfect opportunity. It was the beginning of the next round. Rolling with the punches pays off only if you get a second chance. Thanks, *Playboy*.

CREATIVE CONSULTANT ZACHARY ZELIG

MIDSUMMER DAYDREAM *(continued from page 88)*

"How does an innocent person act? He could barely stand up, he was concentrating so hard."

with splintery bleachers and nonunion actors up from New York. "Good gate," Bohker said, nodding at the crowd in satisfaction, showbiz jargon as comfortable as a hay stalk in his mouth. "Shakespeare brings 'em in every time. They don't want anybody to think they don't have culture."

"Isn't that great," Kelp said, working on his enthusiasm because his cousin Bohker was putting them up until New York became a little less fraught. "Only eighty miles from the city, and you've got live theater."

"Cable kills us at night," cousin Bohker said, sharing more of his entertainment-world expertise, "but in the daytime, we do fine."

They rang a cowbell to announce the second half, and the audience obediently shuffled back in, as though they had bells round their own necks. All except Dortmunder, who said, "I don't think I can do it."

"Come *on*, John," Kelp said, not wanting to be rude to the cousin. "Don't you wanna know how it comes out?"

"I know how it comes out," Dortmunder said. "The guy with the donkey head turns into Pinocchio."

"That's OK, Andy," cousin Bohker said. He was a magnanimous host. "Some people just don't go for it," he went on, with the fat chuckle that served him so well in fertilizer sales. "Tell the truth, football season, I wouldn't go for it myself."

"I'll be out here," Dortmunder said. "In the air."

So everybody else shuffled back into the barn and Dortmunder stayed outside, like the last smoker in the world. He walked around a bit, looking at how dusty his shoes were getting, and thought about New York. It was just a little misunderstanding down there, that's all, a little question about the value of the contents of trucks that had been taken from Greenwich Street out to Long Island City one night when their regular drivers were asleep in bed. It would straighten itself out eventually, but a couple of the people involved were a little jumpy and emotional in their responses, and Dortmunder didn't want to be the cause of their having performed actions they would later regret. So it was better—more healthful, in fact—to spend a little time in the country, with the air and the trees and the sun and the fairies in the bottom of the barn.

Laughter inside the barn. Dortmunder wandered over to the main entrance, which now stood unguarded, the former ushers and cashier all away being fairies, and beyond the bleachers, he saw the guy in the donkey head and the girl dressed in curtains carrying on as before. No change. Dortmunder turned away and made a long, slow circuit of the barn, just for something to do.

This used to be a real farm a long time ago, but most of the land was sold off and a couple of outbuildings underwent insurance fires, so now the property was pretty much just the old white farmhouse, the red barn and the gravel parking lot in between. The summer-theater people were living in the farmhouse, which meant that out back, it had the most colorful clothesline in the county. Down the road that-a-way was West Urbino proper, where cousin Bohker's big house stood.

The second half took a long time, almost as long as if Dortmunder had been inside watching it. He walked around awhile, and then he chose a comfortable-looking car in the parking lot and sat in it—people didn't lock their cars or their houses or anything around here—and then he strolled around some more, and that's when the actor with the donkey's head and the bib overalls went by, maybe to make an entrance from the front of the theater. Dortmunder nodded his head at the guy, and the actor nodded his donkey head back.

Dortmunder strolled through the parked cars, wondering if there were time to take one for a little spin, and then Mr. Donkey came back again and they both did their head nod, and the donkey walked on, and that was it for excitement. Dortmunder figured he probably *didn't* have time to take a little drive around the countryside, particularly because, dollars to doughnuts, he'd get lost.

And it was a good thing he'd decided not to leave, because only about ten minutes later, a whole lot of applause sounded inside the barn and a couple of ex-fairies came trotting out to be traffic control in the parking lot. Dortmunder swam upstream through the sated culture lovers and found Kelp to one side of the flow, near the cashier's makeshift office, waiting for cousin Bohker to quit drooling over the take. "It was a lot of fun," Kelp said.

"Good."

"And it come out completely different from what you said."

Cousin Bohker emerged from the ticket office with a brand-new expression on his face, all pinched-in and pruny, as though he'd been eating his fertilizer. He said, "Andy, I guess your friend doesn't understand much about country hospitality."

This made very little sense at all; in fact, none. Kelp said, "Come again, cuz?"

"So you talk to him, Andy," cousin Bohker said. He wasn't looking at Dortmunder, but his head seemed to incline slightly in Dortmunder's direction. He seemed like a man torn between anger and fear, anger forbidding him to show the fear, fear holding the anger in check; constipated, in other words. "You talk to your *friend*," cousin Bohker said in a strangled way, "you explain about hospitality in the country, and you tell him we'll forget——"

"If you mean John," Kelp said, "he's right here. This is him here."

"That's OK," the cousin said. "You just tell him we'll forget all about it this once, and all he has to do is give it back, and we'll never say another word about it."

Kelp shook his head. "I don't get what you mean," he said. "Give *what* back?"

"The receipts!" cousin Bohker yelled, waving madly at his ticket office. "Two hundred twenty-seven paid admissions, not counting freebies and house seats like *you* fellas had, at twelve bucks a head; that's two thousand, seven hundred twenty-four dollars, and I want it *back*!"

Kelp stared at his cousin. "The *box*-office receipts? You can't——" His stare, disbelieving, doubtful, wondering, turned toward Dortmunder. "John? You didn't!" Kelp's eyes looked like hubcaps. "Did you? You didn't! Naturally, you didn't. Did you?"

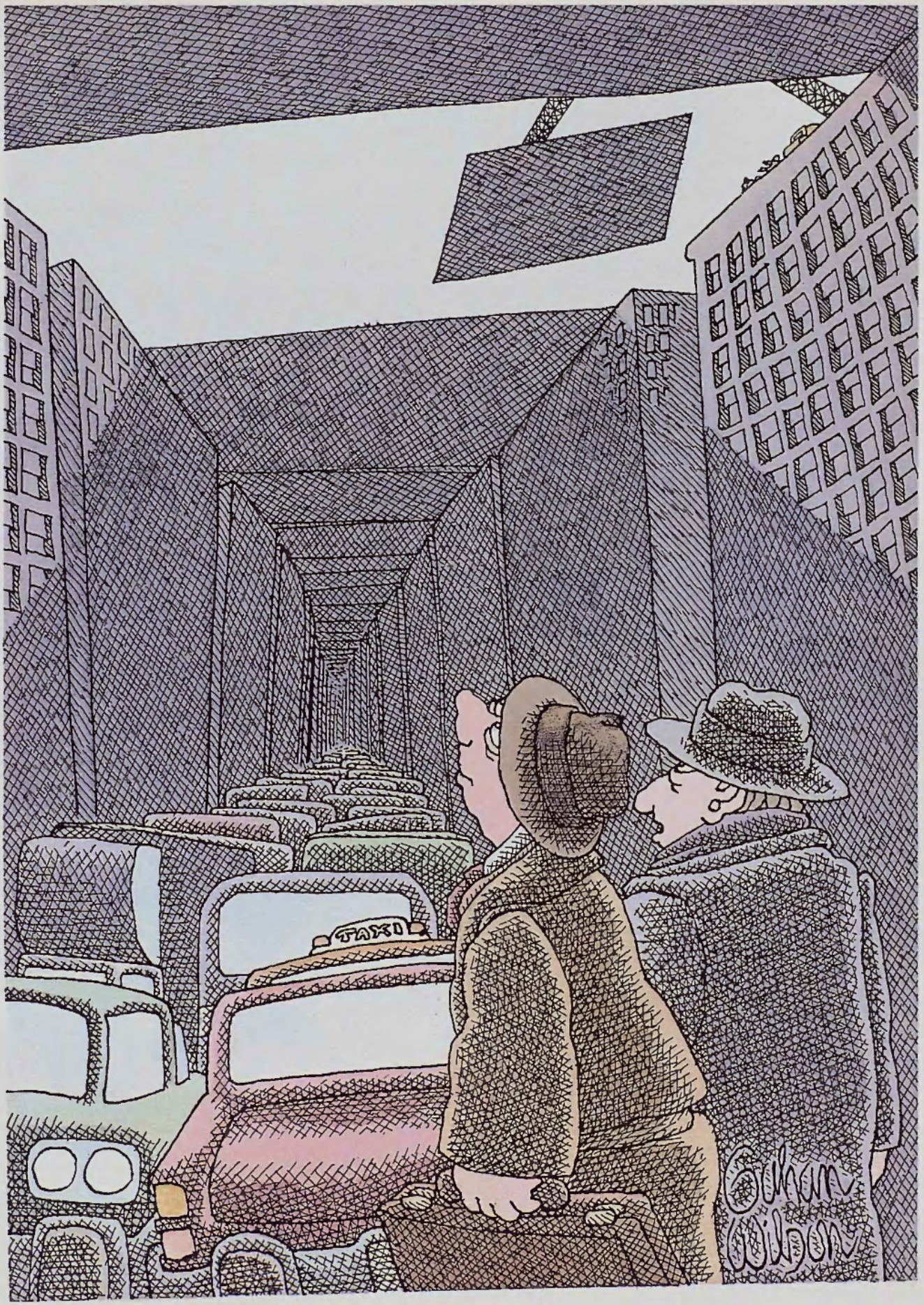
The experience of being unjustly accused was so novel and bewildering to Dortmunder that he was almost drunk from it. He had so little experience of innocence! How does an innocent person act, react, respond to the base accusation? He could barely stand up, he was concentrating so hard on this sudden inrush of guiltlessness. His knees were wobbling. He stared at Andy Kelp and couldn't think of one solitary thing to say.

"Who else was out here?" the cousin demanded. "All alone out here while everybody else was inside with the play. 'Couldn't stand Shakespeare,' was that it? Saw his opportunity, by God, and *took* it, and the hell with his host!"

Kelp was beginning to look desperate. "John," he said, like a lawyer leading a particularly stupid witness, "you weren't just playing a little *joke*, were you? Just having a little fun, didn't mean anything serious, was that it?"

Maybe innocent people are dignified, Dortmunder thought. He tried it: "I did not take the money," he said, as dignified

(continued on page 154)



"I suppose it was just a matter of time before they roofed the whole thing over."

20 QUESTIONS

JENNIFER TILLY

Twenty-eight-year-old Jennifer Tilly is by nature distracting. It's more than her perfect figure and the squeaky voice and ditzy character she trotted out for us in "The Fabulous Baker Boys," playing a tone-deaf aspiring singer. It's not even the striking resemblance to her sister, actress Meg Tilly. According to Contributing Editor David Rensin, who interviewed Jennifer in Los Angeles, "It has to do with the way she couldn't sit still on the couch while we talked. That same refreshing energy has made her one of the town's hardest workers, completing eleven films in only three years." They include "Rented Lips," "Let It Ride," "High Spirits" and "He's My Girl." Tilly also created Henry Goldblume's unforgettable Mafia-widow girlfriend for six episodes of "Hill Street Blues." In fact, she is so devoted to work that she said if she died and, as in the movies, could still walk the earth, "I'd probably just hang around movie sets, eat the bagels and watch people film."

1.

PLAYBOY: You have defined on screen today's version of the adorably sexy, goodhearted love toy—a sort of Judy Holliday in a skintight miniskirt. Describe the ditzy babe.

TILLY: Somebody who doesn't have an idea of the big picture. She just sort of rushes into things, not aware of the consequences. She speaks before she thinks, but even if she thought before she spoke, she probably wouldn't come up with anything better. A lot of things strike her funny. Everything is always happy, and it's hard for her to comprehend that really awful things can happen. Often, she doesn't even get it when people are mean to her, because she doesn't comprehend that people *can* be mean. I like these characters a lot.

meg's sister enjoys putting on the ditz but draws the line at over-rehearsing the kissing scenes

2.

PLAYBOY: What's tougher—playing characters smarter than you or dumber than you?

TILLY: Dumber is really, really easy for me. It's very relaxing. You don't have to do a whole lot of research, because the character has a very limited vision of the world. You just react to people like you're a step or two behind. You have to get back into that childlike place, where everything is sort of amazing. But I also love playing characters who are smarter, because it's nice to play someone I'd like to be [*laughs*]. The parts that are *really* hard for me are people who have gone through a whole lot of trauma—like, their mother's been murdered. When I'm doing comedy, I can sit around on the set, make jokes and go right into the scene. But when I'm doing tragedy or drama, I really have to concentrate. My head gets really compressed, like I have a headache. I'm on an emotional edge. I think that's why dramatic actresses get reputations as being divas. They have all these emotions about an inch away from the surface. Then suddenly, the wardrobe girl can't find one of the actress' earrings, and she gets all this emotion that's meant for the part.

3.

PLAYBOY: What could you have done with the role of Scarlett O'Hara?

TILLY: If I were playing Scarlett, I would play her with a lot more grit. You never stopped being aware that Vivien Leigh was a movie star. If they redid *Gone with the Wind* today, maybe it wouldn't be so pretty. Maybe it would be a little more grounded. Even when Scarlett is digging in the dirt for the turnips and starving, there are too many shots where she looks up with this radiant face, the tears glistening in her eyes. But you never really feel like she has callused hands or dirt under her fingernails.

4.

PLAYBOY: Would you have been as candid and as comfortable with the nude scenes as your sister Meg was in *The Girl in a Swing*?

TILLY: I never saw that film. Meg asked me not to. And I have no idea if I would have been as comfortable, because I've never done a nude scene. But I imagine that I would have been. Nudity frightens me a little. When you're an actress, you get into another person's skin and are capable of doing anything. You just have to trust the director and the material. There's a difference between doing a nude scene for Martin Scorsese, where I'm naked and a fellow actor is touching me all over, and doing the same scene for *Hardbodies 2*. Suddenly, it's not art. Suddenly, it's soft porn or exploitation. I've worn really skimpy outfits in movies and not even noticed it. In *Let It Ride*, my outfit was very skimpy and it was always sliding down and coming up and whatever, and I couldn't wear any underwear—except when I did the somersault. [*Smiles*] I want to set that straight. For the record: I *was* wearing black underwear.

5.

PLAYBOY: How far will you go to get into a character?

TILLY: I know I've already used Scorsese as an example, but when they slapped around Cathy Moriarty in *Raging Bull*, it took four takes to make her cry, and she got an Oscar nomination. I was so offended when I heard that and I thought, How dare they? Don't they have any trust in this woman as an actress? That's not acting; that's psychodrama. But now, sometimes when I'm on a set, I would appreciate somebody slapping my face to get me going.

6.

PLAYBOY: As an actress, how important is it for everyone to really like you?

TILLY: One of my main problems is that I want everybody to like me. And it doesn't matter if they're really creepy and they wouldn't even like their own grandmother. That Sally Field thing [when she won the Best Actress Oscar] was awful. I was watching and was very embarrassed for her. But the reason it was awful was that I thought, Geez, that could be me. What if I won an Oscar and I blurted out, "You like me! You like me!"? Later, I read a critic who wrote—and I thought this was really telling—that that was the difference between someone like Sally Field and Vanessa Redgrave. Sally Field is an actress because she wants people to like her; Vanessa Redgrave is an actress because she has to express the art in herself.

7.

PLAYBOY: You come from a big family. Were you popular or did you have to amuse yourself as a child?

TILLY: I was the most popular person in my family. I was like a celebrity. All my sisters would fight over who got to sleep with me. I was always thinking up all the games, telling all the stories and had the best clothes. I was the entertainment. We didn't have television and we didn't have movies, and I was always the boss. I'd write these plays and I'd make everybody be in them. Once, I had this idea that we'd put all the beds on top of one another so *(continued on page 158)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK HANAUER

sports By KEVIN COOK

big bucks, surprise swings and a season on the brink

PLAYBOY'S 1990 BASEBALL PREVIEW

IN THE MORTAL WORDS of Billy Martin, "If there's such a thing as a good loser, the game's crooked."

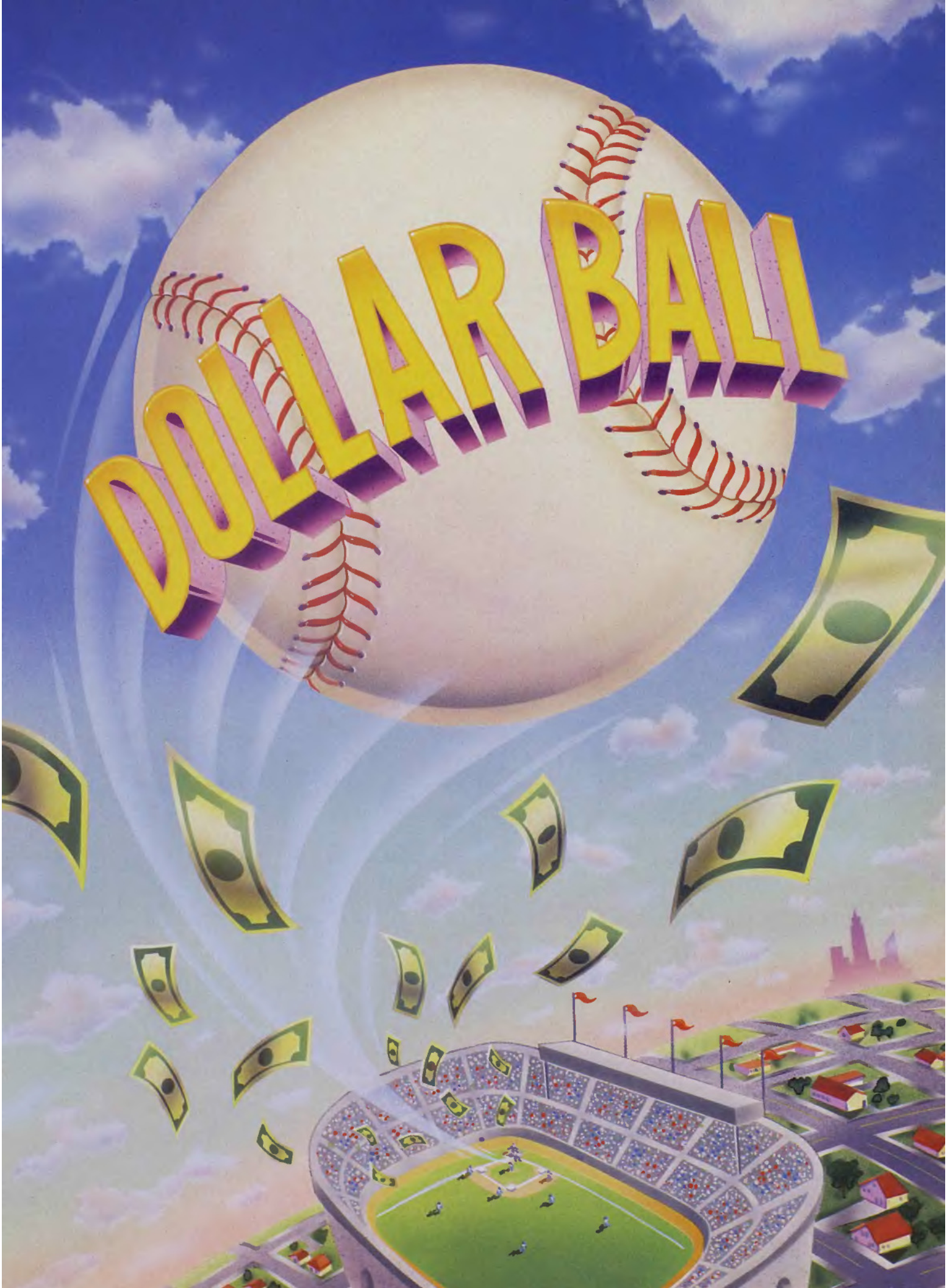
Nineteen eighty-nine was the year of good losers. Dodger *raviolo* Tommy Lasorda lost half a dozen chins and 14 games in the standings and became more famous as a diet shill than he was when his team won. Uncle Fester look-alike Don Zimmer lost 30 pounds and the National League pennant by swearing off the hook as well as the fork—only a man reeling from hunger would have let Greg Maddux pitch to Will Clark. Zimmer's Cubs, the most expert losers of all, starved for the 81st year in a row. Clark and Carney Lansford lost batting titles like real men, taking their cuts on the season's final day, then tipping their caps to the victors. The city of Oakland lost its balance during the Jerry Lee Lewis World Series—a whole lotta shakin', followed by great balls of fire—then rebounded with grace under pressure. Oakland's team lost its superman for three months and still ruled the series, whereupon Roger Craig, in the agony of desweep, praised his Giants' slayers. Wade lost Margo and still got his 200 hits.

And Billy was right. After a season so full of good losers, baseball proved itself crooked. Not in the way the bilious Martin, who lost his life in a pickup truck last Christmas, had envisioned. Not because wienies now profane the game by trading high fives instead of punches. But still crooked. There's something foully skewed about a game that leads its lovers on and then plays hard to get.

The game was never hotter. Major-league baseball sets a new attendance record every summer. Even the minors, bless 'em (they play every April even if the big leagues don't), draw 23,000,000 fans a year. TV rewards baseball with a 1.46-billion-dollar jackpot—enough dollars to circle the globe five times—and what happens? The game turns around and jilts Joe Fan. The players threaten a walkout. The owners—a privileged caste featuring a cowboy tycoon, a Kennebunkport oilman's son, a burger queen, a pizza baron, a shipbuilding felon and assorted liquor salesmen—plan a lockout. In January, word went out to 24 towns in Florida and Arizona—don't hold your breath waiting for spring training.

There's a long-term solution to the mess. Kids call it halfsies. The owners have offered the players' union 48 percent of

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK


DOLLAR BALL

selected revenues. If they bump the ante a little and compromise on the meaning of "selected," the players will play ball. Management has no other choice. After cheating the players in the collusion debacles of 1985 and 1986—then throwing zillions at free-agent stars in last winter's suddenly free market—owners couldn't claim to be the poverty-stricken good guys in this year's labor battle. They'll cave in sooner or later. If it's sooner, new commissioner Fay Vincent, the ex-chief of Columbia Pictures, won't have to open his reign with an empty marquee, and the fans won't spend the cruelest month asking directions to Hagerstown, Waterloo and San Jose.

There will be big-league ball this year. Spring may leave a bad taste in the fans' mouths—the taste of a four-dollar beer—but this, too, will pass. By summer, the course of Ball '90 will be as delectably crooked as every season since 1871—when the young Pete Rose got Cap Anson's autograph and charged Anson only a dollar.

Nineteen eighty-nine began with a standing ovation for Rose. The scene: Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, right next to Pete Rose Way. Rose's Reds beat the defending-champ Dodgers that day in a game that was supposed to presage a tight Reds-Dodgers pennant race (they would finish a combined 31 games out of first). And when Pete lightly doffed his hat, responding to the cheers, each fan on hand could safely bet the game was getting weird. Two days later, Orel Hershiser took his 59-inning shutout streak, a remnant of the Dodgers' championship season, to the mound at Riverfront. Five minutes after that, the streak was shot, and the season stopped making sense.

A year ago, Kevin Mitchell and Mickey Tettleton were supporting players. In 1989, the Giants' left fielder and the Orioles' catcher took center stage. Coming off seasons in which they'd hit 19 and 11 home runs, respectively, they homered compulsively, slugging 47 and 26. Mitchell's secret? When the chill winds at Candlestick Park gave him the sniffles, he ate Vick's VapoRub. Tettleton stoked up on box after box of Froot Loops. Mets farm hand Julio Machado fueled his fastball by munching *lizards*.

Mitchell, hitting with the top of his jersey unbuttoned to make room for his huge VapoPecs, led the Giants to a pennant. Tettleton, hurt in the second half, still might have done the same for the O's had he picked a more fitting cereal, Cheerios. The Mets lost out to the lizardless Cubs in the N.L. East, perhaps because they brought "Iguana Man" Machado to the majors too late. Judging by 1989, baseball is mostly diet.

The picture of the year was Mitchell, his back to the plate, reaching up to snag an Ozzie Smith drive with his bare hand. "He should have just ripped the cover off the ball with his teeth," said a teammate. And eaten it.

Dodgers manager Lasorda, the diet pitchman who now looks less like a bowling pin, is hungry. Ditto his Dodgers. They have the best pitching in the game. Last season, they led the big leagues in preventing runs but trailed in scoring. This time, Lasorda has a beefed-up attack that will feast on N.L. West fastballs. The Dodgers are going to score 75 to 100 more runs, win 25 more games and hold off the Padres, the Giants and the Reds in the West.

Dave Johnson, yet another slimmed-down skipper, needs a doctor. Luckily for him, he has one of the best. Johnson will be fired if he doesn't win this year, but with Doc Gooden, Frank Viola, Sid Fernandez and John Franco, Johnson's Mets are heavily armed. Last season, they lost Gooden early. Nominal superstar Darryl Strawberry hit .225 and stranded too many base runners in the second half as the Mets bitched their way to second place. Lumbering left fielder Kevin "Mac the Butter Knife" McReynolds blamed the media. Supermodel Ron Darling blamed the fans. "We've spoiled them," he said of the Mets' faithful, who must have a low spoilage threshold. The Mets have won one World Series and two division titles in the past ten years.

This is the year they live up to their self-image. Second baseman Gregg Jefferies, a two-time minor-league player of the year and 1989 rookie dud of the year, will shine as a soph. Viola will be the second man to win the Cy Young Award in both leagues. Strawberry, after a pre-season stint in an alcohol-rehab clinic, is ready to be the youngest, most talented Comeback Player of the Year ever. The Straw, no longer stirring drinks, will stop trying to hit 62 homers and settle for 40. (Is Darryl *concerned* about his stats? Does he press a little when his home-run count approaches a nice round number? Here are his homer totals for the past three years: 39, 39, 29.) The Mets will win the East and make shortcake of L.A. in the play-offs.

OCTOBER

N.L. EAST	N.L. WEST
1. METS	1. DODGERS
2. CARDINALS	2. PADRES
3. CUBS	3. GIANTS
4. PIRATES	4. REDS
5. PHILLIES	5. ASTROS
6. EXPOS	6. BRAVES

A.L. EAST	A.L. WEST
1. BLUE JAYS	1. A'S
2. BREWERS	2. ROYALS
3. RED SOX	3. ANGELS
4. ORIOLES	4. MARINERS
5. YANKEES	5. RANGERS
6. INDIANS	6. TWINS
7. TIGERS	7. WHITE SOX

A.L. CHAMPS
A'S

N.L. CHAMPS
METS

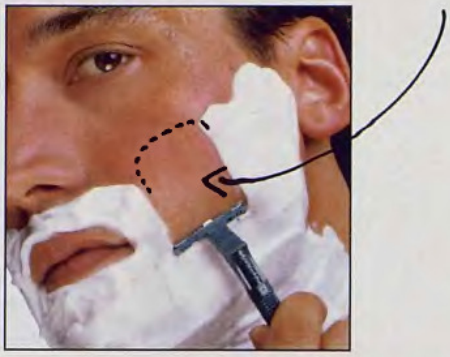
WORLD CHAMPS
METS

In the American League East, the Blue Jays should fend off the bruised Brewers and rebuilt Red Sox. Ninety wins ought to be enough to crown the champs of the game's crummiest division, and the Jays have the right mix of veterans and tykes to win 95, plus a manager, stoic Cito Gaston, with sense enough to get out of the way and let them play. The Jays would not have won last year under the flappable Jimy Williams; they were 12–24 when Gaston took over for Williams in May. Under Gaston, they played .611 ball, same as the A's. Toronto's new SkyDome—a fern bar with Plexigrass—is an awful place for a ball game. Fenway Park or County Stadium would be a better setting for a late date with the A's. But the Jays have more pitching than the Bosox or the Brewers, and pitching wins pennants.

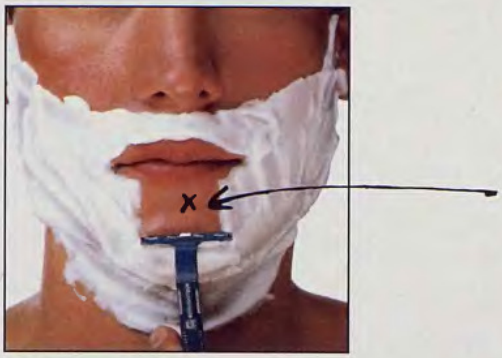
In Oakland, pitching and Rickey Henderson win pennants. Last July second, Henderson led off a game with a home run for the 37th time. He has hit more lead-off homers than any other player. On July 29, newly reacquired by the A's, he stole five bases and scored four runs. Nothing special for Henderson, except that he did it without an at-bat; he cadged four walks. When he went to Oakland, the A's were clinging to a slim lead on the Royals and the Angels. They won by seven. Without him, there would have been three teams shaken up by the quake: the Giants, the A.L. champ Royals and, watching at home, the A's. Henderson is better than Ty Cobb ever was; he's the finest player in the game. With him, a healthy Jose Canseco, Carney Lansford (who lost the batting title to Kirby Puckett by two hits), bashers Mark McGwire and Dave Henderson, shortstop Walt Weiss and a pitching staff second only to the Dodgers', Oakland will three-peat as A.L. kings.

Maybe. The crooked thing about baseball is that the best team loses almost as often as it wins. The Mets were the best team in the N.L. East last year and look what happened to them. They lost to the Cubs, a team that hasn't won it all since Roosevelt was President—Teddy Roosevelt. The bullet-shaped, hamsterish Chicago manager put it perfectly: In baseball, said Zimmer in his best Stengelese, "sometimes there's always a surprise."

Like Tommy Hardgrove hitting a 414-foot line drive through a basketball hoop. Local businessmen had hung the hoop from the center-field fence at O'Brien Field in Elizabethton, Tennessee, 16 years ago. Nobody came close till last August, when Hardgrove hit the shot heard round

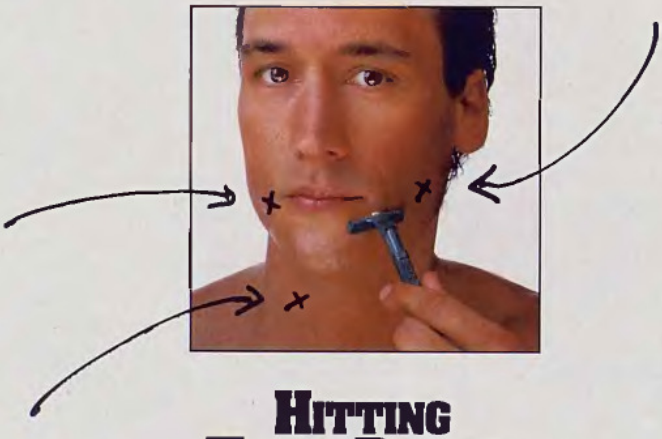


HANDLING THE ZONE.



PENETRATING THE LANE.

HOW JIM PAXSON SHAVES EVERY PLACE ON HIS FACE.



HITTING THREE POINTS.

He does it with the Schick® Slim Twin® Disposable razor. Slim Twin has a slim head to shave hard-to-reach places.

In fact, it works so well, men like Jim Paxson prefer it over Gillette Good News® regular.

Slim Twin even has a one-push cleaning bar to remove soap and stubble.

So get with the program. And get to the tough spots with Schick's Slim Twin Disposable.

It reaches every place on every face.

© 1990 Warner-Lambert Co.

the rim. After the fans settled down, the Appalachian League's home-run king got a $1000 reward and a bit of bad news. Since his 10,000,000-to-one shot had not left the park, it was ruled a double.

Rangers knuckle baller Charlie Hough got five surprises in a midseason start against Cleveland. He allowed just six hits in seven and two thirds innings. Too bad for Hough that five of the hits were homers. The Indians scored seven times in the game but never had a runner in scoring position.

When Bad Things Happen to Good Pitchers II—Die Harder: In August, the Astros' Jim Clancy got blasted without really pitching. Clancy failed to retire a single batter in a start against the Reds and had this to think about on his way to the showers: zero innings pitched, six hits, seven runs and an infinite earned-run average. His replacement, Bob Forsch, took the ball and promptly surrendered nine hits in a row. Then Forsch found his groove and held the Reds to ten more runs.

Milwaukee's Robin Yount (.318, 21 homers, 103 R.B.I.s) won the American League M.V.P. award over the Rangers' Ruben Sierra (.306, 29 homers, 119 R.B.I.s), illustrating an unwritten rule of the Baseball Writers' Association of America: When it's close, give it to the white guy. Two years ago, Anglo-American Kirk Gibson (.290, 25 homers, 76 R.B.I.s) beat out African-American Strawberry (.269, 39 homers, 101 R.B.I.s) for the N.L. M.V.P.

Dirty stuff: Yankees outfielder Luis Polonia got caught with his pants down in Minnesota. Convicted of illicit sex with a 15-year-old girl, Polonia said, "Anybody can make the mistake I made," as though he'd overrun third base. Which, in a way, he had. Boston batsman Wade Boggs had *swingus interruptus* with Margo Adams, an ex-shoplifter who eventually lifted his wallet. Former Dodger and Padre Steve Garvey, who once specialized in grounding into double plays, doubled up in a new way. As the dreaded Impregnator, Garvey stalked women Schwarzenegger style until they either married him or bore his seed, or both. And some joker scrawled FUCK FACE on the handle of Orioles second sacker Billy Ripken's bat before he posed for his baseball card. The card triggered a run on "Fuck Face" futures and wound up selling for $250.

The California Angels handcuffed their ace, Bert Blyleven, to a post in the dugout.

"Kinky," said Blyleven.

Ballplayers actually began to say "Bleep" in interviews, censoring themselves. The Orwellian (Jesse Helmsish?) nonword even tainted the World Series, where Canseco used it repeatedly. "Bleep bleep bleep bleep," he said in a fit of eloquence. What Canseco does, other players copy. It was a bleeping bad moment for fans of the game's four most respected words, two of which are combinations of the other two.

You want kinky? On the night he betrayed every kid who ever slid head first—the night he was banned from the game—Pete Rose hawked $40 baseballs on the Cable Value Network.

It was a shaky fall for Giants hurler Don Robinson. He was 11–8 going into September, then limped home 1–3 on a dead knee. Robinson, called Caveman for his 240-pound frame and Cro-Magnon looks, gutted out the pennant drive on cortisone shots and a knee brace that made his right leg look like a grain silo. He was in the bull pen at Candlestick, warming up for his first World Series appearance, when the earth moved. The Sony-made scoreboard blinked, then displayed a series of Japanese characters. Was the message WE WILL BURY YOU? Was it WE WILL BUY YOU? Robinson didn't wait for a translation. He hustled to his cave and iced his knee. Eleven days later, on October 28, he made his series debut. Rickey Henderson hit his third pitch of the night over the hurricane fence in left. The A's finally brought some sense to 1989, beating the Caveman 9–6 to sweep the series. After the longest season ever, the best team won.

Oakland is still the best team. That's why I'm picking the Mets. The best team wins the series twice in a row about as often as the series features a quake delay. I think the A's will wear themselves out wearing down the Royals and the Angels in the game's best division. Oakland will rebeat the Jays in the A.L. play-offs, then lose to Doc, Darryl, Frank and Franco in another crooked classic.

It might go like this.

Late in the season, Oakland phenom Felix Jose goes 0–4, distracted by A's fans either yelling his name or mourning Canseco (jailed at Alcatraz for doing 180 in his Lamborghini in a school zone—*inside* the school). The Royals keep pace in Baltimore as Bo Jackson steals home in the 12th, knocking O's backstop Tettleton into the upper deck. "What is this, diddley?" says Bo, brushing Froot Loops off his shoulder.

The Jays, leading Milwaukee in the East by ten, win their tenth straight on a Junior Felix grand slam. Cleveland and Detroit secede from the East and go looking for teams they can beat. Russians, maybe.

SCOUTING

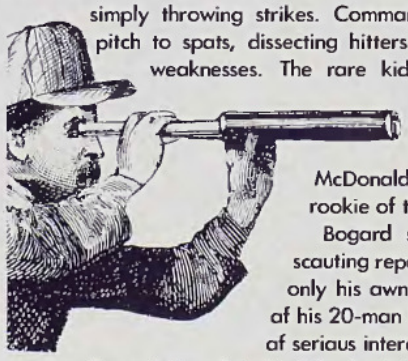
Your favorite team brings its rookie star up from the minors. The kid looks lost. To the casual eye, it's a mystery how he ever made his high school team. The scout's eye is sharper.

"He may not look like much at first. Kids press themselves, and it's a game of relaxation. You can't hit or pitch if you're tense," says Dick Bogard, scouting director for the world-champion A's. "But a good prospect always shows you something." Fit and 50ish, with the career scout's year-round tan, Bogard knows what to look for.

He looks first at physique. A big, quick Jose Canseco–style frame is the obvious ideal, but Bogard doesn't ignore smaller players. Not if they have what every scout calls baseball instinct. "Is his initial reaction to go to the ball, or does he let the ball play him?" Beyond these basics, scouts evaluate hearts. "Does a kid work hard, or just do enough to get by? Does he slide hard? Does he bust his butt running to first base?" After recording his first impressions, the scout looks closer. Check that rookie hitter. Are his hands motionless as the pitcher delivers the ball? That's a "still bat," says Bogard. "He's a defensive hitter. All he can do is fight the ball off." The scout looks for rhythm—a short, quick stroke that begins with a rocking motion and gets the bat moving *fast*.

Look at the hitter's front elbow. As he starts his swing, does he straighten the elbow? Bad move; it wastes time. A good hitter keeps that elbow bent—the V of his forward arm leads the bat straight to the ball. Good hitters use the off field, too. Many young sluggers spend brief big-league careers trying to pull pitches they can't reach. "Jose Canseco and Mark McGwire still get into that rut, pulling off the ball. But when they're going good, you'll see them hit balls to the opposite field," Bogard says. He remembers falling in love with a high school hitter in 1972: "Robin Yount could *drive* that outside pitch."

What the scout prizes in young hurlers is fluidity—a smooth, one-piece motion, each part of the pitcher's body moving straight at the catcher's mitt. Two other clues sound like civil-defense terms: command and control. Control is simply throwing strikes. Command is the ability to pitch to spots, dissecting hitters by exploiting their weaknesses. The rare kid pitcher with both command and control—like the Orioles' Ben McDonald—is a potential rookie of the year.



Bogard sees 1200 to 1500 scouting reports a year. He trusts only his own eyes and the views of his 20-man staff. Any youngster of serious interest to the A's will see Bogard himself behind the backstop at a high school or college game. "I wish they'd all come play in my living room," says Oakland's top scout, who spends his summers crisscrossing the country looking at prospects. Still, the job has its perks: "I've got a *lot* of frequent-flier miles."

Yankee owner George Steinbrenner overrules his cronies. He gives manager Bucky Dent a new title, Special Advisor in Charge of Deli Sandwiches, and brings Billy Martin back to run the team. "The team looks dead," says Steinbrenner. "I say it's time to put the fear of God in these million-dollar crybabies." He hires a trance channeler who relays Martin's signals via the clubhouse TV—a SportsChanneler. The new manager's first directive: "Steal, you bleeps."

Canseco escapes and returns in time to make the 40-40-44 club. He hits 40 home runs, steals 40 bases and carries a .44 Magnum onto the field. Oakland wins the A.L. championship series when he shoots his way out of a rundown between home and third. "Made their day, didn't we?" he says, trading bashes with McGwire. In the N.L. play-offs, Strawberry hits a pennant-winning 500-footer off Dodger reliever Jay Howell. Lasorda, down to 110 pounds after a grueling seven games, goes on a linguine bender that doubles his weight in a week.

New York wins the first three games of the Redeye Classic on shutouts by Gooden, Viola and Fernandez. Oakland takes the next three as manager Tony LaRussa goes to a one-man rotation ("All Stewart, all the time"). In game seven, Dave Stewart duels Gooden, Darling, Franco and Iguana Man Machado into the 15th. Pitching left-handed since the ninth, when his right arm fell off, Stewart walks pinch hitter Tim Teufel. He goes 3–2 on Machado, batting for himself because Johnson is out of hitters. Machado shuts his eyes and slaps a one-hopper past Lansford into the left-field corner. Weiss's relay to the plate is inches off line and Teufel slides around the tag.

In the locker room, Machado sprays reporters with champagne. "I see the ball good, I feel good and I hit the bleep out of it," says the winning pitcher and series M.V.P. "Hey, any of you guys got a lizard?"

AMERICAN EAST LEAGUE

The **Blue Jays** fussed and feuded for three years under jittery Jimy Williams, then replaced him with Clark Kent. The mild-mannered Kent ducked into one of the SkyDome's luxury phone booths and became Cito Gaston, supermanager. The Jays went 77–49 for Gaston and won the East on the season's final weekend. This year, they should be in full flight by

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.
PALL MALL GOLD 100's
A FILTERS
PALL MALL
GOLD 100's
PALL MALL
GOLD
The taste breaks through.
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

August, as the rest of the division self-destructs. If healthy, Toronto is the only East team with any resemblance to the dominant clubs in the West. The Jays have the best offense in the East; they trailed Boston in batting average in 1989 but clubbed 34 more homers and swiped 88 more bases. Mookie Wilson, who sparked them through last season's pennant drive after coming over from the Mets, will be on board from the start in 1990. The only ballplayer def enough to get a Spike Lee character named after him (*Do the Right Thing* might have flopped Mets style with a hero named, say, Howard), Mookie spurs a line-up that features strong men George Bell, Fred McGriff and Kelly Gruber, plus Velcro-gloved shortstop Tony Fernandez and star child Junior Felix. The speedy Felix had an inside-the-park grand slam last year. Rookies Glenallen Hill and John Olerud will push for playing time. Dave Stieb, whose slider corners like a Maserati, leads the finest mound corps in the East. The Jays are ten games better than the Brewers and the Bosox, 15 better than the Orioles and the Yanks and 20 better than the Indians; their wives are better than the Tigers. Cito's men by ten.

If healthy. Starters Jimmy Key and Al Leiter spent the winter with their arms on ice. Gruber has a bad right hand; he can't sign an autograph without wincing. If the Jays stay out of the hospital for once, Toronto may be spared another play-off loss to the Bashers from the Bay.

Milwaukee's bruise crew lost its pit bull, second baseman Jim Gantner, when Yankee scrub Marcus Lawton clipped Dog with a dirty slide last August. Gantner was out for the season and may never be the same. Ditto the **Brewers,** who finished a butterfingered and boring 81–81. Their defense would have embarrassed some softball teams. Starter Teddy Higuera struggled with a bad back and got no help from an infield that made 96 errors. The attack, starring Robin Yount, third baseman Paul Molitor, septuagenarian D.H. Dave Parker and rookie outfielder Greg Vaughn, will be potent enough. High-strung shortstop Gary Sheffield, Dwight Gooden's nephew, may live up to his bloodlines with help from ex-slugger/future manager Don Baylor, whom the Brewers hired to serve as Sheffield's role model. But the suddenly lite Brews need premium performance by Yount, Molitor, Parker, Sheffield, starter Chris Bosio and closer Dan Plesac to stay in the race.

Nick Esasky took his 30 home runs to Atlanta. The **Red Sox** think they can replace him with Carlos Quintana, who hit 11 at Pawtucket. Seventy times last year, the Sox were behind after eight innings; they came back to win zero times. They thought they'd re-signed long reliever Mike Smithson. But no! A front-office oversight invalidated his contract and Smithson went to the Angels. Future Cooperstowners Roger Clemens and Jeff Reardon cement a passable pitching staff, but catcher Tony Pena—drooling at the Green Monster after three years of trying to hit the ball out of the St. Louis airport—will spend 1990 overswinging at A.L. breaking stuff. Rookie Mickey Pina will help in the outfield, but this doomed franchise is epitomized by pitcher John Dopson. Never heard of Dopson? He led the majors with an astounding 15 balks, seven more than his closest competitor.

Two years ago, they spent every single day of the season in last place. Last season, they hung tough until their Rookie of the Year, Gregg Olson, bounced an eighth-inning curve on the final weekend. It could have happened only in baseball's weakest division, but give the **Orioles** credit. They pulled off the turnaround of the decade with defense, young pitching and mirrors. The best-fielding team in big-league history, they made just 87 errors, fewer than the Brewers' infield. With Olson, Bob Milacki and Pete Harnisch, plus the commanding arm of rookie Ben McDonald, they have the pitching staff of the Nineties—the late Nineties. This year, the mirrors will crack. A club that gains 33 games in one season is bound to give some of them back. Juan Bell, kid brother of Toronto's George Bell, is a natural shortstop who won't play that position in the majors until Cal Ripken, Jr., takes a rest. That may take a while; Ripken, Jr., has played 1250 games in a row. Bell will unseat *his* kid brother, obscene-baseball-card star Billy Ripken, at second.

Don't you feel sorry for George Steinbrenner? Me either. Squatting on his overstuffed duff in the owner's box at Yankee Stadium, he insists that this is the year he'll turn the **Yankees** around. He tops other teams' offers for primo free agents—$3,500,000 more for Mark Davis than Davis got from the Royals—and burns when they take less to play for human beings. Burn on, George. You deserve these candy stripers. The Bronx bomb shelter hasn't seen a full-season pennant since 1978, because the owner, like a kid collecting cards, thinks ball clubs are built with three or four stars and 20 or 21

FACTOIDS

Mickey Hatcher, the Dodgers' square peg, got hurt twice last year. Early in the summer, he hurt his hamstring chasing a couple of rock-throwing kids away from his house. Also in 1989, Hatcher pulled a groin muscle moving furniture in his house.

Last fall, a team of Eastern League players went on a minaret-storming tour of the Soviet Union. The American minor-leaguers, accompanied by a K.G.B. agent, did not electrify Lenin's land. In a game against the Soviet national team at Kiev's Olympic Stadium—capacity 100,000—they drew 200 fans. Our boys set *détente* back a bit by beating the Borscht Belters 13–0 and 22–0 in their first two games, but all was forgiven when the U.S. squad made its most historic contribution to the international pastime—introducing the Russian players to chewing tobacco.

Nobody noticed, but in the final game of the World Series, the Giants pulled off an unusual stunt. In the seventh inning of game four, they hit for the cycle in reverse. Greg Litton homered, Candy Maldonado tripled, Brett Butler doubled and Robby Thompson singled.

Will "the Thrill" Clark's answering machine played a golden oldy before the beep: *The Thrill Is Gone*.

Cardinals rookie Tim Jones played one gome at catcher in 1989. So what? He was the first player named Jones to catch in a big-league game in 105 years.

Don Sutton, who won 324 games for the Dodgers, the Astras, the Brewers and the Angels, is now a color man for the Braves' broadcasts on TBS—he's the next "thinking-man's announcer." Sutton has a colorful insider's lexican. He calls a brush-back pitch a "faceball," a slider a "slide piece" and a Latin pitcher's curve "*el cambio grande*."

Last March, first baseperson Julie Crateau of St. Mary's College became the first woman to play college baseball. She had no hits but fielded flawlessly.

In October, Baseball Chapel—the Christian organization that provides Sunday church services for major-league players—launched its "Hall of Faith." The Chapel's first inductee was not Preacher Roe or Angel Salazar but Baseball Chapel's own president Bobby Richardson, who coaches Jerry Falwell's team at Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia.

Right-handed pitcher Greg A. Harris—not to be confused with the Padres' Greg W. Harris—was only 4–4 for the Phillies and the Red Sox last year, but he's special in one respect. Harris can also pitch left-handed.

SMOOTH TASTE
NO AFTER TASTE

NEW BUD DRY. THE REFRESHING TURN IN TASTE.

©1990 Bud Dry Beer, Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

interchangeable parts. He has the stars in hitters Don Mattingly and Steve Sax and pitcher Dave Righetti. The rest is confusion. After dealing off quick young arms for a decade, Steinbrenner suddenly realized that Andy Hawkins was no Whitey Ford. He sent Rickey Henderson, the best player in the game, to Oakland for hurlers Greg Cadaret and Eric Plunk and sex offender Luis Polonia. Spurned by free agents Davis and Mark Langston, he signed flying squirrel Pascual Perez (9–13 in 1989) and got Tim Leary (8–14) for minor-league batting champ Hal Morris. Mattingly, Sax and Righetti deserve better, but you know what they say about pearls and porkers.

"It's a weird game," said catcher Sandy Alomar, Jr., two-time triple-A M.V.P. In the 1988 and 1989 seasons, he hit over .300 with 172 R.B.I.s for the Las Vegas Stars and was rewarded with 20 big-league at-bats. All-star Benito Santiago blocked his path to the plate in San Diego, so he asked to be traded. Alomar wanted to play in the majors. He got his wish—in weird, monkey's-paw fashion. He's with the **Indians.**

With Alomar and rookie outfielders Joey Belle and Beau Allred, Cleveland has a decent nucleus to go with its strong starting pitching. Greg Swindell, Bud Black and Tom Candiotti totaled 38 wins last season; bull-pen stopper Doug Jones saved 32. But by the time the young hitters are ready to help, the rest of the team will be old. How did the Indians respond to the graying of the Tribe? They signed Keith Hernandez and Tom Brookens, both 36. The Tribe has also picked up a whole outfield of failed National Leaguers—Chris James, Mitch Webster and Candy Maldonado—to stand in the way of Belle and Allred. Weird.

Asked in December if he were looking forward to 1990, **Tigers** manager Sparky Anderson nodded sagely. The man does everything sagely, including pulling your leg. "Sure am," he said, pausing for effect. "Not necessarily to the *season*, though." Anderson's team is a toothless bunch. Last year, supposed slugger Alan Trammell hit five home runs in 449 at-bats. Jack Morris, who won more games in the Eighties than any other pitcher, won six. And while former Tiger Howard Johnson hit 36 homers and stole 41 bases for the Mets to rejoin the 30–30 club, Detroit has only one member of the seven–seven club. Is the manager dreading the West Coast road trips? "I'd like to bypass California and Oakland," he said, "and just slip up there to Seattle."

•

Are the **Athletics** tough enough? The only pennant winners to repeat since 1978, the only series sweepers since 1976, they ruled the game in what should have been a down year. Jose Canseco went down for three months. Closer Dennis Eckersley, starter Bob Welch, shortstop Walt Weiss and corner men Carney Lansford and Mark McGwire all spent time on the D.L. In mid-June, the A's were one game ahead of the Angels. Then came Rickey. He hit "just" .294 for Oakland during the regular season but left cleat marks all over October. His post-season stats: a .441 batting average, three homers, eight R.B.I.s in nine games, 11 steals. Henderson stole so wildly in the play-offs he might as well have had Jays catcher Ernie Whitt's scalp in his pocket. He led the league in runs, walks and steals. This year, he will break Lou Brock's all-time stolen-base record. Manager Tony LaRussa, who saw Canseco's famous 40–40 season up close, calls Henderson baseball's most dangerous player.

And that's just the lead-off man. Canseco, whose million-foot blast in game four of the play-offs left a dent in the SkyDome's roof, won't miss the first three

AMERICAN WEST LEAGUE

months this year. He played just 65 games last year but plated 57 runs, a pace that projects to 142 R.B.I.s over 162 games. Lansford (.336), McGwire (33 dings), steady shortstop Weiss, rock-solid Dave Henderson and D.H. Ken Phelps complete the attack.

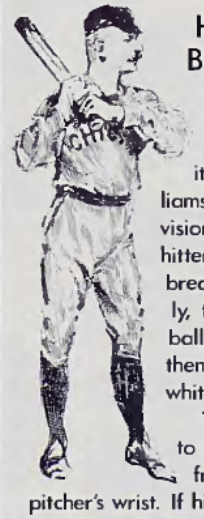
And that's just the offense. Dave Stewart may have Snow White's voice, but his forkball is a wicked witch. His past may be marred by a stint as Steve Howe's bodyguard (he used to block the fans' view while coke fiend Howe tooted in the Dodgers bull pen), a scary run-in with a hooker who had a secret ("Lucille" was a man) and the pitcher's worst indignity (he was cut by the Phillies), but the A's ace has now won 62 games in three years. Welch, Mike Moore and Scott Sanderson should each win 15 to 20 in 1990. And Eckersley, the control freak who walked three men all year, is the game's best closer.

Enough?

Not this time, say the **Royals.** John Wathan's club has improved its stellar staff—led by A.L. Cy Young winner Bret Saberhagen—by paying $13,000,000 on a four-year contract for N.L. Cy Young man Mark Davis. Davis is the game's best lefty closer. Royals stat: Kansas City lefties had no saves last year. Real stat: The Royals didn't need any; righties Jeff Montgomery and Steve Farr had 18 apiece. Still, signing one Davis makes sense—Wathan can now use Montgomery and Farr as setup men. Signing two doesn't. Kansas City's other new Davis, Storm, was 19–7 for the A's in 1989 but had a 4.36 E.R.A. That means 13–13 with a lesser team. I have nothing against a club that puts George Brett and Jim Eisenreich on the field every day, and Bo Jackson is already one of the 20 best players in history. National League refugee Gerald Perry will hit .300 if his shoulder doesn't separate every time he brushes his teeth. But there are two things to hate about the Royals. For one, Jackson demanded a $1,900,001 salary—a dollar more than Ruben Sierra wanted from Texas. Did Bo really need a buck's worth of ego boost? I'll also have trouble rooting for a team that *wants* Storm Davis. After the ten-day quake delay in last year's series, he bitched because LaRussa started Stewart instead of him. Whiners finish second.

Cowboy zillionaire Gene Autry will pay Mark Langston $16,000,000 over five years. Langston will be 34 in 1994. Maybe no one told the owner that 34-year-old arms—Nolan Ryan's excepted—are a mil a dozen. But the 82-year-old Autry wants to see his **Angels** in the series before he sees any real angels. He's paying Langston $100,000 per start to help make it happen. There's no reason to think that the team's other starters can match their celestial 1989, or that the Angels will again lead the league in homers, or that the right fielder will ever stop hearing the heckle "Claudell, have you stopped beating your wife?" Still, Doug Rader is a player's manager—he gave up his number so Langston could wear number 12. He'll keep the halos loose. They can stick with the A's if the pitching holds up; Autry might ride into the sunset a winner.

I used to hate the **Mariners** because fungal skinflint George Argyros owned them. Now I like them because he sold the club to a couple of guys from Indianapolis, the best town that never had a modern major-league team. M's, Indiana wants



HOW TO SEE A BREAKING BALL

Folk wisdom has it that a slider appears to have a red dot on it. Maybe Ted Williams, with his 20–10 vision, saw a dot. Other hitters just see red. Since breaking balls spin quickly, the red seams on the ball seem to redden them. A fastball "looks whiter."

There's another way to tell breaking stuff from gas. Watch the pitcher's wrist. If his wrist is facing you, it's a fastball. If his wrist is sideways, expect something bent.

Now all you have to do is hit it.

"I knew I'd found the right woman.
Her face showed I'd also found the right diamond."
The Diamond
Engagement Ring.
Is two months' salary too
much to spend for something
that lasts forever?
A diamond is forever.
JOSE HESS
Designed by Jose Hess ©. For American Gem Society jewelers and other fine jewelers
near you, and for our free 4Cs Quality Booklet, call 800 221-4510 or 212-941-5233.

you. Last year, you drew only 1,300,000 fans—maybe the fans stayed away because you finished 26 games out of first. Maybe they'd pay to see real ball and keep you in Seattle. If so, it's too bad you're getting better. You have a good young pitching staff, and new first baseman Pete O'Brien is going to love hitting Domers in that comfy park of yours. Kid hitters Ken Griffey, Jr., and Greg Briley will be all-stars soon. Ditto bull-pen stopper Mike Schooler. There's help on the farm, all the way from Calgary to Wausau. But go ahead, Seattle fans. Stay away. Make Indy's day.

Nolan Ryan's **Rangers** started fast last April, then limped all the way home. It wasn't Ryan's fault. He was better than ever. He won 16 and led the league with 301 Ks, exactly 100 more than N.L. strike-out king José DeLeon. At 42, Ryan was the most effective pitcher in the big leagues. It wasn't Sierra's fault either. The shouldabeen M.V.P. ruled the A.L. in most offensive categories (but not most-offensive, Canseco's domain). The culprit wasn't all-star second baseman Julio Franco (.316), rookie starter Kevin Brown (3.35) or closer Jeff Russell. It was Tom Grieve's karma. The aptly named general manager traded wild man Mitch Williams for sweet-swinging Rafael Palmeiro, who hit a silent .275 as Williams led the Cubs to the play-offs. Grieve counted on a big year from starter Bobby Witt; Witt went 12–13 and walked people who weren't even in the ball park. By July, the pitching plan was "Ryan and Brown and pray we don't drown." Grieve now signs Gary Pettis, who can't seem to drive in runners from third with fewer than two out (he was 0 for April, May, June, July and August in that stat). Pettis is the glove the Rangers need in center but has hit just five homers in three years. Texas has three promising rookies who will play a lot when the team drops out of the race; Grieve hopes it won't be in June.

For a team that plays its home games in a closet, Minnesota doesn't hit many homers. First baseman Kent Hrbek led the Humpdomers with 25. No one else hit 20. They don't have many good pitchers. Allan Anderson won 17, nobody else more than ten. They don't have Frank Viola and Jeff Reardon, series heroes from way back in 1987. The **Twins** won't win many games, but they do have the funnest player in baseball. Now that Eric Clapton is a beer salesman, Kirby Puckett is God.

Last May, Tom "Vander" Drees of the Vancouver Canadians—Chicago's triple-A affiliate—threw two no-hitters in a row. He tossed another in August. Drees was the first guy in 37 years to rack up three no-hitters in a season. The **White Sox** never brought him up.

•

The Flushing **Mets** started their spin down the toilet in the pre-season, when rap master Darryl Strawberry rapped Keith Hernandez on the noggin during a team photo shoot. Then Dwight Gooden's shoulder went south. Second baseman Gregg Jefferies devolved from teenage *ninja* to major-league flop. Front-office suits banished center fielder Len Dykstra

NATIONAL EAST LEAGUE

and stopper Roger McDowell to Philly and got Juan Samuel in return. He hit .228 and played center with the grace of the Energizer bunny. Then, ignoring the lesson of *Do the Right Thing* (Mookie wins), they shipped Wilson to Canada. They did manage to swipe Frank Viola from the Twins, and 30–30 third sacker Howard Johnson made a run at M.V.P., but 1989 was lost. Hernandez finished with 19 R.B.I.s. Strawberry played the field like the Mighty Casey, approaching fly balls that landed at his feet with a look that said, "That ain't my style."

Still, winning baseball is all about pitching ("Without the pitcher, you throw the ball around the horn, and then it just sits there on the mound," Casey Stengel would have said). The Mets have a royal flush in Gooden, Viola, Sid Fernandez, David Cone and John Franco. They will rule the wilting East. Jefferies will play in the All-Star Game if the Cubs' Ryne Sandberg or the Padres' Roberto Alomar falters. The suits will find the center fielder to replace Samuel, bat lead-off and save manager Dave Johnson's job. Kevin McReynolds, Hojo and Strawberry will combine for 100 home runs. Strawberry stat: After seven big-league seasons, he has 215 homers; in his first seven years, Willie Mays hit 216. The same spoiled fans who dissed him last fall will spend September chanting "*Dar-ryl!*"

Whitey Herzog's view of 1990 is as clipped as his crewcut: "We can compete." Herzog's **Cardinals** will try to match New York's Gooden and Viola with José DeLeon and Bryn Smith. Bull-pen ace Todd Worrell is out until July, at least. First baseman Pedro Guerrero, who carried the offense last year, hasn't been healthy two years in a row since the 1985 season. Tony Pena now swings for the fences in Boston. The outlook isn't brilliant for the Redbird nine, but looks can deceive. Take Whitey's hair. Please. On TV, it looks white; up close, it's more of a uric yellow. Take Pena's defection. That looks like a debit, but rookie catcher Todd Zeile (who must be resilient; he's married to Olympic gymnast Julianne McNamara) is better than Pena. Pitchers DeLeon and Smith secretly pitched their back pockets off last year. Ozzie Smith no longer backflips on opening day, but his

MONEY

In 1949, Joe DiMaggio became the first player to make $100,000 a year. In 1989, 108 major-leaguers made at least $1,000,000. Dan Mattingly will make more this season than DiMaggio made in his entire career. Why the sudden jackpot for ballplayers? The owners asked for it.

By conspiring to hold salaries down in 1985 and again in 1986, the chiefs of the baseball industry saved millions. They got caught in 1987 and are now reaping the whirlwind. For the first time in 119 years, the players are earning their fair market value, and the owners don't like it one bit. Like the robber barons of an earlier age, they don't think fair is fair.

Three million dollars sounds like a lot for hitting a ball with a stick, but the Knicks' Patrick Ewing makes four mil for tossing one through a hoop. Boxer Mike Tyson makes a million a minute. Joker Jack Nicholson got $11,000,000 for dancing around in purple tie and tails. Michael Milken made billions milking corporations. These are all worthy pursuits. Whining when your pocket's full of money is not, and make no mistake—the owners' are full of it. Baseball broke its all-time attendance record last season. The previous record had been set in 1988. The record before *that* had been set in 1987. Tickets now cost more than ever, further lining the teams' pockets. The same goes for parking, peanuts and Cracker Jacks. And then there's TV. The owners' new network contracts mean $14,420,000 per team per year—that alone is enough to pay many big-league payrolls. And that's not counting local TV rights, which add from $5,000,000 to $42,000,000 per team. So the next time you hear an owner moan, "These salaries are going to ruin me," you should boo.

In the meantime, lift a light beer to the best buys in the game, the 1989 Econo All-Stars: pitcher Gregg Olson ($70,000), catcher Mickey Tettleton ($290,000), first baseman Mark Grace ($140,000), second baseman Roberto Alomar ($150,000), shortstop Jeff Blauser ($82,000), shortstop Barry Larkin ($302,500) and outfielders Ken Griffey, Jr. ($68,000), Jerome Walton ($68,000) and Roberto Kelly ($80,000).

*$4250 Sportster® 883 available in vivid black only. Other colors and California models slightly higher. Price listed is Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges and dealer prep (if any), and is subject to change without notice. ©1989 Harley-Davidson, Inc. We support the AMA and recommend you wear a helmet and protective gear, always ride with your lights on, and watch out for the other person while riding.

$4250* And You're In.

Some people will do just about anything to get their hands on a Harley-Davidson®. Others don't have what it takes to be a Harley® owner. Still others are somewhere in the middle. Maybe they've always wanted a new Harley, but thought it was too expensive to get into. If you've been sitting on the fence, take a look at the Sportster® 883. Even at $4250*, it's 883cc's of genuine Harley-Davidson. In other words, you're probably out of excuses. Are you in?

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY®

Things Are Different On A Harley.®

uniform number still matches his all-time rank among shortstops. Take the odds; put a few dollars on the grand master of managers, who always finds a way to compete.

One day, the **Cubs** will be 162–0 going into the play-offs. In the ninth inning of game seven—after Greg Maddux walks nine Giants to erase a 6–0 lead—Don Zimmer will let Maddux face Will Clark, who will bunt. The lights at Wrigley will blink and go out. Clark will find his way home for a 15-foot slam and the Cubs will lose. That's what makes them the Cubs. They'll have the best outfield in the N.L. this year if Andre Dawson's knee is healed. And when young third baseman Ty Griffin comes up from Iowa to join shortstop Shawon Dunston, all-timer Ryne Sandberg and first baseman Mark Grace, the infield of the Nineties will be set. Mitch Williams will rack up 35 saves while spraying the seats with 0–2 fastballs. Still, for 18 more years, the Cubs will lose. They are waiting to mark the centennial of my favorite T-shirt: CHICAGO CUBS, WORLD CHAMPIONS. And under that, in smaller print, 1908.

Nine times last summer, Montreal's Tim Wallach hit the ball at **Pirates** third baseman Bobby Bonilla. Six times, Bonilla kicked it. Manager Jim Leyland has called Bonilla's defense "adequate" but is dying to shift him from the hot plate at third to the outfield, where center fielder Andy Van Slyke's Gold Glove skills might rub off. Van Slyke and Bonilla, who combined for 200 R.B.I.s a couple of years ago, are the girders of Steeltown's order. Leyland has the foundations of a pitching staff in starters Doug Drabek and John Smiley but not much else. In praising rusty hurlers Walt Terrell and Ted Power, the manager called them "tough people, simple people." Condemned by faint praise, Pittsburgh has a right to be depressed.

In 1989, there were five horrendous pitching staffs in the 12-team N.L. The Pirates, the Astros, the Braves and the Reds, blast victims eight through 11, allowed from 595 to 607 earned runs. The **Phillies** gave up 644, two extra weeks' worth. Aside from Ken Howell, who was 12–12, no Phillies starter won more than six. Rookie left-hander Pat Combs will win the Cy Young before the millennium. Late-inning specialist Roger McDowell, acquired from the Mets, was a steal, and the offense isn't bad, but you wonder whether second-year manager Nick Leyva has a plan. Last September, trailing by four runs in the eighth inning, the Phils had no outs and a 3–0 count on first baseman Ricky Jordan. Leyva let Jordan swing away.

When you call the **Expos'** front office, a woman with a voice like Grand Marnier says, "Allo, *les* Expos." She puts you on hold and the tape is Piaf. Fancy. Too bad that except for left fielder Tim Raines—who will finish 1990 elsewhere—first baseman Andrès Galarraga and young hitters Marquis Grissom and Larry Walker, Montreal may as well be Asheville. *Sacre merde—les* Expos could lose 100 games.

NATIONAL WEST LEAGUE

Tommy Lasorda lost weight and his team turned anemic. The 1989 **Dodgers** didn't crash-diet; they just crashed, scoring 74 fewer runs than they did in 1988. They led the big leagues in pitching, as usual—due partly to the thick air at low-lying Dodger Stadium and partly to its notoriously high mound—but terrain can't explain the hitters' 74-run shortfall. One reason for that was Kirk Gibson's hamstring. Torn in the championship post-season of 1988, it never healed. Gibson played half a season at half speed. Next up: first baseman Eddie Murray. After 12 years in Baltimore, Murray was slow to adjust to N.L. smoke. He still led the team with 20 homers (another department in which they trailed the world). All the L.A. hitters seemed to be on low-stat diets. Center fielder John Shelby, who hit 31 homers in the previous two years, clouted one. He hit .183 with 12 R.B.I.s. Without his horses, all of Tommy's hugs and all of his hurlers couldn't put the Dodgers together again. Hershiser pitched nearly as well as in 1988, when he won 23, and had to go 11 innings on the season's last day to finish 15–15.

So general manager Fred Claire got Lasorda some bats. New to the blue are Juan Samuel and Hubie Brooks, proven right-handed hitters who will balance the league's most improved line-up. Neither is much of a glove, but then, neither are incumbent outfielders Gibson and Kal Daniels. Brooks may wind up at third or Samuel may play second. Even so, the L.A. outfield won't win any Gold Gloves—maybe a tumbling award or two or three. At least newcomers Brooks and Samuel can say, "I lost it in the smog." But if Lasorda can find room for everyone, his club will provide the firepower that blanked out last year. Hershiser, Tim Belcher, scarecrow Ramon Martinez, off-season shark hunter John Wetteland and bull-pen ace Jay Howell are a cut fastball above the competition. Peering down off their lofty perch, they'll enjoy protecting a few leads. And if feast and famine run in cycles, L.A. will rematch 1988 with New York in the N.L.C.S.

The **Padres** got southpaw Craig "Lefty" Lefferts to take over for departed reliever Mark Davis. Big deal. They got Joe Carter to play center and drive in 120 runs. Big deal. Last year, they picked up a lefty (Bruce Hurst) and a clean-up hitter (Jack Clark), took four months to learn one another's names and finished second. Now they say they're ten games better. It's a Kroc. This is a fine team—I love second baseman Roberto Alomar, utility-bip Bip Roberts and, most of all, right fielder Tony Gwynn, who went to the final day last season trailing Will Clark by .0006, got three hits and won his third straight batting crown. But teams that revamp themselves every year seldom get around to winning. Their roster looks better than that of the more moderately retooled Dodgers, but they're no cinch, and by August, they will wish they hadn't let Davis get away.

Roger Craig swears he never fretted over the drubbing his team took in the World Series. "We lost four straight to a great ball club." How did he spend the off season? "Worked my ranch, drank whiskey, got in my whirlpool and relaxed," he says. A sensible man, Craig knows that his **Giants** were not a great ball club. They rode Kevin Mitchell's great first half (31 homers at the break, 16 after) and first baseman Will Clark's greatness (.333, 23 homers, 111 R.B.I.s) to their best campaign since 1966. They won't repeat in the West—their pitching is nothing special and the six to eight slots in their batting order add nil to the attack. "We got a pretty good top five," says Craig, underselling Brett Butler, Kevin Bass, Clark, Mitchell and Matt Williams, "but this isn't basketball."

The **Reds** can win the West. If starters Danny Jackson and Jose Rijo stay strong, Lou Piniella's clean-shaven crew can boast ten solid all-star candidates. Screwballer Tom Browning and fastballers Scott Scudder and Jack Armstrong round out a promising rotation. Young guns Rob Dibble and Randy Myers rule the eighth and the ninth. Right fielder Paul O'Neill might join Eric Davis in the 30–30 club. And shortstop Barry Larkin deserves better luck than he had in 1989. Larkin hit .357 early, made the all-star team and hurt his arm showing it off in a pre-all-star drill.

The great Mike Scott won 20 last season to run his five-year record to 86–49. The **Astros** do all they can not to help him. They dumped Kevin Bass, who committed the crime of hitting .287 over four years with 280 R.B.I.s and 85 steals, and will save money by playing rookie Eric Anthony.

If any team can pull off an Orioles-style turnaround—from subbasement to sublime—in 1990, it's the young pitching-rich **Braves.** They even have a real-life Nuke LaLoosh in their farm chain. Right-hander Dennis Burlingame of the real-life Durham Bulls threw an opening-day perfect game on April ninth. He wound up 4–0 with an 0.50 E.R.A. Burlingame will be up soon, and you can bet his first words will be, "I'm just glad to be in the show."

No Matter How Many Pieces Of Luggage You Own, We Guarantee You'll Use This Bag The Most.

To Prove It, We'll Bet You $100 in Cash!

Genuine Leather Bag Available for just three Installments of $45.50.

$100 says this is the bag you'll use the most! In fact, we doubt you'll ever travel without it! We're that confident because this new patchwork leather bag by Kluge is a traveler's dream. Here's why we can make this incredible offer...

Amazingly Expandable — Spacious, Convenient.

The new leather bag by Kluge collapses to fit under an airline seat with all you need for an overnight ...yet expands to hold everything for a week-long stay! It's light as any bag you've ever carried...and elegant, too.

The exclusive new design keeps your shirts from crushing, your suits neatly pressed — all in one good looking, lightweight carry-on bag. Even has separate places for your shoes, dirty laundry, and toiletries. The ingenious expanding compartments let you replace three standard luggage pieces with this amazing new Kluge bag!

Sensational value! Payable in three monthly installments of just $45.50 each!

Our direct-to-you price is just $129. And three monthly payments of only $45.50 can be charged to your credit card. (The total of your payments will be $129 plus $7.50 shipping and handling, or $136.50*.) There are no middlemen. No extra markups. This new Kluge is an exclusive new design available uniquely through this offer.

No Risk Guarantee. Order now!

Order now at absolutely no risk. If you're not completely satisfied that the new Kluge is everything we promise, return it within 30 days for a full refund. And if it's not the bag you most use after one year, we'll pay you $100 — and you keep the bag! Just let us know. Order the best bag you'll ever use — today!

Two-suiter garment compartment with tie downs.

Unbeatable Features of This Exclusive Kluge Bag

- Wide, padded, detachable shoulder strap.
- Comfortable, padded carrying grip.
- Hardened plastic feet.
- Three zippered central compartments.
- Long-lasting hardware.
- Zippered "secret" compartments.
- Easy-to-open outer pouches.
- Removable shoes and toiletries bags.

Ingenious expanding compartments expand for longer trips, collapse to a compact 21" x 13" x 8" for overnights.

By mail send *full amount* to:

LUGGAGE DIRECT
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Orders shipped UPS within two business days.
*Residents of the following states pay the amount shown to include sales tax —CA: $145.03, CT: $147.52, NY: $141.96 plus any local tax, TN: $147.08. (If you are unsure of local tax, we can bill tax with shipment.)

Call Now!
TOLL-FREE 1-800-367-4534
Extension 675
(Phone Mon.-Fri. 8:30 A.M.-10:00 P.M., Sat. 9-5 Eastern Time)
All orders subject to acceptance.

© 1989 MBI

MIDSUMMER DAYDREAM *(continued from page 136)*

"'I did not take the money,' Dortmunder said, as dignified as a turkey on Thanksgiving eve."

as a turkey on Thanksgiving eve.

Kelp turned to his cousin: "Are you *sure* it's gone?"

"Andy," said the cousin, drawing himself up—or in—becoming even more dignified than Dortmunder, topping Dortmunder's king of dignity with his own ace, "this fellow is what he is, but you're my wife's blood relative."

"Aw, cuz," Kelp protested, "you don't think I was *in* it with him, do you?"

And that was the unkindest cut of all. Forgetting dignity, Dortmunder gazed on his former friend like a betrayed beagle. "You, too, Andy?"

"Gee whiz, John," Kelp said, twisting back and forth to show how conflicted all this made him, "what're we supposed to *think*? I mean, maybe it just happened accidental-like; you were bored, you know, walking around, you just picked up this cash without even thinking about it, you could. . . ."

Wordlessly, Dortmunder frisked himself, patting his pockets and chest, then spreading his arms wide, offering himself for Kelp to search.

Which Kelp didn't want to do. "OK, John," he said, "the stuff isn't on you. But there wasn't anybody else *out* here, just you, and you know your own rep——"

"The donkey," Dortmunder said.

Kelp blinked at him. "The what?"

"The guy in the donkey head. He walked around from the back to the front, and then he walked around again from the front to the back. We nodded at each other."

Kelp turned his hopeful hubcaps in his cousin's direction.

"The guy with the donkey head, that's who you——"

"What, Kelly?" demanded the cousin. "Kelly's my junior partner in this operation! He's been in it with me from the beginning, he's the director, he takes character roles, he *loves* this theater!" Glowering at Dortmunder, exuding more fertilizer essence than ever, cousin Bohker said, "So is *that* your idea, Mr. Dortmunder?" Dortmunder had been "John" before this. "Is *that* your idea? Cover up your own crime by smearing an innocent man?"

"Maybe *he* did it for a joke," Dortmunder said vengefully. "Or maybe he's absentminded."

Kelp, it was clear, was prepared to believe absolutely anything, just so they could all get past this social pothole. "Cuz," he said, "maybe so, maybe that's it. Kelly's your partner; maybe he took the money legit, spare you the trouble, put it in the bank himself."

But Bohker wouldn't buy it. "Kelly *never* touches the money," he insisted. "*I'm* the businessman, he's the ar-tiste, he's—— Kelly!" he shouted through the entranceway, toward the stage, and vigorously waved his fat arm.

Kelp and Dortmunder exchanged a glance. Kelp's look was filled with a wild surmise; Dortmunder's belonged under a halo.

Kelly came out to join them, wiping his neck with a paper towel, saying, "What's up?" He was a short and skinny man who could have been any age from nine to 14 or from 53 to 80, but nothing in between. The donkey head was gone, but that didn't make for much of an improvement. His real face wasn't so much lined as pleated, with deep crevices you could hide a nickel in. His eyes were eggy, with blue yolks, and his thin hair was unnaturally black, like work boots. Except for the head, he was still in the same dumb costume, the idea having been that the actors in bib overalls and black T-shirts were supposed to be some kind of workmen, like plumbers or whatever, and the actors dressed in curtains and beach towels were aristocrats. Kelly had been the leader of the bunch of workmen who were going to put on the play within the play—oh, it was grim, it was grim—so here he was, still in his overalls and T-shirt. And black work boots, so that he looked the same on the top and the bottom. "What's up?" he said.

"I'll tell you what's up," Bohker promised him and pointed at Kelp. "I introduced you to my wife's cousin from the city."

"Yeah, you did already." Kelly, an impatient man probably wanting to get out of his work clothes and into something a little more actorly, nodded briskly at Kelp and said, "How's it goin'?"

"Not so good," Kelp said.

"And *this*," Bohker went on, pointing without pleasure at Dortmunder, "is my wife's cousin's pal, also from the city, a fella with a reputation for being just a little light-fingered."

"Aw, well," Dortmunder said.

Kelly was still impatient: "And?"

"And he lifted the gate!"

This slice of jargon was just a bit too showbizzy for Kelly to grab on the fly like that; he looked around for a lifted gate, his facial pleats increasing so much he looked as though his nose might fall into one of the excavations. "He did *what*?"

Bohker, exasperated at having to use lay terminology, snapped, "He stole the money out of the box office."

"I did not," Dortmunder said.

Kelly looked at Dortmunder as though he'd never expected such treatment. "Gee, man," he said, "that's our eating money."

"I didn't take it," Dortmunder said. He was going for another run at dignity.

"He's got the gall, this fella," Bohker went on, braver about Dortmunder now that he had an ally with him, "to claim *you* took it!"

Kelly wrinkled up like a multicar collision: "*Me?*"

"All I said," Dortmunder told him, feeling his dignity begin to tatter, "was that you went around to the front of the theater."

"I did not," Kelly said. Being an actor, he had no trouble with dignity at all.

So he *did* do it, Dortmunder thought, and pressed what he thought of as his advantage: "Sure, you did. We nodded to each other. You were wearing your donkey head. It was about ten minutes before the show was over."

"Pal," Kelly said, "ten minutes before the show was over, I was on stage, asleep in front of everybody, including your buddy here. And without my donkey head."

"That's true, John," Kelp said. "The fairies took the donkey head away just around then."

"In that case," Dortmunder said, immediately grasping the situation, "it had to be one of the other guys in bib overalls. *They* weren't all on stage then, were they?"

But Bohker already had his mind made up. "That's right," he said. "That's what *you* saw, the big-town sharpie, when you came out of this box office right here, with the cash receipts in your pocket, and looked through that door right there in at that stage way back there, and saw Kelly was the only rustic on stage, and the donkey prop was gone, and——"

"The what?" Dortmunder had missed something there.

"The donkey prop!" Bohker cried, getting angrier, pointing at his own head. "The head! It's a prop!"

"Well, you know, Jesse," Kelly said thoughtfully, "in some union productions, you know, they'd call it a costume."

"Whatever it is," Bohker snapped, waving the gnats of showbiz cant away as though he hadn't summoned them up himself, then turning back to Dortmunder: "Whatever it is, you saw it, or *didn't* see it, when you looked right through there and saw Kelly asleep without his head, and none of the other rustics around, and right *then* you decided how you were gonna blame somebody else. And *I'm* here to tell you, it won't work!"

Well, innocence wasn't any help—overrated, as Dortmunder had long suspected—and dignity had proved to be a washout, so what was left? Dortmunder was considering violence, which usually tended at least to clear the air, when Kelp said, "Cuz, let me have a word in private with John, OK?"

"That's all I ever asked," Bohker said, with false reasonableness. "Just talk to your friend here, explain to him how we do things different in the country, how we

don't take *advantage* of the kindness of people who take us *in* when we're on the *run*, how when we're away from the *city*, we behave like *decent, God-fearing*——"

"Right, cuz, right," Kelp said, taking Dortmunder by the elbow, drawing him away from the ongoing flow, nodding and nodding as though Bohker's claptrap made any sense at all, turning Dortmunder away, walking him back out toward the now nearly empty parking lot and across it to a big old tree standing there with leaves all over it, and Dortmunder promised himself, If Andy asks me even *once* did I do it, I'm gonna pop him.

Instead of which, once they'd reached the leafy privacy of the tree, Kelp turned and murmured, "John, we're in a bind here."

Dortmunder sighed, relieved and yet annoyed. "That's right."

"I dunno, the only thing I can think—— How much did he say it was?"

"Two something. Something under three grand." And *that* got Dortmunder steamed in an entirely different way. "To think I'd stoop to grab such a measly amount of——"

"Sure you would, John, if the circumstances were different," Kelp said, cutting through the crap. "The question is, Can we cover it?"

"What do you mean, cover it?"

"Well, Jesse said if we give it back, he'll forget the whole thing, no questions asked."

Now Dortmunder was *really* outraged. "You mean, let the son of a bitch go on thinking I'm a thief?"

Kelp leaned closer, dropping his voice. "John, you *are* a thief."

"Not this time!"

"What does it matter, John? You're never gonna convince him, so forget it."

Dortmunder glared at the farmhouse, full now of actors, one of them with nearly three grand extra in his pocket. Probably looking out a window right now, grinning at him. "It's one of those guys," he said. "I can't let him get away with it."

"Why not? And what are you gonna do, play detective? John, we're not cops!"

"We watched cops work often enough."

"That isn't the same. John, how much money you got?"

"On me?" Dortmunder groused, reluctant even to discuss this idea, while out of the corner of his eye, he saw Kelly heading briskly toward the farmhouse. "Why *couldn't* it be him?" he demanded. "Partners steal from partners all the time."

"He was on stage, John. How much money you got?"

"On me, a couple hundred. In the suitcase, back at your goddamn cousin's house, maybe a grand."

"I could come up with eight, nine hundred," Kelp said. "Let's go see if we can cut a deal."

"I don't like this," Dortmunder said. "I don't go along with making restitution to begin with, and this is even worse."

Running out of patience, Kelp said, "What else are we gonna do, John?"

"Search that farmhouse there. Search the theater. You think some amateur can hide a stash so *we* can't find it?"

"They wouldn't let us search," Kelp pointed out. "We aren't cops, we don't have any authority, we can't throw any weight around. That's what cops do; they don't *detect*, you know that. They throw their weight around, and when you say 'Oof,' you get five to ten in Green Haven. Come on, John, swallow your pride."

"I'm not gonna say I did it," Dortmunder insisted. "You wanna pay him off, we'll pay him off. But I'm not gonna say I did it."

"Fine. Let's go talk to the man."

They walked back to where cousin Bohker waited in the narrow trapezoid of shade beside the barn. "Cuz," said Kelp, "we'd like to offer a deal."

"Admitting nothing," Dortmunder said.

"Two thousand, seven hundred twenty-four dollars," the cousin said. "That's the only deal I know."

"We can't quite come up with that much," Kelp said, "on accounta John here didn't actually take your money. But we know how things look and we know what John's reputation is——"

"Hey," Dortmunder said. "What about *you*?"

"OK, fine. The reputations we both have. So we feel we'll try to make good on what you lost as best we can, even though we didn't do it, and we could probably come up with two thousand. In and around two thousand."

"Two thousand, seven hundred twenty-four dollars," said the cousin, "or I call the troopers."

"Troopers?" Dortmunder stared at Kelp. "He's gonna call in the *Army*?"

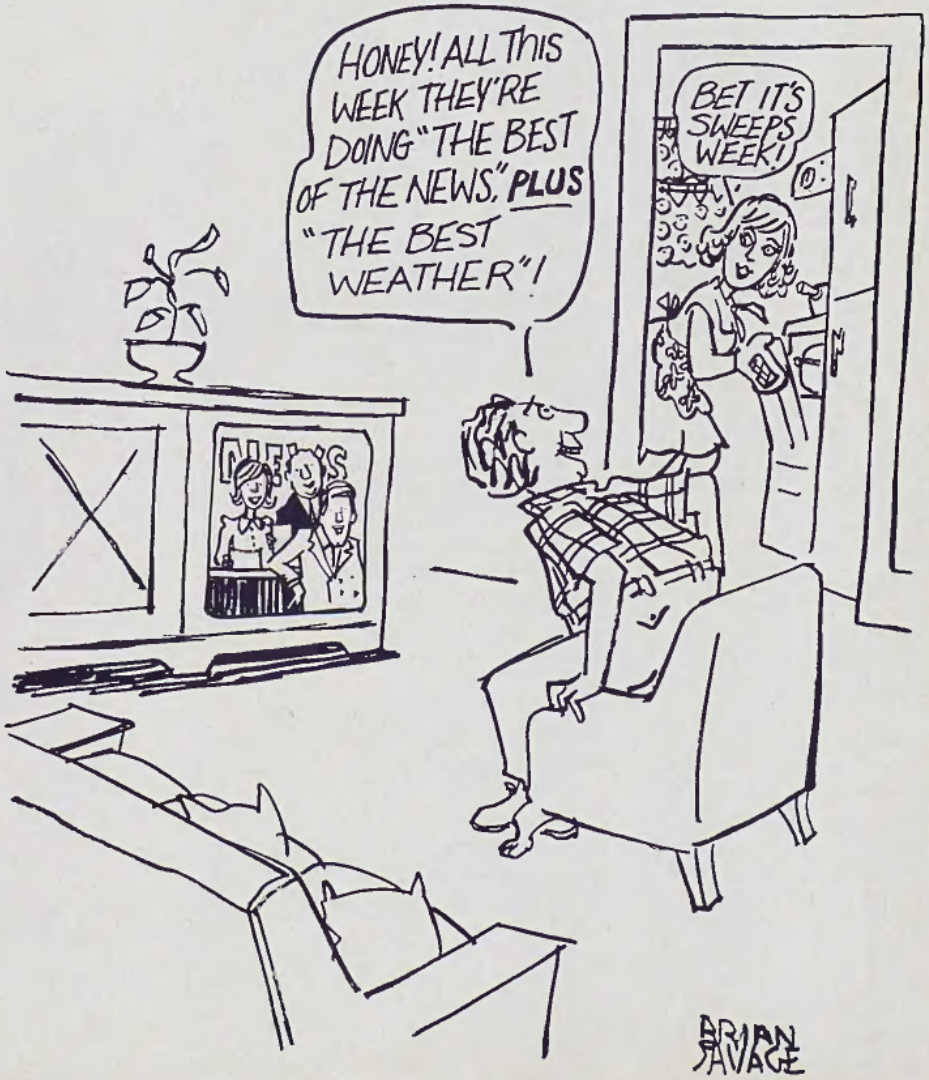
"State troopers, he means," Kelp explained, and turned back to his cousin to say, "That wouldn't be a nice thing to do, cuz. Turn us over to the law and we're really in trouble. Can't you take the two——"

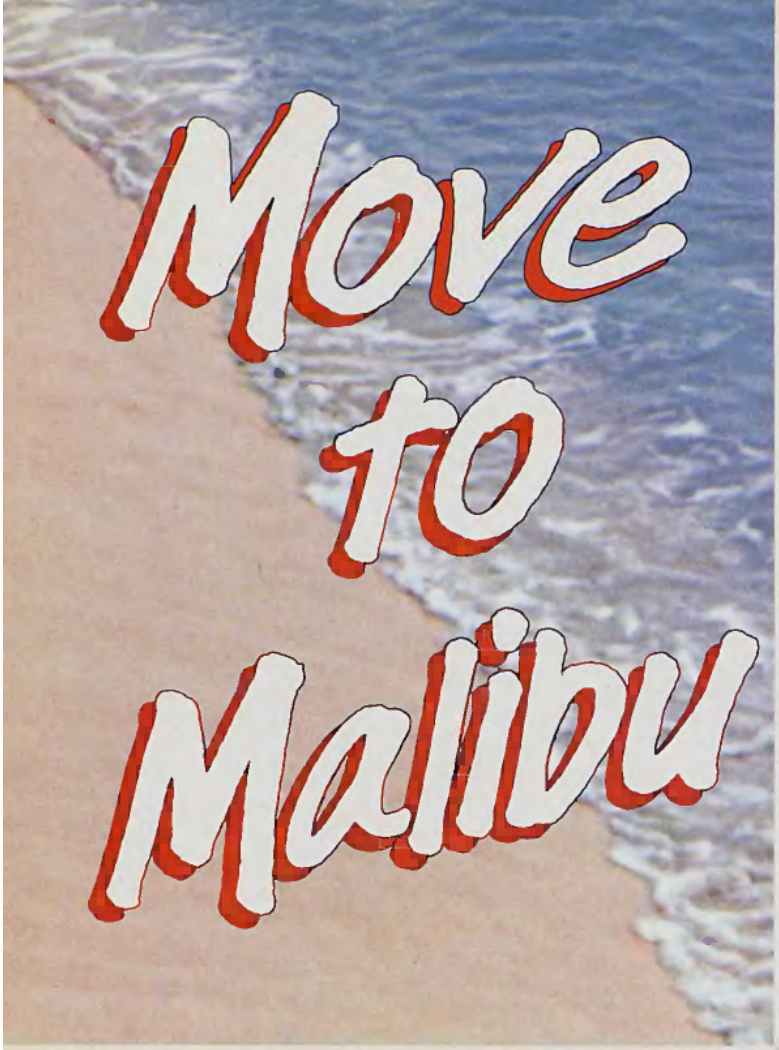
"Two thousand, seven hundred twenty-four dollars," said the cousin.

"Oh, the hell with this guy," Dortmunder abruptly said. "Why don't we just go take a hike?"

"I thought you might come up with that next," the cousin answered. He was smeared all over with smugness. "So that's why I sent Kelly for reinforcements."

Dortmunder turned, and there was Kelly back from the farmhouse, and with him were all the other rustics. Five of them, still in their bib overalls and T-shirts, standing





there looking at Dortmunder and Kelp, getting a kick out of being the audience for a change.

It's one of them, Dortmunder thought. He's standing there and I'm standing here, and it's one of them. And I'm stuck.

Kelp said something, and then the cousin said something, and then Kelp said something else, and then Kelly said something; and Dortmunder tuned out. It's one of these five guys, he thought. One of these guys is a little scared to be out here, he doesn't know if he's gonna get away with it or not, he's looking at me and he doesn't know if he's in trouble or not.

Their eyes? No, they're all actors; the guy's gotta know enough to behave like everybody else. But it's one of them.

Well, not the fat one. You look at skinny Kelly there, and you see this fat one, and even with the donkey head on, you'd know it wasn't Kelly, having already seen Kelly in the first half, wearing the donkey head, and knowing what he looked like.

Hey, wait a minute. Same with the tall one. Kelly's maybe 5′5″ or 5′6″, and here's a drink of water must be 6′4″, and he stands all stooped, so if *he* had the donkey head on, the donkey's lips would be on his belt buckle. Not him.

Son of a gun. Two down. Three to go.

Conversation went on, quite animated at times, and Dortmunder continued to study the rustics. That one with the beard, well, the beard wouldn't show inside the donkey head, but look how hairy he is anyway; lots of bushy black hair on his head and very hairy arms below the T-shirt sleeves, all that black hair with the pale skin showing through. With the donkey head on, he'd look maybe a little *too* realistic. Would I have noticed? Would I have said, "Wow, up close, that's some hairy donkey?" Maybe, maybe.

Shoes? Black work boots, black shoes; some differences, but not enough, not so you'd notice.

Wait a minute. That guy, the one with the very graceful neck, the one who would be kept in the special block for his own protection if he were ever given five to ten at Green Haven, the one who moves like a ballet dancer; his bib overalls have a *crease*. Not him. He could cover himself in an entire donkey and I'd know.

Number five. Guy in his mid-20s, average height, average weight, nothing in particular about him except the watch. He's the guy, during the first half, while I'm waiting for it to be over, trying to find something to think about, he's the guy with the pale mark around his wrist where he usually wears a watch, so it isn't tanned. And now he's wearing the watch. Did the guy who walked by me have a pale mark on his wrist? Would I have noticed?

"John? John!"

Dortmunder looked around, startled out of his reverie. "Yeah? What is it?"

"What *is* it?" Kelp was looking frantic and he clearly wanted to know why Dortmunder wasn't frantic as well. "Do you think she could or *not*?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," Dortmunder said, "I didn't hear the question. Who could what? Or not?" And thinking, It's either the hairy arms or the watch; hairy arms or watch.

"May," Kelp said, elaborately patient. "Do you think if you phoned May, she could send us a grand to pay off my cousin?"

Hairy arms or watch. Nothing shows on either face, nothing in the eyes.

"John? What's the *matter* with you?"

"Well," Dortmunder said, and put a big smile on his face, and even forced a little laugh, or something similar to a laugh, "well, you got us, cuz."

Kelp stared. "*What?*"

"Yeah, we took the money," Dortmunder said, shrugging. "But it was just for a joke, you know; we never meant to keep it."

"Yeah, I'm sure," Bohker said with a sarcastic smirk, while Kelp stood as though turned to stone. Limestone. In acid rain.

Kelly, cold and brisk, said, "Where is it?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," Dortmunder said. "I gave it to my partner to hide."

Kelp squawked; it sounded exactly like those chickens that a

$3 off a carton

Filters 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Menthol 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Ultra Lights 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

ter. He went over and pulled the drawer out and put it on the bed. Masking tape held a bulky white envelope to the back of the drawer. The kid peeled it off and handed it to Dortmunder, who saw that it had a printed return address on the upper left corner: BOHKER & BOHKER, FERTILIZER & FEED.

"How'd you figure it out?" the kid asked.

"Your shoes," Dortmunder said. Which was a variant on the old untied-shoelace gag, because when the kid looked down at his shoes, what he saw was Dortmunder's fist coming up.

Outside again, Dortmunder crossed to the waiting rustics and held the envelope out in front of himself, flap open, so everybody could see the money wadded inside. "OK?"

Kelly said, "Where's Chuck?"

"Resting."

Bohker reached for the envelope, but Dortmunder said, "Not yet, cuz," and tucked the envelope inside his shirt.

Bohker glowered. "Not yet? What are you playing at, fella?"

"You're gonna drive Andy and me to your house," Dortmunder told him, "and we're gonna pack, and then you're gonna drive us to the bus depot, and when the bus comes in, I'll hand you this envelope. Play around, I'll make it disappear again."

"I'm not a vengeful fella," Bohker said. "All I care about is I get my money back."

"Well, that's one difference between us," Dortmunder said, which Bohker maybe didn't listen to hard enough.

Bohker's station wagon was one of the few cars left in the parking lot. Bohker got behind the wheel, his cousin Kelp beside him, and Dortmunder got in back with the old newspapers and cardboard cartons and fertilizer brochures and all the junk, and they drove off toward town. Along the way, Bohker looked in the rearview mirror and said, "I been thinking about what happened back there. You didn't take the money at all, did you?"

neighbor of Bohker's kept in his back yard. He squawked, and then he cried, "John! You never did!"

"Not you," Dortmunder told him. "My other partner, the actor in the cast here that's an old pal of mine. I slipped him the money and he went and hid it in the house." Hairy arms or watch; hairy arms or watch. Dortmunder turned and grinned easily at the kid with the pale band under his watch. "Didn't I?" he said.

The kid blinked. "I don't get you," he said.

"Aw, come on; the gag's over," Dortmunder told him. "If Bohker here calls his state troopers, I'll just tell them I gave you the money to hide and they'll go look in the house there and find it, and everybody *knows* I was never in that house, so it was you. So now the gag is over, right?"

The kid thought about it. Everybody standing there watched the kid thinking about it, and everybody knew what it meant that the kid had something to think about. The kid looked around and saw what it was that everybody knew, and then he laughed and clapped his hands together and said, "Well, we sure had them going there for a while, didn't we?"

"We sure did," Dortmunder said. "Why don't you and me go in the house now and get the cousin his money back?"

Bohker, sounding tough, said, "Why don't we *all* go in and get the goddamn money?"

"Now, now," Dortmunder said, mild as could be, "why don't you let us have our little secrets? We'll go in and we'll come out with the money. You'll get your money back, cousin, don't worry."

Dortmunder and the kid walked across the parking lot and up the stoop and across the porch full of gaping actors and went into the house. The kid led the way upstairs and down the hall and into the third room on the left, which contained two narrow beds and two small dressers and two wooden chairs. "Hold it a second," Dortmunder said, and looked around, and saw the one dresser drawer open about three inches. "Taped it to the back of the dresser drawer," he said.

"OK, OK, you're Sherlock Holmes," the kid said, sounding bit-

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

"Like I said."

"It *was* Chuck."

"That's right."

Kelp twisted around to look over the back of the seat and say, "John, how did you figure out it was him? That was goddamn genius."

If Kelp wanted to think what had happened was genius, it would be better for Dortmunder to keep his thought processes to himself, so he said, "It just come to me."

Bohker said, "You had to mousetrap Chuck like you did or he'd have just denied it forever."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I owe you an apology," Bohker said, being gruff and man to man about it.

"That's OK," Dortmunder told him.

"And there's no reason you fellas have to move out."

"Oh, I think we're ready to go, anyway," Dortmunder said. "Aren't we, Andy?"

"Yeah, I think so," Kelp said.

As Bohker turned the station wagon in to the driveway at his house, Dortmunder said, "Does that glove compartment lock?"

"Yeah, it does," Bohker said. "Why?"

"I tell you what we'll do," Dortmunder told him. "We'll lock this envelope in there for safekeeping, and you give me the key off the ring, and when we get on our bus, I'll give it back to you. On account of I know you don't trust me."

"Now, that's not fair," Bohker said defensively, parking beside his house. "I apologized, didn't I?"

"Still," Dortmunder said, "we'll both be happier if we do it this way. Which key is it?"

So Bohker took the little key off his key ring, and he and Kelp watched Dortmunder solemnly lock the envelope away in the crowded, messy glove compartment, and an hour and 45 minutes later, on the bus to Buffalo, Kelp turned in his seat and said, "You did, didn't you?"

"Sure, I did," Dortmunder agreed, taking wads of Bohker's money out of his pants pockets. "Treat me like that, threaten me with *troopers*."

"What's cousin Bohker looking at in that envelope?"

"Fertilizer brochures."

Kelp sighed, probably thinking about family complications. "Still, John," he said, "you can hardly blame the guy for jumping to conclusions."

"I can if I want," Dortmunder said. "Besides, I figured I earned this, with what he put me through. That stuff, what's-it. Anguish, you know the kind. Mental, that's it. Mental anguish, that's what I got," Dortmunder said, and stuffed the money back into his pockets.

"I'll talk to you later. I have someone on hold."

JENNIFER TILLY

(continued from page 139)

there would be only one bed, but it would be a really big, tall bed. Then we'd take turns sleeping on that bed while everybody else slept on the floor. Like, for a month. Everyone thought that was a great idea. I don't know why. I guess because we grew up way, way out in the country and we never had any neighbors.

8.

PLAYBOY: If you could be a cartoon character for a day, who would that be?

TILLY: I always liked Mary Jane in the *Spider-Man* comic books. She's a party kind of girl. She has red hair, wears miniskirts and stiletto heels and says, "Let the good times roll." She has a really good time, and she's a model and a jet setter. She's married to Peter [Spider-Man] Parker. Actually, I liked her better before she got married. [*Pauses*] See, she was always a peripheral character. *Gwen* was Peter Parker's girlfriend and she was always really boring. Then Gwen got killed. Mary Jane was just the girl who was out partying, having a good time and hitting on Peter. She was very liberated. And she sort of rattled him because she always called him Tiger. And then, when [the writers] decided to have them married—I don't want it to sound like I read *Spider-Man* comic books constantly, but my brother gave me a subscription last year—they decided she had to be more of a person, or else why would he marry her? So all of a sudden, it turned out that she'd had this terrible childhood and had been an orphan, and that's why she's a party girl. She's really quite vulnerable and insecure. And that kind of spoiled it for me, because I liked it better when she was just going out.

9.

PLAYBOY: Describe your courtship and the final straw that made you say yes to marriage.

TILLY: It was very short. Sam [Simon] made up his mind that I was the person for him, and I made up my mind that he was the person for me, and we just sort of fell into each other's arms. It was, like, "Move in with me." Oh, OK. "Hey, let's get married." All right. [*Pauses*] I don't know why this happened, because I never wanted to get married.

We did it on the spur of the moment. We went off to Hawaii thinking, Well, maybe we'll get married in Hawaii, so I took a white dress just in case. We'd wake up every morning and say, "Well, should we get married today? Nah, let's go snorkeling instead." Then we moved to a hotel on Maui, and one day, we woke up and said, "Hey, today's a good day to get married." So we found a priest through the Yellow Pages.

10.

PLAYBOY: What are the toughest words to believe from a man?

TILLY: When they say that they love you or that you're special. I used to date this guy and I knew where he was coming from—this was before AIDS and he was dating everybody and their dog. But I didn't mind, because he was lots of fun to be around. I'd go over to his house. He had this roommate. He told me it was like *Three's Company*: "She's my Platonic roommate." And my sister and I thought she was such a bitch, because whenever she'd come out to dinner, she would just glare at me and be really sullen and nasty. She'd slam the doors. My boyfriend would say, "Ooo, what's gotten into her?" One day, he called up the theater where I was rehearsing and he said, "This casting director wanted me to go away with her for the weekend, but I thought of you." I laughed, because he was acting like we had this great big relationship, but to me, he was just a casual date. Another day, he came to the theater and wanted me to move in with him—his roommate had moved out—because I was "so special." But I said, "No, no, no. I'm very happy living with my sister." The next day, I found out he had gotten married. I thought it was a joke.

11.

PLAYBOY: He married the ex-roommate?

TILLY: No. And the ex-roommate was actually his *girlfriend*. He'd been taking me over to his girlfriend's house to spend the night and stuff, which was why his girlfriend was slamming doors. This guy was the biggest liar I ever met.

Men are powered by their libido a lot more than women are. Women sleep with somebody, and then they have to make this big case, like, "Oh, I'm in love; that's why I slept with this person." They create romantic relationships in their head, whereas men are like, "Well, that was fun." It's like going to a hockey game. Men say, "Oh, you're so special to me; ooo, I've never felt this way before; mmm, I think I'm in love." Women believe it, but for men, I think it's like part of the hockey game: It's one of the things you say before you score. When guys act like I'm really special, I think, Well, maybe I'm really special at nine on a Saturday night, but the next day, it was last night.

12.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, is it in his kiss?

TILLY: Yes, it is. That's one of my favorite things to do. You can tell a lot about a person by the way he kisses. A lot of people think of sex as a destination, not as a journey. Their object is to get off, right? So the sooner you do it, the sooner you've done it. But people who kiss for a really long time, or who are really good, are probably going to be really good lovers, too.

13.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever practiced kissing with your co-star before a kissing scene?

TILLY: No. No. You're not in character. I once auditioned with a well-known actor, who was sort of repulsive. He wanted to sit in his car to rehearse this sex scene. He said, "This is supposed to be a sexy scene. You seem very tense." Well, I *was* tense sitting in this car with this stranger. The windows were all steamed up and we'd just met. He said, "We should make the director really hot," and I'm like, "I don't think so." He said, "Kiss me" and I said, "What?" And he said, "Kiss me" and I went [*puckers, tight-lipped*]. He said, "No, no, no. You weren't relaxed. Kiss me again. Just give me a really long, sexy kiss." I said, "Excuse me. When we get in there and we're doing it, I'll be relaxed. But I don't think that this is something that we need to rehearse. I think we should work on the lines."

14.

PLAYBOY: You've done love scenes with younger and older men. What's the difference?

TILLY: I play younger than myself a lot of times, so I've done a lot of movies with guys who have never acted before. Usually, I'm more comfortable with the older men. The young guys are very nervous. If they have to kiss you, they don't know how they should. I did a scene with one guy and we were supposed to be kissing and falling on the ground and rolling all around à la *From Here to Eternity*. You know how when a horse is really nervous, it shows its teeth? His teeth were like that. It wasn't because he thought I was repulsive, because I knew from the wardrobe people that he had this really big crush on me. He was just so scared. I couldn't get in—not that I wanted to—because there was this wall of teeth. We fell down and rolled around and his teeth went right through my lip.

When older men do a sex scene, they channel their sexuality through the scene, whereas younger men are sort of fighting it. Older men have been around a lot and they know that it's just a scene and that you may be attracted in the scene, but that doesn't mean that you're attracted in real life. So they channel it.

15.

PLAYBOY: Define your style.

TILLY: I approach life with a lot of gusto. Life is very short. People shouldn't look like everybody else; they shouldn't talk like everybody else. And whatever you do, you should do from the heart. Sometimes I dress very oddly; sometimes I dress to blend in. I used to wear whatever I wanted to when I went to auditions, but I found out that people thought the way I dressed was distracting. Once, a director got the costume designer and said, "Look how Jennifer's dressed. That is how the character should dress." I didn't get the part.

16.

PLAYBOY: What item of clothing do you and your sister Meg share the most?

TILLY: People must think we borrow each

WE'D LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT THE UNCENSORED CONTENT OF THIS MAGAZINE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE CONSTITUTION
The words we live by

To learn more about the Constitution write: Constitution, Washington, D.C. 20599. The Commission on the Bicentennial of The U.S. Constitution. Ad Council

FREE
Video Catalog

108 pages of classic movies, latest hits, musicals and more . . . over 2,200 titles at the new low prices. Over 1,200 titles under $20. Toll-free ordering, fast service, Federal Express delivery available, laser discs, too.

For a FREE catalog
send your name and address to Critics' Choice Video, P.O. Box 632, Dept. 09001, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009-0632

©1990 Critics' Choice Video, Inc.

other's clothes, but we don't. She sees me wearing something and she'll buy the same thing, because she doesn't like to shop. Then we'll have to call each other and say, "Are you wearing your black checked dress today? Oh, good; I'll wear it." But generally, we have very different styles of dressing. She likes to wear long, loose things and I like to wear tight, short things. I lent her an outfit for a press junket in Europe, but I told her I didn't want her to wear it on TV in America, because I was going to be on TV and people would say, "Oh, look, she's wearing her sister's outfit."

17.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you could become invisible at will?

TILLY: A magazine did a survey that asked men and women which they would prefer: to be invisible or to fly. The men wanted to fly and the women wanted to become invisible. I don't think I'd really like that, because I'm always afraid I'm going to eavesdrop on people and they'll be saying bad things about me. I never go into my husband's office and pull out the little drawers and look through things, because what if I find something I don't like?

18.

PLAYBOY: What did you want for Christmas that you never got?

TILLY: When I was little, I always wanted an Easy Bake oven. We were very poor and we were really hungry. I thought if I had it, there would be this stream of cakes coming out. It never occurred to me that you had to go out and buy the real expensive little Easy Bake mixes. But now that I'm married, Sam always gets whatever I want.

19.

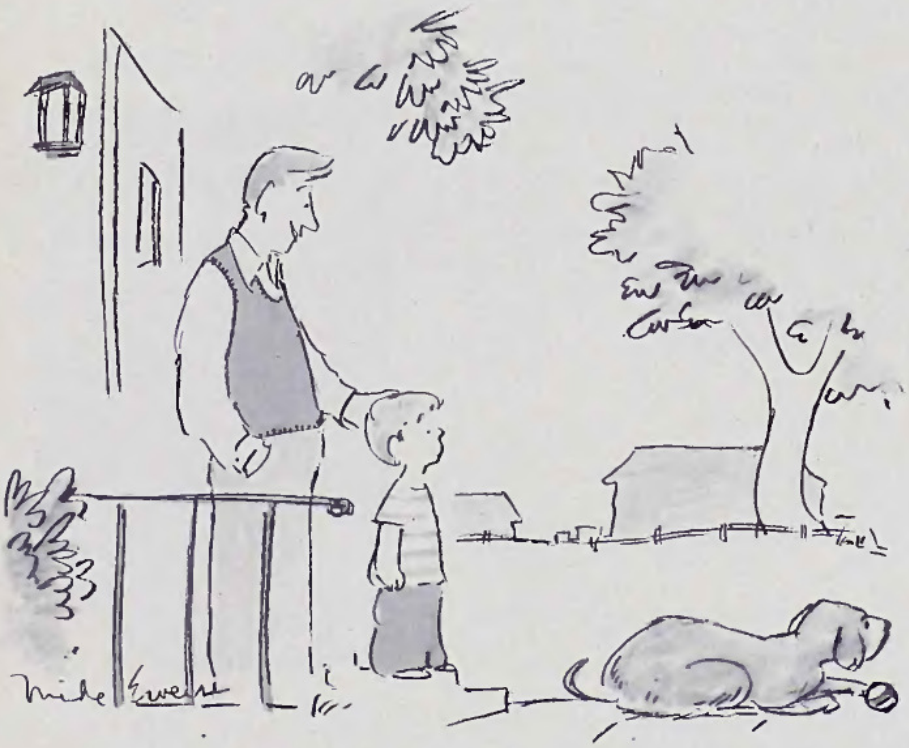
PLAYBOY: When is shopping the best remedy?

TILLY: After I have a really bad audition, I shop. But I also shop when I have a really good audition. I reward myself. I usually buy underwear when I'm depressed, because from the inside out, you can have all new things. I usually buy black underwear, because I wear a lot of black. That way, if your bra strap shows, it's black.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's always in your medicine cabinet?

TILLY: I'm an Excedrin addict. Sam thinks that my body manufactures a headache so I can have some more of that good Excedrin. When I'm at neighbors' houses and they offer me Tylenol or Advil or something like that, I won't take it, because it doesn't do anything for me. Just Excedrin. [*Smiles*] After this, I'll be on stage and people will be throwing bottles of Excedrin instead of underwear.



"No, C.J., I don't think you'd really like to be a dog. Why, dogs can't make jokes, or go to the movies, or play center field, or do any of those things you and I can do. On the other hand, they can lick their balls, and that's nothing to sneeze at."

Where and How to Buy

To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 90–95, check listings below to locate the store nearest you. You may also contact the manufacturers for information on where to purchase the merchandise in your area.

Page 90: Cardigan by Shamask, 212-398-1210. Charivari, NYC; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Ariston, San Francisco. Shirt by Andrew Fezza, 212-695-6800. Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Lord John, Providence, Rhode Island. Shorts by Lazo, 212-371-2040. Sunglasses by Persol, 212-772-3544. Au Courant, Miami; Georgetown Optician, Washington, D.C.; fine department stores. Her shirt by Nicole Farhi, 212-221-7568. Her pants by Go Silk, 212-382-3303.

Page 91: Shirt by Andrew Fezza, 212-695-6800. Macy's, NYC; Sebastianos for Men, Nashville. Shorts by Sans Tambours ni Trompettes, 212-362-1212. Charivari, NYC; Tootsie's, Houston; The Hitching Post, Omaha. Watch from Paul Smith, NYC, 212-627-9770. Sunglasses by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, 212-889-0500. Macy's, NYC. Her top and sweater by Go Silk, 212-382-3303. Her shorts from Basco Collection by Lance Karesh, 212-764-1730.

Page 92: Jacket by Charles Chevignon, 212-764-1336. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Polo shirt by Sans Tambours ni Trompettes, 212-362-1212. Charivari, NYC; Camouflage, NYC; Tootsie's, Houston. Jeans by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, 212-719-2600. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Calvin Klein Store, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, Dallas.

Page 93: Jacket, shirt and trousers by Luciano Soprani, 212-765-5211. Luciano Soprani Boutique, Beverly Hills; Jerez, Chicago; Allure, Philadelphia. Belt by Trafalgar, 212-223-2511. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Sunglasses by Persol, 212-772-3544. Au Courant, Miami; Georgetown Optician, Washington, D.C.; fine men's stores. Her top by Shamask, 212-398-1210. Her skirt by Charles Chevignon, 212-764-1336. Her belt by Johnny Farah at Showroom Seven, 212-947-4791. Her earrings by Victoria Ann Varga, 718-287-4950.

Page 94: Baseball jacket by Reporter, 212-371-2040. Reporter Boutique, NYC; Gerard Soulaine Paris, Dallas; Tonina, Redonda Beach, California. Shirt by Lazo, 212-371-2040. Mario's, Portland, Oregon, and Seattle; Ron Ross, Tarzana, California; Charivari, NYC. Watch from Paul Smith, NYC, 212-627-9770. Her outfit by Shamask, 212-398-1210.

Page 95: Sports coat from Basco by Lance Karesh, 212-764-1730. Macy's select stores; Chanins, Los Angeles; Barneys New York, NYC. Shirt by a.b.s Men, 212-398-0330. Macy's, NYC; Rich's, Atlanta; a.b.s Men's Store, Santa Manica. Pants by Sans Tambours ni Trompettes, 212-362-1212. Charivori, NYC; Camouflage, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Belt by Trafalgar, 212-223-2511. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Her dress by Shamask, 212-398-1210.

BEL CREATES A LEGEND

BEL LEGEND 3
Model 966
Actual Size

Revolutionary New 3 Band Radar Detection

BEL-TRONICS, the pioneer of 3 band technology, introduces LEGEND 3: a new radar detector offering unsurpassed detection range for X, K, and Ka band radar.

LEGEND 3's revolutionary performance is achieved through a patented design called FMT® (Fundamental Mixer Technology). FMT® redefines how a detector processes X, K, and Ka band radar. With FMT®, LEGEND 3 provides a level of sensitivity never before achieved.

LEGEND 3 also breaks new ground in terms of selectivity. An advanced signal processing technique known as RSV® (Radar Signal Verification) automatically eliminates Intermediate Frequency (IF) interference—the most common source of false alerts. With RSV®, LEGEND 3 sets a new standard for selectivity.

Unmatched in sensitivity and selectivity, LEGEND 3 reflects a commitment to detail, quality and innovative thinking. And LEGEND 3's refined and convenient features make it unlike any radar detector ever designed.

Revolutionary 3 band performance is available today for $379.95. And backed by a 3 year limited warranty. To order or for the name of a dealer near you, call toll-free:

1-800-341-1401 USA **1-800-268-3994** Canada

Join RADAR and protect your right to use a radar detector. For more information call (513) 667-5472.

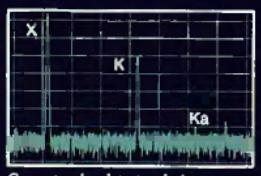
*Registered trademark of BEL-TRONICS LIMITED.

BEL-TRONICS LIMITED
The Intelligent Choice

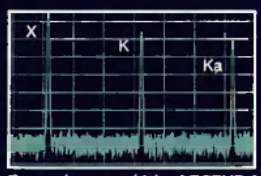
966PB

FMT®: Unequalad Sensitivity

To duplicate LEGEND 3's X, K, and Ka sensitivity levels, existing technology would require three separate radar detectors, each specifically designed to receive only one radar frequency.



Current radar detector designs use a harmonic of the fundamental mixer to detect K and Ka band radar. This significantly reduces sensitivity oa these radar frequencies.



For maximum sensitivity, LEGEND 3 detects X, K, and Ka band radar using a fundamental mixer respouse for each of these radar freqnencies.

SEX IS BACK! *(continued from page 124)*

"Two gals hustle by me. Says one to the other, 'I don't care what they look like. Go for anything.'"

seen a heterosexual with AIDS, except for one woman who was married to a hemophiliac."

• Mark Shaffer is a 30ish New York advertising executive. He has lived in Manhattan since 1982. "When AIDS first came out, of course you were going to believe it," he says. "But then you think: I haven't heard of anyone I know getting it. How long can you run around scared? At some point, you realize it's a bunch of crap. And you get back to normal business. The scare is off."

Are these people nuts?

No. They have merely come to terms with AIDS and risk assessment. They are, I think, representative of most heterosexual Americans.

Clinicians whose work involves both AIDS patients and sexually active heterosexuals say—disapprovingly—that they have seen a marked change in attitude in the past year. "People just aren't paying attention anymore," says Dr. Robert Murphy, director of the Biopsychosocial Center of Northwestern Memorial Hospital. "They perceive it as a drug addict's and gay's disease. It's not hitting me that the straights see they are very much at risk. They're tired of AIDS. They've heard about it so many times and it just isn't sinking in."

Dr. Joyce Wallace, president of the Foundation for Research on Sexually Transmitted Diseases, says that a year ago, her Manhattan clinic routinely saw middle-class heterosexual couples coming in for testing before beginning sexual relationships. Not anymore. Heterosexual couples "are now relaxing," she says. "I do see that. I think there was more worry about it a year ago."

Michael Applebaum knows too well whereof these doctors speak. In 1987, Applebaum, himself a doctor and lawyer, cofounded a company called Care Card that offered to provide fee-paying clients with cards attesting to the fact that they had tested AIDS-free. Three years later, Care Card is essentially out of business, a flop because there was almost no demand for its service. Applebaum says only a few hundred customers signed up. "It's very tough to change a population's thinking," he says. "You can scare 'em for a week. You can scare 'em for a month. After that, it's a problem. You just can't keep the necessary pressure on people."

There was, and is, of course, good reason to treat AIDS with fear or at least respect. Heterosexuals do get AIDS. Most of them get it from tainted needles used to inject illegal drugs, but a small number of AIDS cases have been traced to boy-meets-girl sexual contact. The majority of these cases involve inner-city black and Hispanic people who have slept with I.V.-drug users, but people like me—white middle-class types who sleep with white middle-class types—*do* rarely get AIDS.

That said, most AIDS experts have come to believe that the risk posed to most heterosexuals, at least in this country, has so far proved to be extremely low. Drs. Norman Hearst and Stephen Hully, in a 1988 article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, concluded that for a person who engages in heterosexual intercourse with someone who is not in a high-risk group and has tested negative for HIV, the risk of infection per act is only about one in 5,000,000. Condom usage increases that to one in five billion.

Sex is back because a lot of people figured that that was the kind of risk they were prepared to take.

What kind of sex is back?

Gosh. Where do I begin? All kinds of sex are back, including some stuff I wasn't expecting at all. I found out all about it in an exhaustive personal survey conducted in the pure light of science. In this survey, I spent two months talking about sex, a week reading about sex, four evenings in singles bars, two evenings in an S/M club, one evening in a swingers' club, a day in a sex institute, three hours on the telephone listening to pay-per-call sex talk and a night with my girlfriend in a sex motel. All in all, I had a very nice time.

Here are some of the highlights of my research:

• *Looking for Mr. Goodbar—The Sequel, Scene One.* Friday evening, July 1989, in Fair Harbor, Fire Island, a pleasant little town on the Atlantic. Some towns on Fire Island are almost exclusively gay in the summer months, but Fair Harbor attracts a straight crowd. Most evenings, everyone congregates, drink in hand, on the town dock to watch the sunset. Actually, no one ever really looks at the sky. They are all too busy mingling, and those among them who are not encoupled are desperately, frantically hunting for someone of the opposite sex. It is as if a 1979 cocktail party on New York's Upper West Side has slid across the space-time continuum and plopped out here, ten years later and 50 miles away, on the Fair Harbor dock. The 30ish women outnumber the 30ish men maybe three to one, and they're hungry. Two gals hustle by me on their way to swoop down on a cluster of men. Says one to the other, "I don't care what they look like. It's already Friday. Go for anything."

Of all the sex that was supposed to be out, casual sex was the biggest out of all. In 1985, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop issued a stern order: "If you have a monogamous relationship, keep it. If you don't have one, get it." Soon enough, the media were telling us that we were, indeed, following doctors' orders.

"America's affair with casual sex . . . is giving way to a time of caution and commitment. . . . Casual sex and one-night stands are now for daredevils," said Geraldo Rivera; and if you can't believe Geraldo, who *can* you believe?

There was some evidence that young single heterosexuals did cut back on casual or one-time sex during the AIDS years. A 1988 survey for *Time* magazine found that 22 percent of New York City singles aged 18 to 34 claimed to have given up sex entirely. A 1986 Masters and Johnson survey of 425 heterosexual adults, most of whom were middle-class whites, found that 72 percent of the women and 63 percent of the men said they had become more cautious about sex because of AIDS.

But frankly, I always had my suspicions. How come the singles bars didn't go out of business? What reporters and pollsters overlooked, I think, is that people tend to give the expected answers to questions of an emotionally charged nature. If you are standing in a singles bar at a time when everybody in America, especially your mother, is warning you about AIDS and a reporter asks you if you are being more careful now, the expected answer is yes.

Tom W. Smith, director of the National Opinion Research Center's General Social Survey, says that his analysis of poll results suggests that single heterosexuals did modify behavior because of AIDS but that the change was nowhere nearly as dramatic as some press accounts reported. "The New Chastity seems to be one of the most unsubstantiated trends I've ever heard of," he says. "It was based on three anecdotes in a New York bar, as far as I can tell."

At any rate, to the degree that singles-bar sex ever vanished, it is surely back now, as I found in visits to the standing-room-only singles-bar districts in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and Baltimore. "It's wide open," says Dave, a 32-year-old Washington lawyer. "There are as many as a dozen bars where you can go and pick up girls. . . . Women make it very clear if they are interested. Sleeping with them on the first date is frequently not a problem. If it is, by the second or third date, you are in there. . . . There is absolutely no problem getting laid in this town if you are halfway respectable-looking and coherent."

My friend Sally is 31 and not at all inclined to take silly risks. She does use condoms and she doesn't do one-night stands. But last year, she found herself in bed on the third date with an attractive fellow she had met in a bar only a couple of weeks before. "I know that I shouldn't have done it," she says. "I should have asked all those questions about past sexual history—I mean, I think it's crazy not to—but I don't

SHEPLERS

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WESTERN STORES AND CATALOG

FREE

SHEPLERS CATALOG

Western Apparel For Men & Women

Boots * Belts * Buckles
Jeans * Slacks * Shirts
Sport Coats * Suits * Accessories
Dresses * Skirts * Tops

Pure-bred western wear that's rugged enough for everyday . . . fancy enough for Sunday.
At Sheplers, we don't just sell the western "look";
We are the western look.

Call us Toll Free 1-800-835-4004
Tell Operator Code 267
Or write to:
Sheplers Dept. 267, P.O. Box 7702
Wichita, Kansas 67277

Playboy Hotline!

Call

1-900-740-3311

NOW THE BEST OF PLAYBOY IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

- Playmate on-the-Air
- Playboy Advisor on-the-Air
- The Party Joke Line
- The Playboy Mailbox

For details, please see page 8

Only $2 a minute

have time to wade through all that."

• *Swinging Sex.* I thought swinging had gone the way of all flesh, so to speak—another victim of AIDS. "Barring the development of a vaccine, swingers of all persuasions may sooner or later be faced with the reality of a new era of sexual caution and restraint," declared *Time*.

But you can't keep a sex trend down, as I found out when I went with my friend Holly to Le Trapeze, which *Screw* magazine says has "inherited the status once held by Plato's Retreat as the primary venue for old-line, couples-only swinging." Le Trapeze is a discreet little place on Manhattan's East Side that would be indistinguishable from your average New Jersey supper club except for the sign that says NO ORAL AND ANAL SEX and the fact that all the customers are more or less naked.

I learned a lot at Le Trapeze. One thing I learned was that it is embarrassing for a couple to be the only people in a place with clothes on. I did try to take my clothes off so I could be one of the fellows, and that was when I learned what real embarrassment is: when you are the only man wearing clothes surrounded by about 100 naked people and you try to take your clothes off and the attendant makes you put them back on. In front of *everybody*.

"Sir, the club rules are that couples may disrobe only as couples. You may not disrobe unless your partner disrobes at the same time."

"Ah," I said. "Club rules?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

Then I put on all my clothes and tried to walk with an insouciance that suggested I had just whimsically changed my mind about being naked.

The way Le Trapeze works, you and your date may pop into one of four small, lockable rooms on the first floor and do it in private (which seems to be missing the point) or you may do it in the open party room on wall-to-wall industrial mattresses with other couples doing it and/or watching you. Another option is to make friends with one or more couples and go upstairs to a semiprivate room to do it en semimasse. The kinky variant I explored was to go around like Sergeant Joe Friday, asking people for just the facts on swinging.

A very nice man named Judd (who looked as though he probably used to know Jimmy Hoffa) and his date, Lorraine (a pretty, slightly hippieish woman in her 30s), told us a lot. Judd said we wouldn't be so nervous once we got naked. "It's just like dancing. First time, you go out there on the floor and you think everybody is watching every move you make; but after you do it for a while, you realize nobody is paying attention to you. Nobody is looking at you and saying, 'What a schmuck.'"

Easy for him to say. Nobody made him put his clothes back on.

As the scene at Le Trapeze suggests, swinging has swung back, after a terrific AIDS-related downturn in 1986 and 1987. Robert "King of Swing" McGinley,

Sensual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction – or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB 0590
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080. Void where prohibited by law.

WE'RE COVERING THE NATIONAL PASTIME. FULL TIME.

Without a doubt, nobody's ever covered baseball in such a big league way on television.

That's because we're bringing you over 170 national games. Including, each week, "Sunday Night Baseball." A Wednesday night game. And Tuesday and Friday night doubleheaders.

So you'll see every major league team at least twice during the season. Playing in the most important and meaningful games.

Plus we'll keep you on top of what's happening around the leagues. With breakaway coverage to other games. And with "Baseball Tonight," our nightly live show that will report on everything happening in baseball. On or off the field.

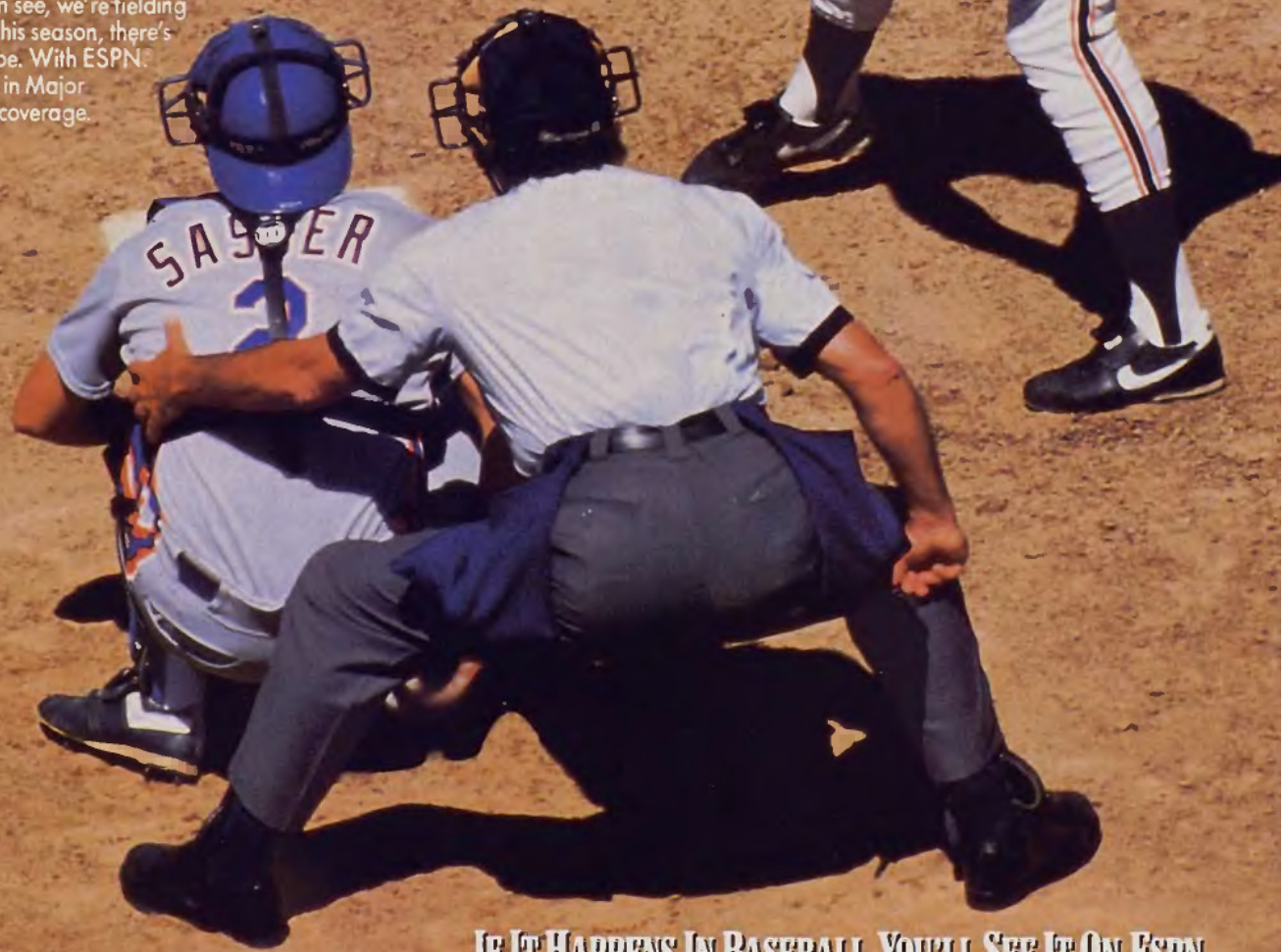
And as you can see, we're fielding quite a schedule. This season, there's only one place to be. With ESPN. The league leader in Major League Baseball® coverage.

SUNDAY NIGHT BASEBALL SCHEDULE			
4/8	ANGELS VS. ATHLETICS	7/8	ATHLETICS VS. INDIANS
4/15	METS VS. EXPOS	7/15	GIANTS VS. CARDINALS
4/22	GIANTS VS. PADRES	7/22	RED SOX VS. ROYALS
4/29	CUBS VS. DODGERS	7/29	CARDINALS VS. METS
5/6	YANKEES VS. ANGELS	8/5	ROYALS VS. ORIOLES
5/13	ASTROS VS. PIRATES	8/12	PADRES VS. ASTROS
5/20	ROYALS VS. YANKEES	8/19	METS VS. GIANTS
5/27	BLUE JAYS VS. MARINERS	8/26	ATHLETICS VS. TIGERS
6/3	TWINS VS. WHITE SOX	9/2	YANKEES VS. RED SOX
6/10	BLUE JAYS VS. BREWERS	9/9	CARDINALS VS. CUBS
6/17	CUBS VS. PHILLIES	9/16	ORIOLES VS. BLUE JAYS
6/24	DODGERS VS. REDS		
7/1	ORIOLES VS. TWINS		

All games 8 P.M. ET

HOLIDAY GAMES	
MEMORIAL DAY	JULY 4TH
GIANTS VS. CUBS	RED SOX VS. TWINS
METS VS. REDS	YANKEES VS. ROYALS
BLUE JAYS VS. ATHLETICS	

Alternate games may appear in home-team markets. Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday games TBD.



IF IT HAPPENS IN BASEBALL, YOU'LL SEE IT ON ESPN.

ESPN
THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK®

Free ESPN Video Catalog featuring 300 great sports videos.
Call 1-800-841-7800.

© 1990 ESPN, Inc. Only available through authorized distributors.
Programming subject to possible blackout or change.

president of the North American Swing Clubs Association (NASCA) and of Lifestyles Organization (which organizes the swingers' annual Lifestyles convention), says business is booming. The 1989 Lifestyles convention in Las Vegas broke attendance records, with nearly 3000 participants. "Swinging went through a rather drastic downturn, thanks to the media," McGinley says. "First of all, with the insane hype of herpes. Then, just when people were getting over that, AIDS came along. Participation in swinging decreased forty to fifty percent nationwide." Membership in NASCA "took a nose dive" from a high of 2500 people to fewer than 1000.

But now, he and others in the swinging line say, that trend has reversed itself and the pent-up demand is creating a surge of interest. McGinley says swinging clubs are open in San Francisco, Detroit, Florida and elsewhere and membership in the 75 clubs in NASCA is on the rise.

Patti Thomas, managing editor of the nation's largest chain of swinging magazines, the Cleveland-based *Connection Magazines*, says that circulation and advertisements are sharply up in the 14 magazines she edits, after a drop of 20 to 30 percent in 1986 and 1987. "Everything is coming back up," she says. "The number of ads is up, the number of responses is up and we are seeing a resurgence of club openings. For a while, people were getting out of it. They were afraid. Now they are coming back. It's not back to the 1980 levels, but it's heading that way."

• *Married-People Sex.* Lots and lots of married people are having sex. With their spouses, I mean. Maybe more than ever. I know this because I went to the Sybaris Club and interviewed Ken Knudson, who is Downers Grove, Illinois', foremost authority on married-people sex. In 1974, when swinging came to the suburbs and mothers of three wore hotpants, Knudson bought a suburban motel north of Chicago and remodeled it into the Sybaris Club, a getaway for married-people sex.

Business has been booming ever since. Knudson has opened a second Sybaris, even bigger and fancier, and plans to launch three more soon. He's sometimes booked solid for months in advance, even though he charges as much as $475 a night for the poshest digs. All of this is due to postmarital coupling. Sybaris keeps tabs on these things and says 90 percent of its clientele are married, another five percent engaged. "The demand is higher than ever," says Knudson. "And we're talking almost exclusively about married couples. Sex experimenting outside marriage has absolutely gone away. No question. I have watched our society go through promiscuous sex to swinging and now, for most people, it's back to wanting a healthy one-on-one relationship."

I happen to have a healthy one-on-one relationship these days, so I invited my on-one to join me at the Sybaris to get a feel

FIREWORKS
Firecrackers, Bottle Rockets, Roman Candles, Fountains, etc.
THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE U.S.A.
FREE • BOTTLE ROCKETS • FIRECRACKERS • COLOR CATALOG with every purchase of fireworks
1-800-456-2264 NATIONWIDE
305-920-6770 IN FLORIDA
NEPTUNE FIREWORKS CO. INC.
P.O. BOX 398 DEPT. 581 DANIA, FLORIDA 33004
VOID IN CALIFORNIA AND WHERE PROHIBITED.

HOW TO LEGALLY OBTAIN A SECOND FOREIGN PASSPORT
A second passport offers more freedom, greater security, overseas investment opportunities, and can save you a fortune in taxes. The exclusive Passport Report written by an international law attorney, investigates over 50 countries and explains how to obtain a second passport legally, easily and often cheaply (if not free). Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. US$100 (UK£60) Post Paid. Airmail US$20 (UK£12) Extra. Or Free details from:
Scope Books Ltd, Box 117, 62 Murray Road, Horndean, Hants PO8 9JL, UK.
CREDIT CARD ORDERS BY PHONE OR FAX ACCEPTED
TEL + 44 705 592255 FAX + 44 705 591975

FREE CONDOMS
CALL TOLL FREE NOW!
1-800-CONDOMS
Adam & Eve • P.O. Box 900 • Dept. PB65
Carrboro, NC 27510

WRAP THAT RASCAL
©1987 CAC
"SUPPORT SAFER SEX"
Optional on Shirts No Charge
• T-Shirts—$10 (+ $2 Postage/Ea.)—State Size and Color (Gy, Wt, Bk, Yl, Pk, Trq) • Bumper Stickers—$2 (+ 50¢ Postage/Ea.) • Buttons—$2 (+50¢ Postage/Ea.) • Sweatshirts—$17 (+ $3 Postage/Ea.)—State Size and Color (Gy, Wt) • Hats—$5 (+ $1 Postage/Ea.)—One Size Fits All • Golf Shirts—$18 (+ $2 Postage/Ea.) (White) • Bikini Panties—3/$10 (+ $1 Postage) (100% Cotton Quality)—State Size 5, 6, 7, 8 (Wt. Only).
To: C.A. Crerar, Inc., P.O. Box 11707, P-5 Clearwater, FL 34618 FREE BROCHURE

To place an ad in PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE call 1-800-592-6677, New York State call 212-702-3952

Term Paper Blues?
Term Paper Assistance
Catalog of 19,278 research papers
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
Toll Free Hot Line 1-800-351-0222
California & Canada: (213) 477-8226
Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)
Or send $2.00 with coupon below
Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.
EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .
15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.
15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.
Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.
QUALITY GUARANTEED!
RA since 1970
RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206 - KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025
Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip ____

BE ALMOST 2" TALLER!!
SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES
Look just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Wide selection available including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Moneyback guarantee. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog. MD. RESID. CALL 301-663-5111
TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB05
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 40-page brochure N-80
Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001

CONDOMS BY MAIL!
Sample Pack, Only $6
Your choice of the best men's contraceptives. . . Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus with "Pleasure Dots" for maximum sexual stimulation, exciting Stimula and 14 other brands. Plain, attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Sample pack of 21 condoms, $6.
Write today: DKT International, Dept. *PB9
P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515.

for what married-people sex was like. Among other things, it turned out to be very wet. Our cottage had a steam bath and a whirlpool, and a big swimming pool off the bedroom.

The most ambitious thing about married-people sex is the Taiwan Basket, which is a sort of sling made out of nylon and suspended by ropes from a big hook right over the middle of the bed. The sling has a pretty big hole in the seat. The idea is that the man lies on his back on the fake-fur-covered water bed under the mirrored ceiling while his ladyfriend sits in the sling and—well, I hope you get the idea. In my opinion, the Taiwan Basket is not for people with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

• *New Age Sex.* It's easy to make fun of New Age thinking, what with Shirley MacLaine's announcing that she was Daddy Warbucks in a previous life and all. But have you thought about New Age sex?

Like a lot of other New Age phenomena, New Age sex is a direct descendant of Sixties hippie philosophy, 25 years older, a bit grayer, the VW bug traded in for a Mercedes, the mantra for a tantra. It is the free love (remember free love?) of the Nineties, and it seems to be flourishing in (where else?) California. Theresa, the callgirl I mentioned earlier, is a devotee of New Age sex, and so are a growing number of her friends. They are nice, gentle people, if perhaps a bit—well, you remember the Sixties. So much talk and such *serious* talk.

"People are getting together in a multidimensional way," explains Paul, a 52-year-old veteran of California living who is Theresa's main lover. "You reach out with a friend and you start lining up the vibrations and putting them in alignment and then putting them in different parts of your bodies and doing it in a very delicious way. It's the new free love and it's definitely happening again."

Theresa, Paul and all the other New Agers are graduates of Sex, Love & Intimacy workshops held by San Carlos, California, sexologist Stan Dale. As members with whom I talked explained it, there are thousands of recent Stan Dale graduates practicing a New Age philosophy that involves sharing, spiritualism and group togetherness—and lots of sex. Theresa recently attended a party where she was "sexed," as she says, by eight men, though she actually made love to only three of them. That distinction is less than clear to me, but apparently, all comers were satisfied. There are many such parties.

Stephanie, a 43-year-old, thrice-divorced real-estate agent whose New Age name is something like Moonbeam, spends much of her time on the phone, organizing the monthly parties with the group of 25 to 30 people of which she, Theresa and Paul are part. Parties begin with everyone sitting around in a circle and, as Stephanie says, "sharing what we need from the group, be it one-on-one talking or 'I want five people fucking me at one time,' or 'I don't want any fucking. I just want a massage.' Whatever you need, you get."

The group members say there is a difference between swinging and New Age sex. "The heart space created by this group is the number-one thing," says Stephanie. "We love being close to one another and being physical and sexing one another. There isn't anyone in the group who is just in it because he wants to fuck a lot. We wouldn't let someone like that in."

"Heather, this is my attorney, Mr. Zimmer. He'll be handling all the negotiating concerning my getting into your pants and how soon."

This is all very interesting but—let's face it—a little esoteric. What kind of sex is back for you?

To answer that, you have to look at why sex went away. Or, rather, why we *pretended* it went away.

To a large degree, the easing of fear over AIDS is merely an excuse for sex to be back, as the growth of that fear was an excuse for it to go away. It went away, really, because we were tired and confused. And it is back because we have had a little rest and we feel better now, thank you.

People like me have gone through a lot of theoretical sex. In three decades, we've gone through free love, open marriage, experimental sex, swinging, swapping, zipless fucking, serial monogamy, celibacy and sex addiction. Along the way, we discovered the clitoris, the G spot, foreplay, afterplay, the Venus butterfly flick, deep throat, the hum job, the Binaca blast, whipped cream, multispeed vibrators, electric *ben-wa* balls, emotion lotion, amyl nitrite, bondage, discipline, telephone sex, computer sex, video sex and fax sex. Not to mention the multiple orgasm, the simultaneous orgasm, the clitoral *vs.* the vaginal orgasm, the four-hour orgasm, the total orgasm, the big orgasm and the meaningful orgasm. Also, the importance of fantasy, the need for sexual self-fulfillment, the art of sensuous massage, the gratification of self, the joy of sex and the 12 steps to end sexual addiction. And astral sex.

We have suffered through far too many sex experts. There were the scientists of sex, the quantifiers in white coats, who, beginning with Freud and Krafft-Ebing and continuing through Pomeroy and Kinsey to Masters and Johnson, defined sex as a pathology and a discipline, a thing apart from life and love that could be calibrated and predicted.

After the quantifiers came the advocates, a second wave of sex experts who told us exactly how to do it (Sex as a Performing Art) and why we must do it exactly as they said (Sex as a Religion and Sex as a Way of Life).

With all this professional attention, it got so that a lot of people thought they just couldn't do it right anymore. As a frail waif expresses it in Woody Allen's *Manhattan*, "I finally had an orgasm and my doctor told me it was the wrong kind." Speaking for all the rest of us, Woody replies, "I've never had the wrong kind. My worst one was right on the money."

By the time the Eighties rolled around, we were wondering if we really needed all that theoretical sex, the kind that could give us the wrong kind of orgasm. It had become such a burden that there grew, I think, a collective urge to ignore the whole business to put it back in its place.

Thus was the 1982 scare of herpes simplex, type two, greeted with hosannas and headlines, and thus was the overblown threat of AIDS accepted and even

BOLLA

Il vino classico d'Italia

© 1989 Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Company, Louisville, KY.

relished. The idea of Sex as a Fatal Attraction had a perfect inevitability to it, following as it did all the other "Sex as . . ." pronouncements of our lives, and perfect timing as well: It was time for a nap.

Now the rest is over. And we go back to sex. But not, happily enough, the sex we left behind.

In San Francisco, there is a Methodist minister named Ted McIlvenna, a self-trained sexologist for 25 years and the president and founder of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. McIlvenna is all the "Sex as . . ." theoreticians rolled into one. He's Sex as Politics: "If you can control people's sexuality, you can control them absolutely." He's Sex as a Performing Art: "Performance is the future of sex." He's Sex as Science: "We hook you up to these electrical gadgets to monitor your pulse, temperature. . . . We catch it at .03 on a one to ten scale of what turns you on." He's Sex as Mechanics: "We have gotten interested in vibrating cock rings. We find that if a woman can control the rheostat of a cock ring, she can get off whenever she wants to." He's Sex as Religion: "There are many ways to find God. One of the ways . . . is through the glorious gift of sexuality." He is, in the end, Sex as a Way of Life; it is, after all, his life.

Ten years ago, people flocked to McIlvenna's institute to spend days watching films, talking, touching, groping in the hot tubs and on the psychedelic pillows strewn on the carpeted floor of the projection room. When I visited McIlvenna at his institute last December, he was practically all alone, in a small cluttered office in the institute's cold and quiet storefront headquarters, surrounded by the sex of yesteryear. Near his desk sat an overflowing box of old vibrators and dildos. Outside the door were thousands of sexually explicit movies, books and magazines dating back to the turn of the century.

Rambling on about sex, McIlvenna hit upon a thought. "When I started," he said, "sex belonged to somebody else. The church. The state. The courts. The police. All of these others. And suddenly, all of those institutions realized that sex didn't belong to them anymore. Sex belonged to the individual. That's the biggest revolution of all and that's not going to go away."

He's right, of course. Sex does belong to the individual, not to anyone else, including all the experts and ideologues, including the Reverend Ted McIlvenna. What happens in bed between lovers is not a societal statement to be wrangled over in the editorial pages. It is not a pathology to be dissected in the laboratory. It is not religion; God is not an orgasm. It is not a sport, spectator or otherwise. It is not politics; there is a world of difference between making love to the body politic and making love to the body and soul next to you. It is not mechanical: Lovemaking is music; vibrators are Muzak. Above all, it is not a way of life. Life is a way of life. Sex is part of life. At its least, it is a fleeting pleasure. At its best—and left to itself, apart from the graspings of theoreticians and politicians—it is a great and crucial part of the most important thing in life, the love that makes between a man and a woman something of lasting and transcendent value. The thing of value is not the sex itself but all that sex carries with it: the companionship, the intimacy, the defeat of the loneliness that otherwise gets us all.

That old-fashioned kind of sex, the kind that is part of a private and mostly wonderful thing between two people, is what everyone I talked to—even the more sexually adventurous souls such as Frank and Theresa—seems desperately to want these days. Boyfriends are back. Girlfriends are back. Marriage is back. Even babies—nature's intended result of all this sex—are most emphatically back.

Remember my friend Brad, the sexual bellwether of America? If you recall, Brad is dating impressionable young ladies on a fairly casual basis. But that is not what he wants. "I want to settle down," he says. "I tried to have open relationships, but I found all that was bullshit. It was painful to all involved. It was hurtful. . . . Even if there weren't a disease like AIDS, the cycle would be in this position, because there was a kind of empty feeling there all along, like, Geez, this is fun, but what am I going to do when I'm forty-five with no family and I'm just a lecherous old asshole?"

Sex is back, for most people in the way it was before all the "Sex as . . ." trends. Left to ourselves, what we are looking for is not a political statement, not a social experiment, not an endless pursuit of gratification. What we are looking for is love.

In the meantime, a little hanky-panky isn't so bad, either.

"Pardon me, sir, but what exactly is a 'Basinger'?"

How To Talk To Women!

Do you get tongue-tied around attractive women? World famous author Eric Weber, is here to help with an amazing 90 minute cassette of his highly acclaimed New York City course. "HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN." You will learn • How to "break the ice" with women. • How to make a woman feel loving • Why the most Beautiful Women are the easiest to meet • Conversation openers that don't sound corny • Places where women always outnumber men • And so much more! To order "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN" send $16.95 plus $3.00 shipping to address below.

WIN WITH WOMEN!

Most men think they'll have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much more.
To order "HOW TO WIN THE WOMEN OF YOUR DREAMS" send $16.95 plus $3.00 shipping to:

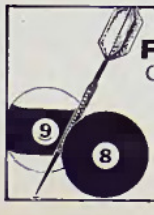
SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. **V590**
P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670. Canadians add 20%.
MC/VISA/AMEX phone 1-800-631-2560 anytime.
Allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Money-back guarantee.
☐ Order our classic **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** only $16.95 plus $3.00 shipping.

FREE
6
Contempo condoms Including Rough Rider and Bareback

Send $1.00 for postage and handling to:
The Stamford Collection
P.O. Box 932-Dept. PB-65
Stamford, CT 06904

We do not sell or exchange names. Our 21st Year **PRIVACY GUARANTEED**

Dial a Contact Lens®
Replace your lenses at LOW prices
All makes of contact lenses
For Free Brochure & Orders
1-800-238-LENS
(619) 459-4144
Fax: (619) 459-5014
470 Nautilus St., Ste. 209, La Jolla, CA 92037 USA



BILLIARD SUPPLIES
FREE Wholesale Catalog
Custom Cues, Cases & Darts
CORNHUSKER BILLIARD SUPPLY
4825 S. 16th. Dept. 7
Lincoln, NE 68512
1-800-627-8888

JOHN MALKOVICH

(continued from page 116)

found him wandering through the dark streets after work, listening to George Winston on his Walkman.

One consequence of all this pain was a number of visits to Morocco by his worried friends, some of whom went back to his acting and directing days at Chicago's adventurous Steppenwolf Theater. Once, when Malkovich told Bertolucci of yet another impending arrival from Chicago, the director asked blithely, "Is he coming over on the Steppenwolf Learjet?" Debra Winger, who was living a comparatively solitary life during production with her two-year-old son, Noah, said with unconcealed envy that Malkovich seemed to have some sort of pipeline rigged up between the United States and Morocco; as soon as it was empty, someone refilled it with more of his friends.

Both Malkovich and Winger got terribly sick in Tangier, with recurrent high fevers and horrible, shivering sweats. She was out of action for almost a week, while he managed to keep going, but sometimes just barely, with an all-too-vivid foreshadowing of work to come; in *The Sheltering Sky*, a period piece that takes place in 1947, Malkovich plays Port, Winger's husband, who contracts typhoid fever and dies.

•

On a day when he is more than ambulatory, though less than healthy, Malkovich must do a scene in the old part of Tangier, near the waterfront. There's no dialog, so the shot should be fairly easy to get through; Port simply takes a stroll along the promenade after an argument with his wife, Kit, who remains upstairs in their hotel room. But it could also be fairly deadly, at least as Bowles had written it in the novel—two profoundly alienated Americans working out their destinies in a succession of empty, actively hostile or, at best, depressing Arab landscapes.

As it happens, a paperback copy of *The Sheltering Sky* sits in a place of honor on top of the little video monitor that Bertolucci always watches during filming. Even though the basic text for this production is not the book but a screen adaptation by Mark Peploe, who co-wrote *The Last Emperor*, Bertolucci hands the paperback to his star and encourages him to savor the pertinent passage before they shoot. Malkovich turns to page 24: "He abandoned himself to the perverse pleasure he found in continuing mechanically to put one foot in front of the other, even though he was quite clearly aware of his fatigue. . . ."

Such respect for the printed word is oddly touching, and hardly what you'd find on most Hollywood sets. It has its limits, though. This is a movie, not an existentialist tract, and not just any movie but the work of Bernardo Bertolucci. As a poet, which he was before making such films as *The Conformist*, *Last Tango in Paris* and

PHANTOM
FIREWORKS

FUN IN A FLASH!

The largest selection all at
LOW WHOLESALE PRICES!
*ROCKETS * MISSILES * M98s * AERIAL REPEATERS
*PLUS 1000s MORE!
Get your 1990 color catalog
ABSOLUTELY FREE!
For your **FREE** catalog call:
216-746-1905
Mention Code PB50 for faster service.
or send coupon below to:
PHANTOM FIREWORKS
P.O. Box 66; Dept PB50
Columbiana, Ohio 44408

(please print clearly)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHANTOM FIREWORKS; P.O.Box 66;
Dept PB50; Columbiana, OH 44408
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

Treatment with electronic DRIONIC® keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods. Try doctor recommended Drionic for unequaled control with a 45 DAY MONEY BACK GUAR. Thousands previously prescribed. Send $125. ea. pair (specify hands, underarms, feet). CA res. + 6¼%. COD send $25. — bal/chgs on receipt. © 1990 GEN MED CO

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-19
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025
Phone **orders** — MC/Visa — 800 HEAL DOC

CABLE TV CONVERTERS

Scientific Atlanta
Pioneer • Panasonic
Jerrold • Oak • Hamlin

CABLETRONICS
35526 Grand River • Suite 282 • Farmington Hills, MI 48024
Telephone 1-800-727-2300

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A pendant with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. **1-800-237-3759** Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-5, PGH., PA. 15220

1900, Bertolucci is no stranger to alienation, but as an exuberant, life-affirming Italian, he wants no truck with depressing locales—at least not in these early scenes, when you still have to keep the customers inside the tent.

So the movie version of Bowles's city turns out to be steeped in the sweetness of life. The sidewalk is chockablock with 161 extras dressed in romantic yet marvelously specific costumes: Moslem women in their veils, French sailors with their red pompons, *garçons de café*, shepherds, *pied noir* businessmen, mule drivers, street urchins. As Bertolucci calls "*Motore!*" to his Italian crew, the camera rolls, and Malkovich's Port strolls down the sidewalk through the crowd.

That's all he does, in the most literal sense—strolls along slowly in his tan suit with a Norfolk-style jacket, green shirt and blond hairpiece, which becomes him and is done up in a small, casual pompadour of the period. But with his hesitant gait, his ambiguous body language and his calm, almost blank expression, he bespeaks a melancholy as deep as anything in the passage Bowles wrote. It's an example of how a director can capture the essence of a scene by going against its grain—the life around him seems to intensify Port's spiritual isolation—and how a fine actor can speak volumes without uttering a word.

After the first take, Bertolucci says, "It was a little too fast," and Malkovich agrees: "I got lost in the crowd." During the next several takes, the crowd ebbs when it should flow, or flows when it should ebb. Finally, Bertolucci gets what he wants, but Malkovich isn't sure. "I hate questions like this," he says, "but did that one tall guy pass in front of me as I turned?"

"You're absolutely right to ask," Bertolucci replies, "but no, it's OK; he passed through the shot before you turned." Still shaky from what's left of his fever, Malkovich makes tracks for his trailer. There are other cameras to be faced, though; scores of Moroccan extras ask him to pose for their Instamatics. He does so with good humor and great patience.

•

Ostensibly, the relationship between husband and wife in *The Sheltering Sky* is so perverse as to preclude love; Port and Kit, at a sexual and emotional impasse, embark on perverse exploits with other partners. But alienation, disaffection and detachment are not what Malkovich is trying to play. "Because you can't do very much with that. You have to play what any marriage aspires to. To be close. To live truthfully, or live honestly, and yet well. These are difficult things to do, and very few people succeed."

In saying this, he's expressing a cardinal rule of acting: Thou shalt not judge thy character. But he also seems to be speaking from his heart, and his recent history; all the more so when he discusses the relationship between Paul Bowles, who is now 78, and his wife, the writer Jane Bowles, who died in 1973. "I personally wouldn't want to be married to a lesbian who was a raging neurotic and was in and out of institutions most of her adult life, but apparently, he didn't feel that way. That may not have been one of his important things. It wasn't the nature of the attachment. And seeing how wrong sex can go, is that so stupid? I don't know."

One night, Malkovich had dinner with Bowles, who lives in Tangier. "I don't think he's big on discussing his feelings, but I asked him what he felt when Jane died, and he said, 'What do you mean, what did I feel? That's when I lost interest in everything.' I asked him how long that went on, and he said, 'What do you mean? It's going on now. It goes on forever.' So it's hard for me not to call that love."

Bowles, a vigorous, quietly humorous man with the clarity of someone half his age, recalled the dinner with a different twist. "We talked, and he told me the story of his life, more or less. I haven't seen a film since 1972, so I don't know anything about his work, except that everyone says he's very good. After telling me all about him, Bertolucci said very proudly, 'And he's neurotic!' And I said, 'Thank God!'"

•

Here's another example of how compelling—and perplexing—Malkovich can be. Although the scene took place in Tangier, Bertolucci didn't direct it. He simply listened, rapt, as Malkovich, sitting across the table at a Sunday brunch, told a tale of terror on the streets of New York.

He began in a beguilingly mild voice, a voice that seemed to say, "It's OK, don't worry, I'm not a violent guy." One day, a few years ago, Malkovich said, during the time he was appearing on Broadway in *Burn This*, he took his dogs out for a walk on the Upper West Side, near the Museum of Natural History. Suddenly, a young punk walked up alongside him and muttered menacingly, "Get off me."

Whether the kid was white, black, brown or green with six eyes wasn't the point; anyone who knows Malkovich even slightly knows he's no bigot. The point was that the actor felt endangered once again in a city where law-abiding people live in constant fear of their lives, and he couldn't take it anymore.

"What do you mean, 'Get off me'?" Malkovich replied furiously. "What if I want to get *on* you? What if I want to get *in* you?" With that, he hustled his dogs back to his apartment, took a Bowie knife from a drawer, went back out to track the kid down and found him sitting on a bench near the museum. "I put the knife to his throat and told him, 'One more word from you, motherfucker, and you're dead.' And then, since he had the good sense to keep his mouth shut, I turned around and went back home."

Silence seized all of us around the table. Until that moment, it had been a cheerful gathering at the charming home of an expatriate American schoolteacher. What was going on here, though? Had Malkovich revealed himself as a cryptofascist vigilante in the dubious tradition of Bernhard Goetz, driven to the point of murder by the madness of modern life? No one knew what to say. No one knew what to think. Bertolucci broke the silence with an infectious grin and an uneasy laugh: "I don't *believe* you, John! It's all part of what you were playing in *Burn This*!"

He was probably right. Actors, with their intense emotional responses, often take on the coloration of their characters, and the colors in this case were close. As an ostensible psychopath named Pale in *Burn This*, Malkovich was a volcano of psychic violence. He made one of the most fright-

"It's for you."

ening entrances in the history of the theater, all but beating down the door of a New York apartment, then launched into what one critic called a supersonic diatribe on the problems of parking, living and, in the end, surviving in the chaos of the city.

Yet Bertolucci himself wasn't quite sure what was going on, for actors, especially fine ones such as Malkovich, are ineffably complex creatures who draw nourishment from their characters, yes, but who also draw on who they really are; maybe Malkovich played Pale so well because he was, in fact, capable of holding a knife to a young punk's throat. And even if the story were fiction, an actor's reworking of his experience in a memorable play, there remained the question of how much was storytelling for its own sake and how much was Malkovich's need to take an emotional reality—his own ample, sometimes scary psychic violence—and transform it into a piece of performance art?

No one pressed him for answers; nor did he volunteer any. Soon the talk at the table turned to safer subjects, such as the host's reassuringly solid, old-fashioned furniture, which had just arrived by boat from Alabama.

•

"I know that not only is John a good actor, he's a good storyteller," says Spalding Gray in his one-man show *Swimming to Cambodia*. Gray, who worked with Malkovich in *The Killing Fields*, cites as evidence a story about a mouse trying to make love to an elephant that Malkovich told during a dirty-joke contest on the set. But a single tale of mismatched sexual partners—or overstressed urban dwellers—barely hints at Malkovich's gift for the well-spoken word. He tells me a story from his childhood, or maybe from a re-examined, reworked and restaged version of his childhood:

"I quit school in first grade. At least for a short time, until my dad found out. Because we'd had an Easter-egg contest, to decorate Easter eggs and stuff, and in my mind, I'd clearly won, but first prize went to Debby Wymer. Victimized once again. So I jumped up, called the teacher a chickenshit or motherfucker or whatever, and then I left. I got my school supplies together and left. I said, 'That's it, I don't need this at all.'

"Now, the school was very close to the town newspaper, where my father worked before he started his own magazine. But I knew better than to go to his office, because he wouldn't have accepted the terms of my dropping out of school; I knew that even then. Instead, I went up to Ingert's, this place where my grandfather liked to hang out with his mates. I went in all sobbing and upset, and I explained that I'd been fucked over and lost the contest and I couldn't go on like that in school.

"My grandfather asked what the basis of the decision was, and I told him that, apparently, it was a rickrack situation. You know, rickrack is that thing that people use in sewing, that sort of zigzag thing. Well, Debby Wymer's Easter egg had had rickrack and mine hadn't, and that seemed to be the deciding factor. She'd been a real trendsetter. She must have known something. She's married to a chiropractor now. But anyway, my grandfather was really pissed off. He pulled a hundred dollars out of his pocket and said, 'You go buy yourself some fucking rickrack.' That was his idea of how to handle it."

It's a sad story with what seems to be a sadder subtext: victimization. Malkovich agrees. "Someone once said," he adds with carefully titrated self-irony, "that they should put on my tombstone DID SOMEONE SAY VICTIM?"

The Easter egg may have been his Rosebud, I suggest, trying to get with the spirit of the moment; Malkovich's self-irony can be very funny, as well as revealing.

"Maybe so," he replies, deadpan. "The fact is, my egg really was the best."

What was so good about it?

"It was delicate. All the others just had tons of shit on them. I'm still quite bitter about it."

•

Malkovich grew up in Benton, Illinois, in a family of strong-willed men: his grandfather, who drove a pink Cadillac and owned the local newspaper until he turned it over to his wife so he could have his own daily paper route; his father, who was a writer and an environmentalist in a coal-mining town, and who died more than a decade ago of a heart attack at the age of 53. As a precocious, overweight youngster, Malkovich conformed to the family's role model, which was nonconformity. "I was so outspoken when I was little, and so fierce." He hated to lose, had a terrible temper and would fight at the drop of a toy whenever his brother or sister tried to set him off. (His sister, a journalist in New York, still has fun setting him off by sending him negative reviews of his work.)

As Malkovich tells it, his family life was steady chaos, with daily food fights along with the fistfights, an endless stream of visitors and an absence of anything resembling conventional discipline. And Malkovich tells it in at least two vocal registers, reflecting at least two minds about the entire thing. There were the fun parts and the gentle parts, he says, but there was also the volatility, which he didn't like much.

"There have probably always been two parts to me. You know, one part my father and one part my mother. My father was somewhere between Bobby Knight and Mark Twain, kind of. He could be

What does it take to be the world's best aerobic exerciser?

It takes a total-body exerciser.
A machine capable of exercising all the major muscle groups in your body, not simply your legs like treadmills exercise bikes and stairclimbers.

It takes a cardiovascular exerciser.
A machine that utilizes enough muscle mass to readily exercise your heart, not simply specific muscle groups like weight machines.

It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.
A machine that utilizes the standing position to exercise the joints and long bones of the skeleton, not simply a few muscle groups like sit-down exercisers.

It takes a safe exerciser.
A machine that can't damage your knees like stairclimbers, or your back like rowers, or throw you off like treadmills.

It takes a stimulating exerciser. A machine that's exciting and recreational to use. Not monotonous and repetitive like so many other machines on the market.

It takes a NordicTrack.

Exercise machines don't get any better than this.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
276D0

incredibly gentle and extremely funny, but he had a bad temper, and I still have a horrible one, too. My mother is more in the Will Rogers mode, sort of sweet and gentle and likes everyone, you know, and I think probably since my father died, that part of me has taken over more. Probably. And I don't think for the good, really."

•

Earlier in his career, even before *Burn This*, Malkovich's dark, angry side was clearly dominant. People who saw him in *True West* still talk of how terrifying he was in the role of Lee, a high-desert drifter with a half-cracked voice and a fully cracked brain. In the video version of this Sam Shephard play, he slices the air with his hands—Lee is driven wild by the sound of crickets—purses his lips like a chimpanzee, rubs his forehead against his brother's with such ferocity that he almost scalps him and, in what must be a first for contemporary male actors, uses the fluttering of his eyelids as a threat of deadly force.

But the actor's power goes beyond his singular gift for inspiring fear. In a revival of *Death of a Salesman* starring Dustin Hoffman as Willy Loman, Malkovich played Biff, Willy's wayward son, as the failed poet Arthur Miller actually wrote. And beyond poetry—his performances rarely being one-dimensional—he made Biff an impassioned, dangerous innocent, and did it all without a trace of pathos. When Miller gave the cast his notes after opening night, he had only one comment for Malkovich: "You're a thoroughbred."

•

Malkovich has strong convictions about drama, and most of all, live drama, which he loves. "You have to betray an audience or nothing really happens. All of Harold Pinter's plays are about betrayed emotions. All good writing is, in a way. You have to convince people they're watching a certain thing that's easily identified—everything's fine, don't worry—and then you turn on them, betray them with something completely different. Because if you don't betray them, you can't surprise them; you can never get past what they think they know."

He believes he has gotten to the audience, as a director, with his work on Lanford Wilson's *Balm in Gilead*; that production was notable for an astonishing performance by Laurie Metcalf, whom he calls the best theater actress in the world. He's also proud of his controversial production of George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, which Brendan Gill, in the *New Yorker*, called "so radically imperfect as to give us almost no hint of its author's purpose," and Jack Kroll, in *Newsweek*, found steeped in Shaw's "sunny moral passion" and "immensely pleasing."

He certainly got to the audience, as an actor, with his incendiary performance in *Burn This*, though some people who saw it felt that he tore the play's fabric to tatters. His own feelings about that work are deeply conflicted. "As an actor, I don't know that I could have done it differently. As a director, I could see it quite differently. It appeared to me, and I didn't read the reviews, that whatever I did or didn't do—I think what I did—distracted from the quality of the play. It's sort of like they were waiting for the bullfighter to come on and enough with the picadors, whereas the play has a good beginning, middle and end, and four finely drawn characters, even though the woman isn't fully solved at all."

Conflict may be the chronic condition of actors who also direct—even more conflict, that is, than ordinary actors wrestle with. Malkovich the actor fought with so many of his own directors over the years that he grew battle-weary. "I didn't want to be involved in combat anymore. There comes a time, I finally decided, when there is a director, and he's running the show, and right or wrong, I'll just do what I'm told." Then he met Stephen Frears, the man who would direct him in *Dangerous Liaisons*, and believed from almost the first moment that Frears had it all, knew it all, was on top of it all.

•

Frears, who is British, felt the same way about Malkovich at first. "When I was hired, I was told that John wanted to play the part, and that was OK with me. There was no obligation to cast him, but personally, I couldn't think of anyone better. Having decided to use American instead of English actors, I knew Valmont shouldn't be played by someone who looked like Robert Redford, and I was quite mesmerized by John's face, with those soft, feminine features."

There was only one problem: The director had expected his leading man to come equipped with certain skills, and Malkovich didn't have them.

"It was really very odd," Frears recalls, with a fondness that has replaced his consternation. "I sort of knew that West Coast actors came from somewhere else, but I assumed that because John was from the theater, he'd be trained. Then he told me, 'I don't know how to speak properly.'"

Malkovich confirms this, and then some. "Stephen hated my voice. I spoke too slowly for him; he wanted me to be as spontaneous as I am in person, which I couldn't do. He challenged my natural inclinations very much. He wouldn't let me walk down the stairs a certain way: 'If you walk down the stairs that way, you are an asshole and I won't have it.' Really. I learned a lot from him, but he's tough, Stephen, very tough.

"The trouble was, we had only nine weeks to shoot it. Stephen thought if I could just do the basics quickly, we could get on to more serious work, but that wasn't the case. It may have taken me twenty takes just to talk quickly. This was very hard on him, I'm sure.

"Sometimes he would say to me, 'Why can't you just be as good as Peter Capaldi?' Well, first of all, Peter Capaldi, who played my manservant, is a very good actor. But

Intimate Treasures

Order Catalogs By PHONE!
415-695-9785 Monday-Friday 9-5 Pacific Time Only
Or FAX Us Your Coupon And Credit Card Account Number
415-826-7406 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU'LL RECEIVE EVERY CATALOG YOU ORDER.

★ *Each catalog or product with a blue star has pledged to deliver by First Class mail within 48 hours of receiving your name/address from our fulfillment service. This means that the catalog or product should be in YOUR mailbox in about 10 to 14 days from mailing the coupon on this page...* ***so hurry!***

18 UJENA SWIMWEAR
Sizzling-hot swimwear as seen on the most exclusive beaches around the world! We specialize in bringing you unique, high-quality swimwear and afterwear at very affordable prices. Sexy one-pieces, tonga bikinis, and much more!
Catalog **$2.00**

19 GREETING CARD FANTASIES
Erotic art by OLIVIA, the High-Priestess of Pin-Up. Over 100 images ranging from sensual to sophisticated sexuality. Communicate with your lover in this unique, exciting way.
T-Shirt Catalog - Also receive Olivia's T-shirt and accessory catalog. Both catalogs only **$3.00**

1 ROMANTIQUE LINGERIE
A fine collection of intimate apparel to help you create those romantic moments. 64 color pages of exciting lingerie **$5.00**

2 VIDEO CATALOG - Watch our beautiful models come to life to exciting music. VHS **$24.95**

13 THE XANDRIA COLLECTION
SENSUAL AIDS: Buy mature adult products without embarassment and risk. Exclusive collection from around the world. Privacy guaranteed. Highest quality, reasonable prices. THE XANDRIA COLLECTION. Catalog price redeemable with order. **$4.00**

20 NIGHT & DAY INTIMATES
It's Hot! Sizzling styles in body-baring lingerie & beachwear, from casual cover-ups to sexy silk and satin boudoir and evening wear, plus shoes & jewelry. Even casual fashions & underwear for men! Great prices, too.
Catalog **$2.00**

3 UNDRESSED TO KILL
First and only DESIGNER lingerie video catalog. With bustiers by Lily of France, silk gowns by Calvin Klein. Watch together and choose the lingerie you like best! (3) 1 hr. VHS. **$19.95**

4 The Undressed to Kill brochure: Sampling of lingerie in video. Arrives w/ brochure on world-famous Panty-of-the-Month program. (4) **$3.00**

14 SUNUP/SUNOOWN ★
SEXY SWIMWEAR BROCHURES! Full back bikinis..."G" string bikinis...All very sexy! Prints and solids for both women and men. FREE $5 gift coupon with first brochure.

1 year subscription **$3.00**

21 MELLOW MAIL
Join over a million customers who love **Mellow Mail's** incredibly sexy lingerie, super dresses, unbelievably funny T-shirts, hot menswear, sizzling swimwear & much more! Values & laughs guaranteed! Next two issues only **$2.00**

5 BEAU GESTE (for men)
6 BARE ESSENCE (for women)
Pheromones – nature's very own sex attractant. Pheromones are the silent language of love, sending out signals to the opposite sex. Use intimately or in concert with your favorite fragrance. It's dangerous, but worth the risk! (5) BEAU GESTE (6) BARE ESSENCE **$19.95** each

15 LACE & LOTIONS LINGERIE
Create those desirable moments with our exciting sexy lingerie, erotic lotions, and sensual games. ★ Beautiful full size color catalog from Cosmopolitan House. Price of catalog refunded with first order.
Catalog **$5.00**

22 CAMELOT London Collection
Full-size color catalog features Europe's most provocatively alluring lingerie, swimwear and dresses. The finest quality garments brought to you direct from London at remarkable savings with a money-back guarantee. Features over $130 worth of FREE goods. Catalog only **$2.00**

7 EXOTIC LINGERIE
ADD to your own collection or sell for full-part time income. Finest, most extensive lingerie line worldwide. Lowest wholesale prices, no min. order. Confidential price lists, selling instructions (parties, etc.) and 60-p. glossy color live-modeled catalog.
(7) Sizes S-M-L **$10.00**
8 (8) Large Sizes 40-42-44 **$10.00**

16 SECRET PASSIONS
Exciting, new catalog will be your passport to the sensual adventure of a lifetime. Packed with luscious lingerie, fabulous oils and lotions and much more. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Exclusive 50% discount on your first order.
Catalog **$3.00**

23 VIDEO AGE CATALOG ★
The BEST Video Directory ever published. Honest reviews that tell you what's good, what's not, story, content, ratings, complete with photos. Over 1,000 of the best adult videos, 228 pages thick.
Catalog **$6.95**

9 SEXY LINGERIE COMBO
2 for 1 Special. Enjoy being on the mailing list of TWO of America's Premier Sexy Lingerie Catalogs. Get TWO full size, full color catalogs. Over 70 pages of hot, exciting men & women in the most up-to-date lingerie in America. Neither catalog offered elsewhere in this program. Both only **$5.00**

17 PIERRE SILBER SHOES
Sensationally sexy high-heeled shoes and thigh-high boots. Specializing in spiked stiletto heels. All sizes available up to 14. Wide & double wide too. 800# phone ordering available.

Catalog **$2.00**

24 PLONGÉ
Leather. Most complete collection made from the finest leather available today. A stunning array of fashions and colors, including corsets, garter belts, full and half-cup bras, thongs, teddys, bustiers, mini-skirts, G-strings, halters and more unusual related items. Exquisite soft quality at affordable prices. Catalog **$8.00**

10 VOYAGES Discount Coupon Book has 40 BIG discount coupons up to 60% off EVERYTHING in America's premier adult products catalog! Save MORE than the cost of the coupon book on your FIRST order of toys, feathers, creams, oils, ★ books & perfumes.
(10) Coupon Book/FreeCat. **$25.00**
11 (11) Catalog Only **$3.50**

12 OREAM ORESSER
Fashion fetish fantasy clothing. The most elite catalog available to the erotic shopper. Lingerie of leather, rubber, skin-tight stretch patent, 5" & 6" stiletto heel shoes and boots, open breast costumes, corsets, fabulous dresses, unique fashions unavailable anywhere. Catalog price refunded with 1st purchase. **$10.00**

Order By Phone: 415-695-9765 (9-5 M-F Pac. Time Only)

Send to INTIMATE TREASURES, P.O. Box 77488, Dept. PB050190, San Francisco, CA 94107. Check catalogs and/or products desired, include check, money order or credit card # for total, + $2.50 service/ handling charge.

__1.$ 5.00	__4.$ 3.00	__7.$10.00	__10.$25.00	__13.$ 4.00	__16.$ 3.00	__19.$ 3.00	__22.$ 2.00
__2.$24.95	__5.$19.95	__8.$10.00	__11.$ 3.50	__14.$ 3.00	__17.$ 2.00	__20.$ 2.00	__23.$ 6.95
__3.$19.95	__6.$19.95	__9.$ 5.00	__12.$10.00	__15.$ 5.00	__18.$ 2.00	__21.$ 2.00	__24.$ 8.00

First Name
Last Name
Address
Address
City
State/Prov. Zip Code
Phone ( )
Phone number required on all credit card orders

Credit Card: Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Exp. __/__ Mo. Yr.
Account Number

Sex M ☐ F ☐ VISA MasterCard

Total cost of items ordered $_____
Service & handling charge + **$ 2.50**
TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

Cash ☐ *Check* ☐ *Money Order* ☐ *Credit Card* ☐

U. S. and Canadian orders welcome. (U.S. funds only. Sorry, no orders outside U.S. and Canada.)

Make check or money order payable to Intimate Treasures. Allow 4-6 wks for delivery.

Authorized Signature - I am over 21 years old.

I'd tell Stephen that I wasn't sure *why* I had to be as good as Peter Capaldi. I'd try to explain to him that Peter Capaldi would be as good as he is acting with a stone. He's just good. He doesn't need a lot of help, either. But why do you think I'm like that?

"Stephen resented the fact that I had to work to be good. That really bothered the ass off him. Because he'd seen me in the theater, I think he expected me to be more of a Hank Aaron figure somehow, and I'm not. I'm not. I work. Really hard. I plod and plod and plod. I know what he meant when he said I should walk through knee-high grass without seeming to move, and I should say the lines effortlessly. But it doesn't mean I could. Fuck, I'm not like that at all."

Does this mean, then, that those British reporters had a point about Malkovich's being threatened by the demands of the part? In one sense, yes, of course they did. His first few minutes of dialog in *Dangerous Liaisons* make you wonder how you're going to sit still for his locutions, which are neither piss-elegant nor flat-out American but some peculiar, slightly halting mélange of both. But the Brits missed the point, which is that technical prowess, however admirable—when it's invisible—is only part of what great acting is all about. For, a few minutes into the film, you're entirely in the thrall of this Valmont, with his fey humor, feral malevolence, provocative pouts and dazzling, scheming mind. What Malkovich achieved, and Frears ultimately cherished, was a triumph of inner life over vocal music.

"That's the thing about John," Frears says. "He may not know how to speak properly, or even stand quite properly. One day, we had a man on the set teaching him how to bow properly. But his independent spirit is wonderful. I came to so adore his eccentricities and his passion. He is the most wonderful man and the most wonderful actor, and I love him very much."

•

Every day, Malkovich inhales countless unfiltered Camels, the brand his grandfather taught him to smoke. Although the prettified desert landscapes on the wrappers look funny in Morocco, his friends aren't amused. They worry about his smoking and tell him to stop. He knows he ought to but doesn't seem ready.

He also exhales clouds of profanity, more as a calming mantra than a statement of rage. His driver, Abdesalam, a hip, trilingual Moroccan, understands and enjoys this; the two men have a buddy-bonding ritual that consists mainly of calling each other motherfuckers—each other, plus pedestrians who cross their path. One day, as they're driving through the medina, their path is crossed by a water seller. The man is all dolled up, for the sake of tourists, in his colorful robe, pointed sandals, wide-brimmed hat, goatskin bag and copper cups.

"Who's that motherfucker?" Malkovich asks. "What's he up to?"

Abdesalam replies that he's a water seller, though he doesn't sell water anymore; you pay him to take pictures of him. "He's an actor," the driver adds helpfully, with a straight face.

"Right," Malkovich mutters. "He's a motherfucker."

•

In spite of his fever, stomach pains and chills, Malkovich goes around town in exotic outfits on his days off. One day, it's cutoffs with a silk bandanna on his head pirate style. Another day, it's an elegant black Edwardian suit with a paisley waistband, which he calls his antivomit cummerbund. He tells me proudly that Bertolucci values him for his "aesthetic frivolity." He also insists that his ambition in life is to be a runway model. In fact, he took a brief fling in Paris not long ago, modeling clothes for the Japanese company Comme des Garçons.

His friends consider that one of John's endearing eccentricities. It amuses Bertolucci, too, but the director finds it interesting enough to take seriously.

"John has this whole game he plays a lot, pretending that frivolity, dandyism, snobbism and fashion are the most important things in life. And it's very much like a screen of something that I really don't know yet, but maybe I'll find out about during the movie. It makes his natural despair even more romantic. He's not exhibiting his despair, you understand. But reading between the lines, which means reading between the Yamamoto shirt and the Comme des Garcons trousers, I see the solitude of this man.

"The other thing about the fashion modeling is that it's a challenge for someone with a quite heavy, solid body. Yet there's a contradiction between that certain weight and the lightness when he moves. The moment I say 'Action,' he has

the lightness of a ballerina, of an acrobat on a rope. It's like an enchantment."

•

Sitting at a small table in an old Tangier café, Malkovich gets ready for a scene with Debra Winger and Campbell Scott, who plays Tunner, the young man traveling with the couple on their Moroccan journey. Bertolucci has already shot pieces of the scene, in which Malkovich's character, Port, relates the details of a sexually charged dream. Today's piece is Malkovich's close-up, so Winger and Scott will be off camera. As Winger arrives, she tells me that she feels "way out ahead" in working with her co-star. "I've been let down a lot of times, but I feel really good about it this time. John is rich. He's very, very rich."

Malkovich, Winger and Scott run through their lines quietly, as technicians work around them. "I was on a train that kept putting on speed . . ." Malkovich begins. At one point, Winger delivers a line I can't hear, and Malkovich, out of character, remarks wryly, "That ought to be on my tombstone."

A wardrobe person smooths his lapel while a hair stylist teases his blond hair and recements his hairpiece to his pate. Malkovich remains semi-oblivious; as a movie actor, he's accustomed to all sorts of technical adjustments. But he watches with a gimlet eye while the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, shifts his lights, checks his meter and murmurs sweet Italian somethings about foot candles and f-stops into his walkie-talkie.

Storaro is the cinematographer responsible for the visual glories of *The Last Emperor*, *1900* and *The Conformist*. "There's him and then there's the rest of us," one of the finest shooters in the United States once told me. At the same time, Storaro is the Dr. Strangelove of light—intense, obsessive, fast when the occasion demands it but focused on photons to the exclusion of everything else, including humor.

Malkovich supplies the humor. He loves to tease Storaro and to imitate his walkie-talkie style. Most of all, he respects him as a perfectionist who delivers the goods. That must be why the actor follows two directors in this scene: Bertolucci, in his customary place behind the camera, and Storaro, who crouches down in front of the camera and, as the lights blaze and the film rolls, raises his index finger in a manner that resembles nothing so much as an animal trainer cuing a dog.

It's absolutely bizarre. Here is Malkovich acting away with mesmerizing concentration—"I was on a train that kept putting on speed . . ."—and, at the same time, following Storaro's finger with his eyes. After the take, I confess my bafflement and ask him what the ritual is all about.

"Well, Vittorio has this theory. He likes me always to be half in shadow. But to do that right, you have to see one eye fully lit and the other eye partly lit. He's insistent on that. He says the whole face goes dead if the dark eye doesn't have a tiny bit of light in it. But he can't do it alone and I can't do it alone, so he guides my eyes with his finger. It doesn't bother me. It's a very technical medium, and I'm just starting to learn it. The first time I saw in the rushes what he was getting at, I was amazed. That one little bit of light made all the difference in the way I looked. I mean, fuck, it was much more important than the acting."

•

As the afternoon winds down, Bertolucci pronounces himself pleased with what he has but goes for one last take. "If you can be a bit more evocative, John, to make me see the dream . . . the most evocative you can be."

Malkovich delivers superbly. In his mildest of mild voices, he recounts the dream as if he's still dreaming it: "I was on a train that kept putting on speed. I thought to myself, We're going to plow into a big bed with the sheets all in mountains. . . ."

"Cut!" Bertolucci calls. *"Bella!"* He's delighted, which makes everyone else delighted. As the lights go out and Malkovich leaves the set, I ask what it was he'd picked to go on his tombstone this time.

He looks blank for a second, then grins. "It's a line of Debra's: 'Why do you go on when you know it's boring to other people?'"

Hot dogs for lunch? Do as the Frankfurters do.

Add a few drops of Tabasco® sauce. The lively Louisiana accent that has Germans thinking *wunderbar* thoughts about their *wienerwurst*.

Tabasco ist das eingetragene Warenzeichen für die von der McIlhenny Familie auf Avery Island hergestellte Pfeffersauce.
Tabasco wird nach einem mehr als 115 Jahre alten Rezept aus ausgesuchten, sonnengereiften roten Pfefferschoten hergestellt. Drei Jahre lang reifen die ausgewählten Pfefferschoten in Eichenfässern. Auf diese Weise entwickelt sich das einzigartige Aroma.
Würzen Sie mit Tabasco Ihre Suppen, Saucen, Salatdressings, Nudelgerichte, Geflügel-, Fleisch- und Fischspeisen. Oder stellen Sie Tabasco auf den Tisch, um Eier, Tomatensaft oder Hamburger individuell zu verfeinern. Tabasco gibt Ihren Rezepten den "richtigen Piff!"

© 1990. TABASCO is a registered trademark of McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513.

INTRODUCING THE PHOTOTRON III™

Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, and I would like to introduce to you a product so revolutionary, it took thirteen years and 50 million dollars to bring to the cutting edge of technology. It is from this cutting edge that I have been able to successfully promote my product in such formidable mass circulation publications as Discover, Better Homes and Gardens, Cosmopolitan, and Rolling Stone, to name a few, and then change the lives of nearly 100,000 people through a state-of-the-art laboratory grade growth chamber called the Phototron III™.

The Phototron III™ is neither a greenhouse nor a hydroponic system. It is a self contained, laboratory grade growth chamber, honored with fourteen international patents in the U.S.A., Canada, England, Germany, France, Australia, and Japan. It was designed to double the growth and production rate of any plant, thus giving any plant the gifted opportunity to reflower, refruit, or rebud over and over again without forcing the plant to succumb to cyclical, seasonal, or because the chemistry is so precise, even natural death. Standing three feet tall, the Phototron III™ will maintain six individual plants and allow the operator to manipulate and control each plant through a simplified and precise methodology known as "Growing Plants Pyraponimetrically©".

It is because of these well documented and tested pieces of information that the Phototron™ has been recognized as the most sophisticated growth chamber for plant sciences by over 150 universities, laboratories, and research institutes worldwide such as Harvard, Oxford, N.A.S.A., U.S.D.A., University of Missouri, and the Max Planck Institute. Instituted into 500 schools through the National Science Teacher's Association, the Phototron's™ basic simplicity is controlled by children from kindergarten through high school, so the children can reap the benefits the Phototron III™ has to offer as easily as a PhD.

Unlike a greenhouse, or hydroponic system, the Phototron III™ has been advanced by a high tech, electrically safe and sound, design that allows the Phototron III™ to far surpass any other growing system known to mankind. The Phototron III™ "Garden Series©" will bring the forces of nature into your home or office and beautify your environment at the same time.

In the kitchen, the Phototron III™ is a gourmet herbal garden that will produce garnishments and seasonings such as basil, chive, thyme, parsley, garlic, and saffron to bring any meal to perfection. For the romantic, the Phototron III™ will unlock the powers of Aphrodite, creating an eloquently intimate mood in any room. Anywhere a lamp would ordinarily be put, the Phototron III™ can replace it. Soft ambient light emanating from the Phototron III™ will give off a pleasing gas lantern effect, while 2,000 foot candles burn in the Phototron III's™ interior to bring to bloom the sensual fragrances of roses, gardenias, and jasmine.

With the Phototron III™, you will receive a 100% guarantee, a 24 hour customer service department, a trouble shooting/follow-up mailing every 15 days, 24 hour guaranteed shipping, and a client communications network spanning the globe. Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II has established a client database that allows a client's questions, comments, and concerns to be the chairman of various special research teams that are coordinated by my professional staff. It is through these special teams that the Phototron I™ has evolved into the Phototron III™. I take pride in knowing that 30% of my sales are derived from word of mouth.

I extend to you an invitation to call 1-619-451-2837, and meet my staff so you can take advantage of the state of the art in biotechnology. Nearly 100,000 individuals have realized the opportunities of this system. Now it's your turn.

"If you do not learn more about growing plants than you ever have before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

- Delivered fully assembled
- 24 hour shipping
- Follow-up mailings every 15 days
- Full service back guarantee
- Completely user friendly

PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC. II
Dept. PB-5B
15090 Avenue of Science
San Diego, CA 92128
(619) 451-2837

FOR THE INSIDE LINE CALL:

THE PLAYBOY SPORTSLINE

- Up-to-the-minute Scores & News
- Latest Las Vegas Odds
- **Sports Insider** - PLAYBOY Sports Editor Gary Cole gives you exclusive insider news, predictions, interviews and **PLAYBOY's Pick-of-the-Week**
- Get A Free Playmate Photo!

Call

1-900-740-5500

Today!

(75 cents a min.)

FREE PLAYBOY Catalog

32 pages of Playboy videos, unrated movies, lingerie, jewelry, T-shirts, back issues and more—all at great prices. Shop conveniently with our 24-hr toll-free number and charge everything.

For Your Free Catalog...

send your name and address to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09014, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009-1554

©1990 Playboy

JUST SAY NOTHING

(continued from page 59)

plan sabotage operations in Nicaragua. According to court documents, North claims to have resisted Noriega's offer to do away with the Nicaragua problem by sending in goons to assassinate that country's leaders.

Maybe Noriega was getting a bit wild. He started flaunting his excesses and raising the decibel level on nationalist noise. Who was he working for, anyway? And did we need him when the Cold War was coming to a halt? Worse, the man had the irritating habit of implying that because of past collaborations, he had our President by the balls.

George Bush solved this problem the way he does all others—by turning loose the drug police. Remember those pictures of DEA agents handcuffing a defeated Noriega in Panama and taking him to face justice in Miami? How pleased the agents looked, how proud the DEA must have been. But how are we, then, to explain the DEA's having repeatedly congratulated Noriega on his work *against* drugs from 1978 to 1987? For example, on March 16, 1984, then–DEA Administrator Francis M. Mullen thanked Noriega for an autographed picture, telling the dictator that he "had it framed, and it is proudly displayed in my office."

John Lawn, the man who now heads the DEA and ordered those handcuffs, wrote to Noriega three years ago, praising his "personal commitment" to solving a drug-money case. Lawn added, "Drug traffickers are now on notice that the proceeds and profits of their illegal ventures are not welcome in Panama."

Well, so, the DEA had it wrong. Everybody makes mistakes. How was the top U.S. agency charged with monitoring international drug traffic to know what was going on in Panama?

Noriega is now in jail because he got caught in a time warp. What he once did so well—a vast assortment of dirty tricks—was in the post–Iran/*Contra* world an enormous embarrassment to his former employers in the U.S. Government. It was time to kill him off before his big mouth got them all in trouble.

Only, the invasion went wrong. Again, one of our friends didn't die when he was supposed to.

We're talking major scandal if Noriega is not dealt out or bumped off in prison. The guy's stink, spread over months of trials, will stick to the top officials of five Administrations. They can't walk away from it. We made him what he is; he will cry, echoing the outraged innocence of every two-bit hood who ever took down his *capo*. And he will be right.

Noriega is in our face because he *is* our face.

OLDE GLORY FIREWORKS brings fireworks to your door! Complete 32-page color catalog **FREE!** For more information call **TOLL-FREE 1-800-843-8758.**

Void where prohibited.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Olde Glory Fireworks

P.O. Box 2863, RAPID CITY, SD 57709

1-800-843-8758

CONDOMS BY MAIL!

All Nationally Advertised Brands

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers of birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, RAMSES, LIFESTYLES and MENTOR plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands — the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages ($6.00 and $9.95) let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms — 16 brands (a $50 value for just $19.95!) Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:

Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. PB64 Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package order your money-back guarantee:

- ☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... $ 6.00
- ☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler ..... $ 9.95
- ☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler $19.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

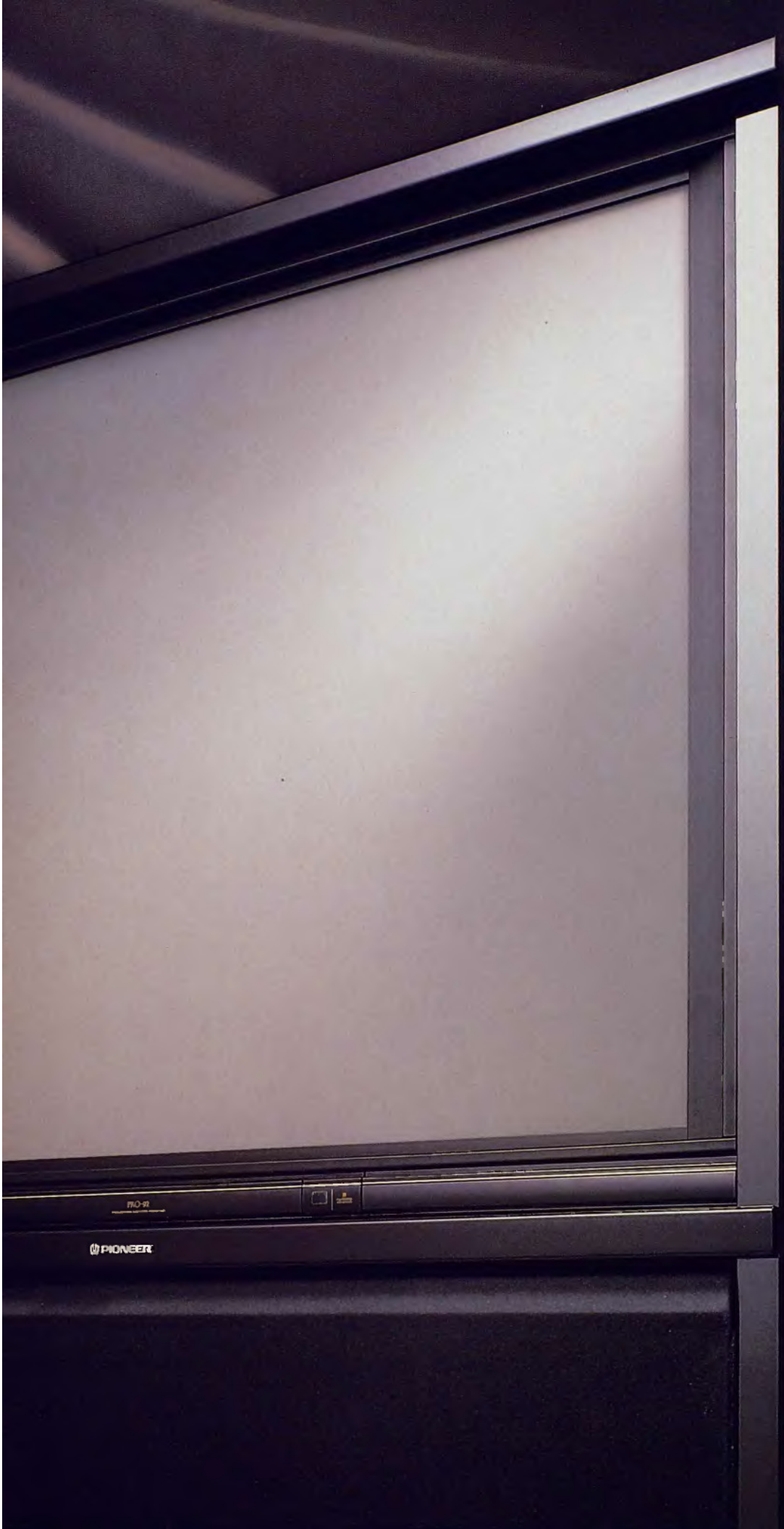
OUR BODIES, OUR SHELVES

An Insiders' Guide to Babes' Bedtime Stories

Category:	Sex and Shopping	Sex and Slashing	Little Girl Lost	All-American Girl	Governess Makes Good	The Wordy, Witty Girl	Bodice Rippers
Examples:	Judith Krantz: *Scruples, Princess Daisy, Till We Meet Again, I'll Take Manhattan*	Jackie Collins: *Lucky, Hollywood Wives, Chances*	Danielle Steel: *Kaleidoscope, Zoya*	LaVyrle Spencer: *Vows, Years, The Gamble, Hummingbird, Twice Loved*	Victoria Holt: *Mistress of Mellyn, The India Fan*	Regency Romances by Georgette Heyer, Fiona Hill, Emily Hendrickson	Kathleen E. Woodiwiss, Rosemary Rogers, Johanna Lindsey, Valerie Sherwood et al.
Time:	World War One through present	Contemporary	20th Century sweep	Late 19th to early 20th Century America	Victorian England	Early 19th Century England	When women wore corsets
Her occupation:	Head of her own company	Rich bitch	Wealthy, pampered wife	Schoolteacher, temperance worker, goody-goody	Governess	Unmarried heiress	Southern belle, Senator's daughter, schoolteacher
His occupation:	C.E.O. or movie producer	Gangster and/or movie star and cocksman	Keeping her in furs and jewels	Farmer, saloonkeeper, blacksmith	Lord of the local manor	Titled rake	The enemy—Yankee, outlaw, illiterate
Her characterization of herself:	Well-endowed wardrobe, great gams, take-charge personality	Long-legged, prominently nippled clothes hanger	Redheaded, green-eyed, determined but often scared	Ladylike, educated, frequently standoffish and stubborn	Drab and sensible but a good horsewoman	Too smart for her own good	A spitfire
Her characterization of him:	Tall, rich, clean	Well-muscled, well-groomed; uses both to his advantage	Reliable, well off, older	Earthy, strong but attractive, though not her type	Arrogant and elegant and an even better horseman	Tall, dark and handsome with lurking sense of humor	A renegade
How to get her attention:	Ignore her	Conspicuously sleep around	Ask about her childhood	Open a rival business next door and/or tease her	Hire her (or request her presence in the parlor)	Don't offer to marry her	Burn the family mansion and/or kidnap her
Male part that turns her on:	His wallet	Tongue	Hair on head, kind eyes	Hair on chest	His hands	Clothes, especially elegant cravat	His jaw—usually clenched
Preferred lingerie—hers:	Fernando Sanchez	$50 bikini panties, no bra	Satin or silk tap pants, camisole	Sheer cotton teddy with open placket	Sensible flannels	Sheer lawn slip	Cotton camisole, petticoats
Preferred underwear—his:	Briefs, not boxers	None	Boxers, never briefs	Well-worn long johns	Not suitable for a lady to think about		None
How she feels about him:	"You've got a hell of a nerve for a man who's in debt!"	"What the hell are *you* doing here? I had you fired and I'm never supposed to set eyes on you again."	"I love you, too, and you're not old, you're mine!"	"I've never been so humiliated. The man has no manners at all."	"That man is quite unscrupulous!"	"You have such beautiful manners, sir!"	"You blue-bellied swamp rat! I'll go naked before I wear a stitch of the clothes you bought!"

How he feels about her:	"Bossy, pigheaded, stubborn, mulish, obstinate, domineering—if you weren't so damn beautiful, you'd be impossible."	"Jesus, Karen, you've just given me a giant hard-on."	"You make me feel so young, little Zoya."	"Damned interferin' woman! Comin' in here with those unsettlin' pale green eyes and her maneuverin' ways, makin' my conscience act up, then laughin'."	"You are very charming when you abandon your severity."	"You seem to me to be a sad romp!"	"You sit beside me, prim, aloof, guarded, while the lust within me is like spurs tearing at my groin."
Her deep, dark secret:	Inferiority complex	Formerly fat, ugly and/or poor	Traumatic childhood involving penury, often rape	Suspects that her type may be boring	She's not as prim as she looks	Wants to marry for love, not money	A jilted suitor wants to kill her
Declaration of his intentions:	"You were made for love . . . let me show you."	"You are probably the woman I've been looking for all my life. Only I got sidetracked by a million blondes."	"I'd like to spend the night with you, Hilary, but I get the feeling you're not ready for that."	"I'm scared, too, tomboy, but I mean, by God, to find out. Now come here."	"You make me feel humble and that is such a new experience with me that I find it exciting."	"I am wildly in love with you and can only hope that you will have me."	"I'm going to lay you on that bed and fill you with my flesh."
Signs of sexual readiness:	She acts kittenish	She strips	She bursts into tears	She looks up, then down	She loses the post-prandial chess game	She is speechless	She slaps him in the face
Most exciting place to fuck:	Room 15, Gritti Palace, Venice	Automatic car wash; raft off St.-Tropez	The bath	In the same glade as the picnic			On horseback, mid-gallop
Her body part emphasized during sex:	Nipples	Nipples	Her eyes	Inside part of lower lip	Pride	Her mouth—in conversation	Her breasts, usually heaving
Come-on that works:	"You can be a silly girl, can't you?"	"You need a massage" or "C'mere"	"You look so sad. . . ."	"So come here, you little hellcat, because I'll only stalk you so long before I pounce."	"How I love your astringent moods."	"I fear you need a strong man to keep an eye on you."	"Stop screeching, Duchess, or we won't have any dinner tonight."
What she'd like for her birthday:	Respect—or diamonds	Gift certificate from Frederick's of Hollywood	Blue-chip investments	Indoor plumbing	Her own horse	Miss Manners' book of etiquette	A chastity belt
What she'd give you for yours:	A baby	A modeling session from same	A spare set of handkerchiefs to wipe those tears	Hand-knitted socks	A good talking-to	A year's supply of snazzy ties	The key
Sexual technique learned from a book:	Defloration	External use of brandy and beer during oral sex	Mercy fuck; how to be conventional	Deep kissing	How to use chess as foreplay	Foreplay banter	Dominance can be fun
Words she most wants to hear:	"Will you marry me?"	"Will you marry me?"	"Everything's going to be all right."	"Will you marry me?"	"Will you marry me?"	"Will you marry me?"	"I love you and you're mine."

—CATHERINE FREDMAN



VISIONARY.

It leaves an indelible impression on your senses even before you turn it on.

It's sleek. Stylish. Contemporary. It's sculpted brilliance. It's the Elite® Pro-92 Projection Monitor.

This is no mere television. It's a theatre-like experience so ahead of its time, it doesn't invite comparison. The picture? In a word, perfect. Images are amazingly bright and sharp. The secret is an advanced lens system that dramatically enhances color reproduction, clarity and detail.

The Elite Projection Monitor. The future never looked so good.

For your nearest Elite dealer, call 1-800-421-1404.

ELITE
BY PIONEER

© 1989 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

RETURN OF THE ASCOT

The British have exported many things, but none (excluding the Beatles, of course) has endured as well as that veddy stylish cravat, the ascot. Named after the Ascot Heath race course, it has a peculiar design with an Edwardian flair; the tie is narrow at the neck, to fit comfortably under a shirt collar, with wider blades down the front, to fill in the neckline of a shirt or a sweater. Today's ascots are available in the same fabrics, exciting paisleys, colorful floral prints and sensational patterns as neckties. To tie one, you just make a simple knot in the front of your neck, pass one blade under and over the knot, making a flap, and the job is done. Pip, pip, cheerio! And away you go, old chap.

JAMES IMBROGNO

As Rhett Butler might have said to Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*, "Frankly, my dear, when it comes to wearing an ascot, I *do* give a damn." Pictured here, top to bottom: Silk ascot with ribbon-belt print, by Mark Christopher of Wall Street, $65. Navy-and-white-silk ascot with geometric print, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $85. Celadon-silk paisley ascot, by Reporter, $95. Burgundy-silk paisley ascot, from Peter Elliot, $90. Green-silk spaced-paisley ascot, by XMI, $65. Taupe-silk abstract-floral-print ascot, by Ermenegildo Zegna, about $80. Tie one on!

There Is Nothing Like a Dayne

Singer TAYLOR DAYNE is an irresistible combination of talent and sex appeal. For talent, check out her LP *Can't Fight Fate* or the hot single *Tell It to My Heart*. For sex appeal, check out *Grapevine*. We rest our case.

© 1989 EBET ROBERTS

Critical Reaction

Does ROSEANNE BARR look like she can't give back as good as she gets? We doubt it. So *She Devil* got so-so reviews. So her personal life is all over the tabloids. So what?

© D. KIRKLAND / SYGMA

© RDBERT MATHEU

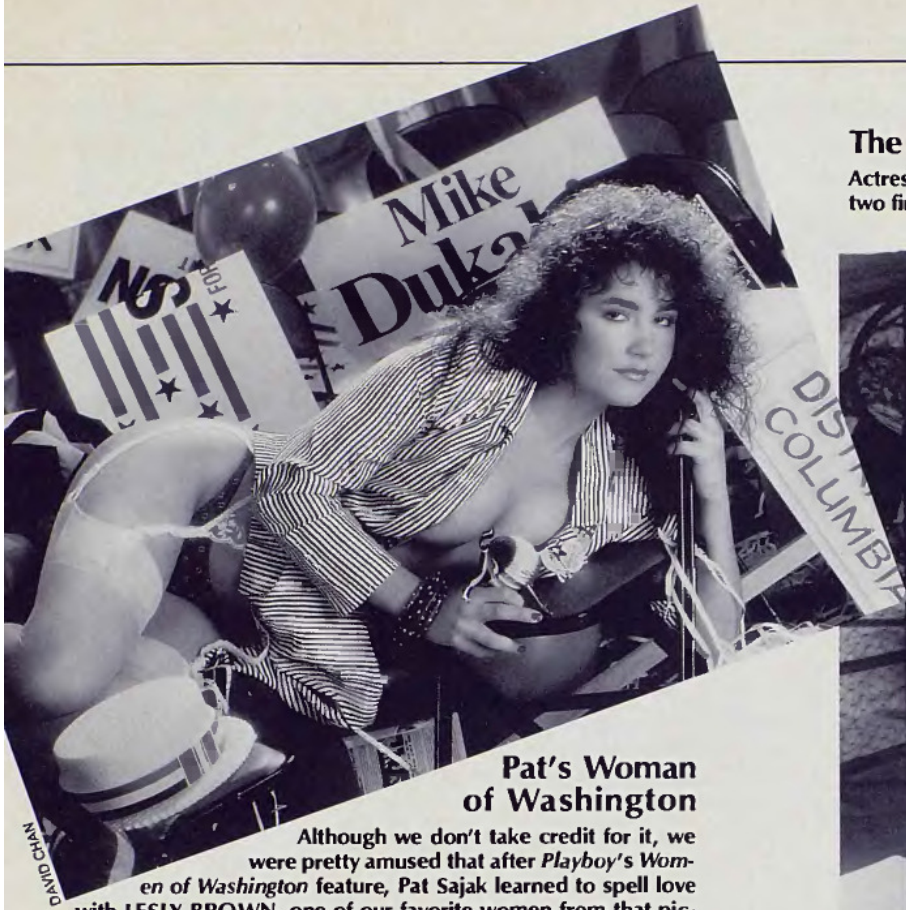
All Day and All of the Night

The Kinks' RAY DAVIES is on a new roll. The Kinks were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this past winter and their latest album, *U.K.-Jive*, is making its move on the charts.

Lying Down on a Job

Actress KIM ANDERSON is cooling her heels. You've seen her in *Married with Children* and music videos such as Guns n' Roses' *Patience* and Poison's *I Want Action*. She needs a rest.

© NICK CHARLES



DAVID CHAN

Pat's Woman of Washington

Although we don't take credit for it, we were pretty amused that after *Playboy*'s *Women of Washington* feature, Pat Sajak learned to spell love with LESLY BROWN, one of our favorite women from that pictorial. We spell Pat very lucky.

The Break of Dawn

Actress CYNTHIA DAWN MARGOLIS is busy enough to have two first names. Maybe you saw her in *Road House* with Patrick Swayze or in a Dangerous Toys music video or the 1990 swimsuit issue of *Inside Sports*. But you did *not* see her between lingerie changes. For that—admit it—you need us. Just *another* service to our readers.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

Oh, Danny Boy

DANIEL LANOIS, highly respected as a producer, is now making his own kind of music. Lanois, who finished producing an album for Peter Gabriel, is about to appear at the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival with his own band.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

THE CANNONBALL GOES HOME

The Cannonball Run was the famous cross-country race that Brock Yates cooked up some years ago. To commemorate the defunct event (and the movie, which he wrote), Yates has opened the Cannonball Run Pub in his home town, Wyoming, New York. And if you'd like to down some veddy British beers and tasty food surrounded by such racing memorabilia as the nose off a Dan Gurney Eagle Indy car, the pub in the Gaslight Village is the place to kick back and cool out. If you're lucky, Yates will buy you a drink. *Sure* he will.

HORSING AROUND ON DERBY DAY

The Kentucky Derby will once again be off and running on May fifth. But if you can't make it to Churchill Downs, let Party Kits Unlimited, a company at 3730 Lexington Road, Louisville, Kentucky 40207, bring the festivities to you. Party Kits' catalog contains *everything* you need for a derby party (excluding the liquor)—mint julep cups, jockey coasters, invitations, swizzle sticks, napkins, you name it. We're off and running.

LIGHTS! GLAMOUR! ACTION!

As regular readers of *Playboy* know, Arny Freytag has been a Contributing Photographer about 13 years, shooting dozens of centerfolds, plus numerous covers and celebrity layouts, including those with Mariel and Margaux Hemingway. Now Freytag takes you on location in *Glamour Through Your Lens*, an hourlong VHS video on outdoor glamour-photography techniques featuring three hot centerfolds—Terri Lynn Doss, Dona Speir and Brandi Brandt. *Glamour Through Your Lens* is available in photography stores for $19.95, or call 800-242-1482 and order a copy for $25, postpaid. Sorry, guys, the girls' phone numbers aren't included, and neither are their home addresses.

HATS OFF TO ROY

Resistol is one of those companies that have been around forever, quietly turning out Western hats—about 60 styles so far. Some models, such as The Dealer, look as though they came right off a rerun of *Have Gun Will Travel*. But the good-guy hat we like is the Roy Rogers (pictured here), which is available in white 5X felt for $150 or silver-belly 4X felt for $130. They're so popular your neighborhood Western store may have to special-order them. If Roy Rogers isn't your cowboy legend of choice, Resistol also makes a Gene Autry look, also for $130, that's nifty, too. Yahoo!

MAMA MIA, THAT'S A PASTA!

Since 1981, John Rossi has been cranking out handmade gourmet pastas created from the same ingredients he serves his family at home—fresh garlic, parsley, beets, *jalapeños* and the "highest-gluten unbleached spring wheat on the market." The result is a tasty selection of 25 mail-order pastas, ranging from Very Chili Linguini to Lobster or Calamari Fettuccini. A catalog is available from Rossi Pasta, P.O. Box 759, Marietta, Ohio 45750. Or call 800-227-6774 for instant info. Yes, they sell great sauces, too.

CALL OF THE WILD

Want to play great white hunter without having to shoot anything? Humane Trophies, 19 Cedar Street, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, sells a variety of soft-sculpture animal heads—and tails—that range from a phony black bear head ($52) and rear end ($76) to the same parts of an elephant ($160 and $150). Other species include hippos, jaguars, lions, rhinos and even pink pigs. Three dollars sent to the above address gets you a catalog.

CURLING UP WITH LADY LUCK

While gambling enjoyed a privileged status in the ancient world, it wasn't until 1740, when the Italians coined the word casino, that the definition of a "pleasure establishment where games played for money are allowed" came into being. Since then, casinos have spread world-wide, and now the lore and lure of the green-felt world of gambling is captured in pictures and prose in Marc Walter and Ralph Tegtmeier's $65 coffee-table book *Casinos*. And if the illustrations aren't enough to woo you to the tables, the rules for a variety of games are included, too.

THE VIPER—COILED AND READY TO STRIKE

What's higher than a seven-story building, has 3830 feet of coiled-steel track, three vertical loops, a classic corkscrew and a kiss-your-lunch-goodbye, head-over-heels double loop called a boomerang? No, it's not the train that takes you to the entrance of hell, it's the Viper—a new roller coaster that's debuting this spring at Six Flags Magic Mountain in Valencia, California. Billed as the tallest, fastest looping steel roller coaster in the world, the Viper reaches speeds of 70 miles per hour and takes riders 171 feet down a 55-degree drop. Wave as you go by.

CAPITAL IDEA, COMRADES

Talk about timing! A company in New York named Russian Dressing has come out with a catalog of Soviet (and Soviet-inspired) products, ranging from Aeroflot flight jackets to a Russian Monopoly game and even a Glass-Nost martini set with Lenin, St. Basil's Basillica and other Soviet imagery on the pitcher and four glasses. (Now, that's what we call progress, comrades.) Write to Russian Dressing, P.O. Box 1313, New York 10013, for a catalog and order up. Ten percent of Russian Dressing's profits go to groups working to improve U.S.–Soviet relations.

NEXT MONTH

TOP PLAYMATE

SLEEK CYCLES

HORSE PLAY

SEX CONTROL

"ANSWERS TO SOLDIER"—A DEADLY MISSION BRINGS A HIT MAN TO A SLEEPY TOWN—FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL? OUR SPECIAL **PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR** PICTORIAL REVEALS THE ANSWER

"WILD ORCHID"—*PLAYBOY*'S EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL FROM THIS YEAR'S MOST EROTIC FILM, STARRING **JACQUELINE BISSET, CARRÉ OTIS, MICKEY ROURKE**

WILL **MICHAEL** BETRAY **ELLIOT**? WILL **MELISSA** FIND TRUE HAPPINESS? FOR THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND MORE WEIGHTY QUESTIONS, DON'T MISS OUR **INTERVIEW** WITH THE TWO CREATORS AND SEVEN CAST MEMBERS OF *THIRTYSOMETHING*

"THE CONTROL OF SEX"—A SCARY LOOK AT THE ANTI-ABORTION, ANTIGAY, ANTIPORN AND ANTI-SEX-ED GROUPS THAT WANT TO SWEEP THE NATION IN A PRO-CELIBACY BLITZKRIEG—BY **MOLLY IVINS**

"MEXICO FOR LOVERS"—FIVE EASY PLACES—FROM CANCÚN TO PUERTA VALLARTA—THAT CAN PUT THE SPICE IN ANY RELATIONSHIP

"A DAY AT THE RACES"—ALL THE INSIDE TIPS ON HANDICAPPING, WAGERING AND THE RULES OF ROOTING—BY THE HORSEFLESH MAVEN OF *THE WASHINGTON POST*, **ANDREW BEYER**

PRO RACE-CAR DRIVER **WILLY T. RIBBS** DISCLOSES THE REAL STORY OF HIS FIGHT WITH **SCOTT PRUETT,** EXPLAINS THE HARROWING PLEASURES OF THE BREAKING CONTEST AND GIVES US HIS TIPS FOR BUYING A USED CAR IN A HIGH-OCTANE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK"—IN PART ONE OF AN IMPORTANT NEW SERIES, WE TRACE THE JOURNEY OF "THE DEVIL'S MUSIC" FROM WEST AFRICA TO NEW ORLEANS, WHERE IT BECAME KNOWN AS JAZZ—BY **JOHN SINCLAIR**

"STYLE"—DON'T MISS OUR NEW MONTHLY FEATURE ON ALL THE LATEST LOOKS AND TRENDS IN FASHION

PLUS: "A BICYCLE BUILT FOR YOU"—*PLAYBOY* BRINGS YOU SIX PAGES OF THE SLEEKEST NEW BIKES ON THE MARKET; A TRIP TO MUSCLE BEACH WITH BODYBUILDER **CORY EVERSON** TO HELP PUMP YOU UP FOR A SUPERCHARGED SWIMWEAR PICTORIAL; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

THE PROPER WAY TO TIE A TIE.

THE PROPER WAY TO LOOSEN IT.

Canadian Club®

THE BEST IN THE HOUSE® IN 87 LANDS

40% alc./vol. Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported in Bottle by Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc. Farmington Hills, MI © 1990

Nobody has the Carlton combination.

1. Lowest tar. (1 mg.)

2. Lowest nicotine. (0.1 mg.)

3. "The taste that's right for me."

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1989.